

THE  
THIRD VOLUME  
OF THE  
EXAMINERS:

BEGINNING

On *Friday* the 2d of *January*,  
1712, and ending on *Monday* the  
11th of *May*, 1713.

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*Fataque, fortunaſque virum, moreſque,  
manuſque.*

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L O N D O N :

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THE  
THIRD VOLUME  
OF  
EXAMINERS





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THE  
PRINTER  
TO THE  
READER.

**T**HE Year in which the following  
Papers had their Run, was so full  
of surprizing Incidents, both at home and  
abroad, and afforded such Variety of  
Subjects fit to employ the ablest Pen, that  
no Reader can help being entertain'd with  
the most perfect Account of them: Nor  
Vol. III. A indeed

## To the Reader.

*indeed is it possible for us to form a just and adequate Idea of those Transactions, unless we could take a View of them all together, and as it were in one entire Plan or Map. For which reason this Third Volume of the Examiners will be acceptable to the Reader ; because he will therein find those important Matters fully treated of, with proper Remarks and Observations upon each particular. There being no considerable Omission either of the Foreign or Domestick Affairs, which happen'd within the Year, so far as the Interest of the British Government was affected thereby, or the Present State of the Protestant Religion, and of its purest and most Re-form'd Part the Church of England, liable to any the least Advantage or Alteration.*

*The grand Debate about War and Peace, in which all Europe were Parties ; the Dispositions of the whole Body of Allies ; the Successes of a Ministry, beset on every Side with Difficulties ; the*  
Pro-

## To the Reader.

*Proceedings of the Last ever Memorable Parliament, and the strongest Efforts of a daring, resolute Faction, may serve to distinguish this Year; and croud it with more Business and much greater Events, than human Wisdom could foresee, or future Ages will be able to form just Notions of, without the Assistance of some faithful Annalist and Observer. If therefore those Subjects can Instruct, or give solid Entertainment, these Essays are Reprinted and laid together upon very rational Grounds, and with the fairest Prospect of being attended with the same Success in a Body, which they gain'd when Single and Divided.*

*The Author or Authors of them have had the Satisfaction to see a vast number of Adversaries fall before them, and to chase most of those Writers to Obscurity, who held up the Pen in their Defiance. Which is not only a Proof of the superior Weight and Value of their Works, but makes way for another very plain and pleasing Remark; That a*  
*good*

To the Reader.

*good Cause, in such Hands, will not lose Ground; and that it must at last most certainly prevail, when the Vigour of the Defence bears some Proportion to the Attack, and is at least equal to the Opposition made against it.*

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T H E

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T H E  
EXAMINER.

V O L. III.

*Friday, January 2, 1713.*

*Non ir sum, qui utar omnino Literis, quæ nostros ani-  
mos deterrent atque advocant à Religione.*

*Cicero de Harus. Resp.*

**F**REEDOM is in it self a great and valuable Blessing; but we must not extend it to the setting aside of all Order and Government: For then it destroys it self, and introduces the worst of Slavery. The Freedom of Nature supposes a Law; the Freedom of a State depends on Government; and the Freedom of Christianity owes its very Being to a Rule, which is the Gospel. A Liberty to Deny every thing and Obey nothing, is not properly speaking Freedom, but excess of Power, and the very Essence of Tyranny. In Arts and Sciences we do not call him a Free Painter, who draws a Man's Face upon a Horse's Neck; nor is he a Free Mathematician, who insists ever so strenuously, *That a Part is equal to the Whole*: But I find we have among the Moderns a new Sect called *The Free-thinkers*, who

Vol. III.

B

profess

profess to hold and maintain any Doctrine or Position whatever, in opposition to Reason, Revelation, or common Consent, without troubling themselves about the Proof of it, but in vertue of an undoubted Right to Think freely. A Member of this Society has just Publish'd a Book, Intituled, *A Discourse of Free-thinking*: I shall now examine his main Arguments, and because Novelties have so much the Advantage of the old way of Reasoning, I intend to confute every one of them, by admitting them to be valid and true. The Reader will be pleas'd to take Notice, that *Free-thinking* is to signify a *Liberty to Affirm and Deny whatever we please*.

*Arguments.*

*Homer* and the *Bible* are Miscellaneous Books, treating of several Arts and Sciences: If therefore we would understand those Books, we must *think freely* about those Arts and Sciences mentioned in them and Affirm or Deny accordingly.

If many False and Absurd Notions concerning the Nature of the Deity, Religion and Divine Worship, have formerly prevail'd in the World; in order to avoid these, we must Think freely about them, and consequently may Affirm or Deny the Whole or any Part of Religion.

*Absurdities.*

Supposing *Homer* to be divinely Inspired as well as the *Bible*, if by thinking freely concerning the Art of a Goldsmith, a Statuary and a Coach-maker, we can disprove all Walking Statues, Flying Tripods, and Chariots drawn by Doves; we may consequently convince the Gods of Lying.

If many False and Absurd Notions in Morality, Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, have prevailed in the World, we must Think freely of these, and consequently may Deny that there is any Order in Nature, Virtue in the Soul of Man, or a Star in the Firmament.

*Arguments.*

Men must See freely,  
for fear of having the  
following Confession of  
*Eye-sight Faith* put upon  
them.

*That a Ball can go thro'  
a Table.*

*That two Balls may be  
made out of one little one.*

*That a Stone may be  
made to vanish out of  
sight.*

*That a Knot can be un-  
done with Words.*

There have in all Ages  
been several Pretenders to  
Miracles and Revelation,  
and under that Umbrage  
have obtruded their own  
idle Dreams and Fancies  
upon the World, as if  
they really came from  
God; we must therefore  
Think freely of all such  
Systems of Religion, and  
consequently may admit  
or reject at our own Will  
and Pleasure.

The Clergy in all A-  
ges, and the Society for  
Propagating the Gospel,  
do, by undertaking to  
make Converts, acknow-  
ledge their Right to  
Think freely of Religi-  
on; therefore they may  
deny it if they please.

*Absurdities.*

Men must See freely,  
for fear of being restrain-  
ed to any System of Op-  
ticks or Rules for *Eye-  
sight*; and consequently  
may Affirm,

*That an Angle is the  
Arch of a Circle.*

*That the Sun sets in  
the Sea. And*

*That the Stars are no  
bigger than Farthing Can-  
dles.*

There ever were, and  
still are, several Preten-  
ders to Interest at Court;  
we may therefore by  
Free-thinking affirm,  
That there never was a  
Lord High Treasurer, Se-  
cretary of State, or Lord  
Chief Justice in *Great  
Britain*.

If the Society for Pro-  
pagating the Study of  
Nature should persuade  
an *Indian*, that a *Watch*  
is not an *Animal*, yet he  
must not believe it to be  
a *Machine*, because such a  
Notion put him under a  
Restraint, and takes away  
his Right to *Free-think-  
ing*.



*Arguments.*

The *Bramins* have their *Shaster*, the *Persees* their *Zundervastaw*, the *Talapoins* of *Siam* their Scriptures written by *Sommonocodom*, the *Dervizes* their *Alchoran*, and the *Christians* their *Gospel*: we must therefore think freely of all these, and chuse which we like best.

The Copies, Canon, various Lectons and Translations of the *Bible*, the Literal and Metaphorical Meaning of several *Texts*, and the Mysterious Obscurity of others, render the whole very difficult to be understood; we must therefore *think freely*, and consequently may assent or not assent.

The Priests are very much divided in explaining the Mysteries, Doctrines and Articles of their Religion; we must therefore *think freely*, and consequently may believe or disbelieve as we think fit.

The Priests own some of their Doctrines to be above Reason, and there-

*Absurdities.*

Philosophers have their several Sects and Masters, whose Doctrines they follow, as the *Peripatetics*, *Stoicks*, *Platonists*, *Cartesians*, *Scotists*, *Rationalists*, &c. Therefore we must think freely, and consequently may deny that there is any such thing as right Reason and good Sense in the World.

There are many Copies and Versions of the *Iliad*, and a vast Number of Commentators differing from one another about the meaning of several Places; we must therefore *think freely*, and consequently may affirm that no such Book was ever written.

*Aristotle*, *Copernicus*, *Tycho Brahe*, and their Followers, differ in their Opinions concerning the Nature, Situation and Motion of the Sun; we must therefore *think freely*, and consequently may deny that the Sun shines, or that there is any such Creature in being.

The Tide, the Animal Life, and Motion of the Muscles are owned to be  
My.



*Arguments.*

fore a *Free-thinker* may deny them.

The Priests own that there are several Defects in their Church; therefore we must think freely, and consequently may reject their Church if we please.

*Free-thinking* is a State of Action; and such a State is better than being out of Action. *Ergo*

By *Free-thinking* Men attain to the Knowledge of Virtue; therefore *Free-thinking* is not only our Right but our Duty.

Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Plutarch, Varro, Cicero, the two Catos, Seneca, Solomon, Josephus, Origen, the Lord Bacon, Hobbs, Tillotson, Erasmus, Father Paul and Lock, were great Men and great *Free-thinkers*. *Ergo*.

*Absurdities.*

Mysteries in Nature; *ergo*, there is no high Water, no living Creature; neither is it in my Power to hold up my Finger.

There is nothing Perfect under the Sun; therefore by *Free-thinking* we may reject every thing that is good.

It is better to do Mischief than to be Idle; and if we do not contrive and do Mischief sometimes, we do not think freely. *Ergo*

If Men are restrain'd by Virtue, they are not *Free-thinkers*; therefore by *Free-thinking* we also attain to the Knowledge and Practice of Vice.

If the Essence of *Free-thinking* consists in opposing establish'd Notions, Zoroaster, Erynus, Lucian, Mahomet, Vaninus, Eschardi, Bruno, Knipperdollen, Muggleton, Naylor, and Asell, are as good Christians and as great Men as Socrates, Plato, Hobbs, Tillotson, Erasmus and Lock.

These are the mighty Discoveries, these the irresistible Arguments with which our modern *Free-thinkers* would renew the Attack upon a Church, that has stood the Shock, and escaped unhurt from

the more daring Attempts of *Porphyry*, *Celsus*, *Julian*, and the Primitive Infidels; Men, who would blush for the wretched Trifling and Ignorance of such Followers. I am therefore in no great Pain for the growth of this Sect; for I do not find they intend to prove any thing, but that a greater *Genius* is required for the carrying on of substantial Iniquity than they are Masters of; and that since Miracles and supernatural Assistance have been withdrawn from the Church, her Almighty Head and Governor has, in proportion, weaken'd and infatuated all those, who in these latter Days have risen up against her. The Reader will, I believe, be of my Mind in this Particular, when I have laid before him a Collection of the most remarkable Propositions contain'd in this celebrated Piece which I freely expose to the Publick, without the least apprehension that any rational Creature will be weak enough to be infected with them. My design is to set these Enormities in the Magistrate's way, and to give the Church notice of a proper Object for the exercise of that Discipline, which is at length own'd to be her Right by our Laws, as undoubtedly it was by the *Gospel*. These Propositions I shall rank under proper Heads, beginning with those which are less dangerous, as being only Trespasses against common Sense.

*Ill Manners.*] Addressing himself to the Person to whom his Book is inscribed, and whom he calls *Esquire*, he says, 'Because Truth is not fit for *Knaves* and *Fools*, therefore without the least hopes of doing any Good, but purely to comply with your Request, I send you this *Apology*, p. 4.

*Falshood.*] Free-thinking *in Perfection in the United Provinces*, p. 30. This is so far from being true, that even their Clergy are restrain'd from meddling with some Doctrines. *The Priests dispute whether Hell Torments are Eternal or no*. He instances in Dr. H. Moore and Archbishop Tillotson, p. 68. The Fact is false; for they only dispute whe-

whether they *may be* Eternal or no, which is a Question widely different from the other. Page 102. He represents the *Turks* to be of a Tolerating Temper, and Friends to *Free-thinking*; tho' it is notorious that they take particular Care to fence in their Religion with Penal Laws, and punish Apostacy, Ironeation of their *Mosques*, and even Blaiphemy against CHRIST, with Death.

' The great Charge of supporting the Clergy, is a burden upon Society, which was never felt on any other occasion, p. 114. Lawyers are never hired to defend mistaken Opinions in Law, p. 109. Few or no Complaints are made of Uncleanness and Debauchery, either from the Pulpit or Press, p. 116. *Self-Contradiction.*]

' We are obliged in Duty to Think freely of the highest Points in Religion, p. 32. ' Free-thinking is a bare Right, which a Man may let alone if he thinks fit, p. 100. Page 129, He quotes *Cicero* in the Person of *Cotta*. Page 138. He condemns this way of quoting *Cicero* in the Priests, without proving them guilty of it.

P. 154, He compares the Minor Prophets to the Author of the *Rights of the Christian Church*, because they both wrote against the Establish'd Religion. But the Author of the *Rights* pleads all along in his *Preface*, that he wrote for the Constitution. See the *Preface*.

P. 177, He declares the Essence of Free-thinking to consist in *departing from the Opinions commonly received*. But other Free-thinking Tracts lately Publish'd, particularly the *Book of Rights*, make all Religion to consist in the Vote or Opinion of the Majority.

*In Reasoning.*] He quotes *Horace* and *Virgil* as Directors of our Faith, with regard to a Future State, p. 36.

He makes it an unexpected Rule to dissent from our Mothers and Grandmothers, p. 32. We must therefore not call a Cat, a Cat, nor presume to say that *September* has 30 Days in it. He allows the

Priests to Preach the Gospel, but not to Harangue upon a Text, p. 43. The advancing one Man's Opinions against a whole Church, he makes equivalent to this Proposition, *That it is Criminal to speak the Truth*, p. 82. All Omissions in the Publishing and Translating of Books he calls *Pious Frauds*, p. 92.

[*Nonsense.*] Ignorance does not exclude Men from assenting to a Self-evident Truth, and admitting the Consequences deducible from it, p. 3. A restraint of *Free-thinking* on any Subject, hinders me from thinking on that Subject, p. 15.

That two Balls may be made out of one little one, *as absurd as*, That one Face may be a Hundred or a Thousand, p. 17. Absurd and Unnatural for a speculative Atheist to wish there was no God, p. 39. The two last mentioned Divines have, with great Vigour (but it must be confessed very weakly) lately attack'd Dr. *Whitby*, p. 68.

The renowned Dr. *Sacheverel* says in his Speech at his Tryal, *That by abandoning Passive Obedience, we must render our selves the most inconsistent Church in the World.* By which Words he must suppose, that many Doctrines of the Church were inconsistent and contradictory to one another; otherwise *one Inconsistency more would not make it the most inconsistent Church in the World*, p. 76.

[*Abuse of the Church and Clergy.*] Ministers Ordain'd in *England* to the Devil's Service, p. 30. At least nine Parts in ten of the Priests preach, every Sunday, contrary to the Articles they have subscribed, p. 67. Priests have no Interest to lead Men into true Opinions, p. 109. O happy Country, where there are no Priests! p. 108.

[*Against the Government.*] He declares it *Irreligious to suppose that Religion is necessary to the good of Societies*, p. 112.

He makes it a Virtue to depart from Opinions commonly received, p. 177.

He owns the Authority of *Cromwell's* Parliament, p. 94. He

He introduces *Cato* the Cenfor as a Man of Virtue and Piety, for ridiculing the Religion of his Country, only because it was establish'd by Law, p. 135.

P. 24, 38. He makes the *Lutheran* and *Papish* Faith to be equally opposite to the Church of England, and gross Impolition on the People. I need not apply the Consequences of this Doctrine to our Succession.

[*Irreligion, Prophaneness.*] He proposes to account for the Creation, Deluge, and building of the Temple, by Natural Philosophy and Architecture, p. 11.

He condemns the attributing any Power in this World to the Devil, p. 31. He calls the Denial of a future State a *pleasant Deceit*, p. 38. He makes him a *Demonist*, who believes, *That God talks to Mankind from Corners, or favours any one Nation or People*, p. 39.

He argues, That the *Siamites* have as much Right to propagate their Religion, as the Priests have to Plant the Gospel, p. 43. He doubts whether Haranguing on a Text, falsely called *Preaching the Gospel*, be contained in Christ's Commission, p. 47. He gives a *Quaker* the same Right to preach in *St. Paul's*, that *St. Paul* had to preach to the *Jews*, p. 48.

No Guides, Fathers, Council or Church upon Earth, p. 46. He puts the Gospel on a Level with the *Alchoran*, and Books of the Heathen Priests, p. 59. He condemns this Saying, *What is true of God, may seem most impossible to us*, p. 77. A certain System of Divinity is not Divinity, p. 110. Men of all Sects every where the same, as to their Lives and Conversations, p. 119. *Socrates*, the divinest Man on Earth, and a true Christian, would not attribute Anger to the Gods, nor believe the Fable of Battles in Heaven, p. 123. *Socrates* demonstrated all Men to be Fools, who troubled themselves with Enquiries into Heavenly Things, p. 125.

The Conversion of the Heathen World owing, in a great measure, to the *Platonism* of Christianity, p. 128. He extols *Josephus* for contradicting Scripture, p. 160. He quotes *Tillotson* for maintaining, *That it is better there were no reveal'd Religion, than a Religion that occasions Strife in the World*, p. 174. This must contradict our Saviour, or it can be no Proof of the Doctor's *Free-thinking* in the Sense of this Author, and for which purpose he produces it. The same must be said of his denying the *Trinity* in the very next Page. I wonder after this, how he could call this Archbishop, *Good and Pious*, who kept the first Place in the Church, upon such Terms as, in his Conscience, he disallow'd.

*Blasphemy.*] *Fo-he*, called by the *Chinese*, the God and Saviour of the World, born to teach the way of Salvation, and to give satisfaction for all Mens Sins. *Sommenocodon*, as the *Siamize* say, was born of a Virgin, and was the God expected by the Universe, p. 53. He ridicules the Christian Sacraments in the Words of *Julian* the Apostate, p. 117. *Socrates*, the divinest Man on Earth, and a true Christian, disbeliev'd the Gods getting Women with Child, p. 123. Christ, the First-begotten of God, is nothing else but Reason, p. 124. Several of *Plato's* Notions became Fundamental Articles of the Christian Faith, p. 128. *Varro*, a Free-thinker, that is, a Man of Virtue, because he ridicul'd the Fables of Gods begotten and proceeding from Gods, p. 134. *Solomon*, whose Writings are part of God's Word, believed the World to be Eternal, and deny'd a future State, p. 151. The Prophets, who spake by the Spirit of God, compar'd with the Author of the Rights of the Christian Church, p. 160.

*Atheism.*] *Socrates*, the divinest Man on Earth, and a true Christian, because he disbelieved the Gods, p. 123. *Cicero*, a Free-thinker, that is, a Man of Virtue, because he deny'd the Being of the Gods, p. 136. *Seneca* has the same Character, for denying a future State: Whence *St. Jerom* reckon'd him



*a Saint, and the Christians forg'd Letters between him and St. Paul, p. 150. Synesius, whilst a Free-thinker, or Man of Virtue, deny'd the Immortality of the Soul. Condemn'd for turning Christian, and believing the Resurrection, p. 163. Plutarch represented as a Man of Learning and Virtue, for recommending Atheism, which brings Men to an Unconcernedness and Evenness of Temper, and by denying God, eases us of his Fear, which is Superstition, p. 132.*

P, 91. He owns the Philosophy of *Epicurus* to be a complete System of *Atheism*; and yet, p. 129, he places him among the *Free-thinkers*, or *Men of Virtue*; calls him the *Greatest of all Philosophers*, who ought to be venerated by *Christians*, as teaching a higher Degree of *Virtue* than our Saviour. P. 130, He concludes, *That the Enemies to such Free-thinking are either crack-brain'd Enthusiasts, or guilty of the most Diabolical Vices.*

Upon a View of these Positions I want room to Exclaim; but must leave that reasonable Talk to the Reader. These are the Blessed Effects of the late Management of Affairs. Our *Free-thinkers* were not only Protected and Patronized by the Ringleaders of the *Whigs*, but made a considerable Part of all their secret Cabals and Assemblies. 'Twas not without good Grounds that our Clergy charg'd that Party with a Design to Introduce *Atheism*; the Monster is now come forth, and shows himself publicly. The many scandalous Books that have fould the Press for these Twenty Years, with Impudent Scurrilities against our Monarchy, our Religion, our Church, our Clergy, and the Two Universities, were but Prefaces to this last Consummate attempt upon the very Being of the Almighty. Their's be the Guilt who have gone hand in hand with these Miscreants. The Party must be Ripe for Destruction, since they have extended their Levelling Principles, even to the Dethroning of the Monarch of the Universe. This Discovery calls upon us to come out from them, not only

only as we are good Subjects and good Protestants, but as we are Men and Christians. Let there be no more Strife, no more Contention, no pleading the Cause of those Wretches, whose Scheme is now display'd to the World; and whose Creed consists of these two Abominable Negatives, *No Queen* and *No God*!

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N<sup>o</sup> 2. Monday, January 5.

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*Non Industria Inquietos & Insanos; sed falsa rerum  
Imagines agitant. Nam nulli quidem sine aliqua  
spe moriuntur; prout illos alicujus rei species,  
cujus vanitatem Capta Mens non coarguit.*  
Seneca de Tranquil.

WHenever I have been ask'd how it came about that the Whigs should, on all occasions, discover their excessive Want of Faith in matters of Religion, and whence I could account for the many Declarations they have publish'd in favour of Infidelity, I must own I was always so charitable not to impute this Defect to a total Apostasy, but allow'd them a sufficient Stock of this Virtue, which perhaps grew up to a Degree of Bigotry; only their Religion being altogether of this World, their Faith was entirely Political, and made to Tally with their Profession. I have met with one of these strong Believers, who for a whole Afternoon has Declain'd very heartily against Priestcraft, and the Impositions of the Church. Neither Fathers nor Councils, nor any Ecclesiastical Authority could stand before him. But when he fell in to the old Topick of Popery, I heard him with Delight;



light; and easily gave into the Discourse, as I found his Zeal and his Understanding drew nearer together. And yet this very Professor, who had so handsomely confuted the Inquisition, and damn'd all Confessions and Creeds which came from the Rack, and were drawn up under the Influence of a temporal *Anathema*, has appear'd the very next Morning with the following Articles in his Mouth, which he not only maintain'd with all the Heat and Foam of an Enthusiast, but would have obtruded them upon his Brethren and Fellow-Christians, under very severe Penalties; and shew'd himself ready, in Defence of those Principles, to submit to the worst of Tortures and Persecutions, now in use among Protestants, which by a Metaphor of the Growth of *Smithfield* is commonly call'd *Roasting*.

#### ARTICLES of a Whig-Creed.

I. *Dunkirk is a Place of no great Consequence, lying within reach of the Cannon of Graveling.*

II. *Great Britain has, upon the Ballance, got several Millions by the War.*

III. *The Amsterdam Gazette contains nothing but what a Christian may with safety rely on.*

IV. *The Dutch never design to take any Advantages in the way of Trade, to the Prejudice of their good Allies.*

V. *Last Week Five hundred Popish Priests were seen to pass thro' Faversham.*

VI. *Imported at the Custom-house, Dinto, Ten thousand Pair of Wooden Shoes.*

If I had leisure to set these Articles in a Parallel with those which the Church of Rome has at any time ramn'd down the Throats of their Laity, I could perhaps make it appear, that Whigcraft has by far the Advantage of Priestcraft; that the Lay-Tyrant is much more Absolute than the Ecclesiastical, and that if such Extravagances of Bigotry should

should obtain and over-run a Country, *It would*, as Sir Roger L'Estrange has observ'd in a Crisis of the like Nature, *be some degree of Modesty to have no Religion at all.*

It is hard to express, and difficult to conceive, with what Rage and Violence these Articles are back'd and supported; I should shock the Reader's Humanity, and perhaps bring Tears into his Eyes, by describing in proper Colours the dismal Effects of Political Faith and State-Superstition in the World. What vast Sums have been drain'd in Wagers? What Tumults and Distractions have reig'd in Coffee-Houses? And how many Protestant Noses are at this very time doing Penance for Disbelief, under a melancholy Shroud of brown Paper? In my Opinion, if we should listen to the Sages of the other Sex, when they distate to us from the Chimney Corner or the Elbow Chair, these Differences might with great ease be compos'd. The Scheme they propose, and the Articles which they have been so long drawing up, are better suited to our Capacities, and appear more worthy the Assent of Rational Creatures. Suppose we made trial of three or four of them, till we found our selves in a Condition to relish the rest, and admitted for Orthodox.

I. *That it was unlawful to pare one's Nails upon a Friday.*

II. *That shedding of Salt was a gross Immorality.*  
And,

III. *That the Death-warch is as necessary to be believed as Predestination.*

I am throughly perswaded these Positions would, upon their Reception, render Mankind, and especially the Whigs, of a much more peaceable Disposition than that which now prevails amongst them. Nor can I think they would be more at a loss to defend these Articles, than they are to justify

fy their Political Faith in its present Circumstances. For these Notions are durable, and carry the Marks of Veneration and Antiquity: Neither do I call to mind any one eminent Doctor, or Body of Learned Men, who ever yet undertook to confute this Hypothesis. But now Whig-Faith alters every Tide: This Week is a contradiction to the Doctrines of the last: And they have a new Creed with every Month or every Session of the Junta. He who believed *Dunkirk* to be an inconsiderable Place this last Week, must, upon the arrival of the Post, as positively declare, *That 3000 Britains have lately dy'd there of the Plague*: And the Moment the *Dutch* come into the Peace, I expect to be told to my Face, *That the Author of the Amsterdam Gazette is the most Romantick Writer in Europe*. A Gentleman of my Acquaintance, who has a great deal of Time upon his Hands, kept a Diary or Whig-Creeds for this last Year, with proper Observations upon every Article as to its Progress and Reception within the Bills of Mortality: He design'd to have taken up about half the Presses in Town, in order to supply all his Countrymen with Creeds for every Day in the Week; but there happen'd at that time to be a great demand for Catechisms, which had a considerable Run, during the Winter, and upon the late Growth of Unbelief, he is forced to lay aside his Project, because he Despairs of having his Papers freed from the Tax, on account of their being Tracts and Discourses of Piety.

One would be tempted to imagine, that the Synods and Councils of the Whigs, and their subordinate Societies for propagating Political Faith, were compos'd of Men of very formidable Capacities and great Penetration in State-Bigotry, such as the World might deem a fit Match for the Jesuits: But the Ignorance and Superstition of any Sect is by no means a Proof of the Understanding of their Leaders. I have often pity'd a poor Divine, who has been labouring and drudging for a whole Hour,

to procure Admittance for one ordinary Article among a Congregation of these Professors; and perhaps has fail'd at last in the Attempt, tho' he was supported in it by all the Forces that Reason, Eloquence, and Authority could bring to his Assistance: When to my certain Knowledge, no small part of his Auditors, upon adjourning to the Coffee-House, have at the first Opening of one of these Political Creed-makers, swallow'd the most presumptuous Falshoods and Absurdities without Hesitation, and gave up their Reason and Senses to implicit Faith, with as much Pleasure and Satisfaction, as if they expected to be rewarded with an immediate Possession of *Fools Paradise*. That which appear'd most wonderful was, that they not only assented at first Hearing, but began immediately to Dispute, Cavil, and draw Consequences from what was told them, as if they had been acquainted with the Doctrine long before. No Proofs, no Evidence, no Arguments were demanded, in order to their Conviction; but only perhaps some Tradition from *Chambers-Alley*, a Quotation out of a Letter from the *Hague*, or the Whisper of some great Man at a *Levee*, as remarkable for Invention, as he who repeated it was for Propagation. So easie a Matter is it to be pleas'd with being cheated, and to suffer the grossest Tricks to pass upon us, when we like the Person of the Conjuror! At the very time when Philosophy was at the height in *Greece*, when *Socrates*, *Plato*, and other living Oracles adorn'd that Country, the silly superstitious People would resort to Statues of Wood and Brass, to senseless Stocks and ambiguous Gods, some of which they were persuad'd had their Residence below; and prefer'd a Nod, a Shrug, a Whisper, or a double *Entendre* from them, before the judgment of those very Men, whom their Devils, whenever they were pleas'd to be in their Senses, pronounced and confess'd to be *the Wisest upon Earth*.

Political Faith is, in the humble Opinion of an honest Heretick, who claims the Benefit of *The Act of Toleration* to dissent from them, the most unprofitable Virtue which at this time of Day the Whigs could single out from the whole Catalogue, for their own special Use and Service. Faith, of whatever Sort it be, whether Temporal or Spiritual, has a necessary dependance upon a lively Hope; but a Church reviving, a Monarchy re-establiſh'd, and a Peace approaching, are enough to bury all the most chimerical Pretences of a Whig to Hope; and therefore he may throw away his Faith after his Charity. For I observe all the Virtues of that Party are dated; and accordingly Moderation, which once stood for almost every thing but what it really signify'd, is now perfectly out of Fashion, and expir'd about the middle of *March, Anno Domini 1710*. And for this Reason I would humbly recommend it to their Leaders, to let us know in some publick Advertisement, when they would have their People begin to be Humble, Charitable or Good-humour'd; and upon what Day of the Month they are to leave off Believing, and return to their primitive State of Infidelity: Such a Contrivance would be a great ease to Tender Consciences, and to all those who have the Misfortune to be employ'd in taking care of those fickle, splenetic Creatures.

Whatever some restive Tories may think of the Growth of Popery, which is now every where laugh'd at, because it makes so considerable an Article in the Political Creeds of the Whigs, I must own my Fears chime in with theirs, whenever I begin to ruminate on this melancholy Subject. For I verily believe their Suspicions took rise from the Knowledge of Themselves, and the Weakness of some of their Brethren. Certainly a Jesuit in Masquerade, or a good subtle Missionary, especially if he takes up the old Disguise of a Cloak and a blue Apron, will find it no hard Task to persuade  
a poor

a poor credulous Whig, *That the Baptist had five or six Heads, That St. Dunstan took the Devil by the Nose*, or convince him of the Truth of all the mighty Achievements of *St. Patrick* and *St. Winifred*, since it can be prov'd upon him, that he has subsisted his Faith, for some Months past, upon Lyes and Forgeries of much the same Magnitude; and if Legends are the Food of the Faithful, he who brings them a fresh Collation ready Cook'd and Dish'd out to their Palate, will not fail to deserve their Thanks and Approbation. Nothing can be wanting to create and establish a good Understanding between the Whigs and Papists, but some lucky Project to reconcile their Interests, and make the Hopes and Views of both Parties the same. So soon as the Court of *Rome* has concerted proper Measures for this great Work, I expect to see the same Game play'd over again, which miscarry'd so very unaccountably in the Reign of King *James II.* and to find *Peter* and *Jack*, the two Confederate Generals of the Church Militant, march Hand in Hand under the same Banner.

If the Invention of the Leaders of the Whigs in establishing and giving out Political Creeds, were equal to the Zeal of their Partisans in Maintaining, Defending, and Propagating the Faith; their Classes and Synods would become truly Formidable, and not only the Church, but Christianity it self, might be justly voted in Danger. Some of these Creeds come originally by Tradition, others are Translated out of a Foreign Language, and no small Quantity of them are transmitted to faithful Correspondents in a Packet from beyond Sea, by which Conveyance, as *Father Paul of Venice* complains, several Articles of the *Romish* Church find their way to *Trent*: But so soon as the Hint is given, it is strange to see with how much Industry all the Believers bestir themselves: The Contagion spreads in a Moment: If a Man were to set out from the *Smyrna* in Company with any one single

Article



Article, the best Hackney-Coach in Town could not carry him to *Garraway's* time enough to have the Glory of Telling first. You may indeed now and then meet with a new Convert, or some *Sceptick* by Nature, who will be Distrustful in spite of Principles; but if he offers to express his assent with any the least Sign of Indifference, or Suspicion of being in the Wrong, if he only says, *It is confidently reported*; or, *They tell you*; or, *It's Given out*; or, *He has it from very good Hands*; all his Friends presently lay him on thick, and the least he can expect is to endure the Mortification of refusing five or six Wagers, or undergo the Suspicion of Apostacy. All that the other Party has to do in these Cases, is to proceed by the old approv'd Method, and beat down one Creed by setting up another. Then it is that the Whigs distinguish themselves; their Valour, Constancy and Cunning are almost inflexible. They have this sure Maxim on their side, by which the *Romish* Clergy have kept their Ground so long, *They take every thing, and part with nothing*. But of all the Masters of Political Faith, recommend me to those who prevent the Imposition of a Creed, and believe it almost before it is made; who upon the first Tidings of an Article, perhaps before it is fully reported to them in its due Limitations and Restrictions, cry out, *I thought so; I always believed as much; I knew it would come to this*. Such Bigots are the Pillars of the Whig-Church, and for a long time retain all the Monumental Inscriptions which are fix'd upon them. For, as one of their Favourite Divines has observ'd in the Case of Repentance, so it is with Faith; 'Men of great Parts and a shining Genius, can believe more in a few Moments, than Christians of an inferior Order can do all their Life-time.

N<sup>o</sup> 3.

Friday, January 9.

—*Pacem to poscimus omnes.*

Ovid.

Great Britain, not many Years ago, was a Country the most remarkable for Hospitality of any under Heaven. This Virtue, which by old Custom, always chose the Season of *Christmas* to display it self in, had several good Effects upon our People. It contributed very much to the keeping up a very fair Correspondence between our Gentry, made Humanity and good Humour circulate, and diffus'd Happiness thro' a whole Neighbourhood. Nor was it less useful in smoothing and refining the Minds of the Populace, and keeping them in a due Subordination to their Superiors; which, according to the true generous Nature of the *British* Genius, was better preserv'd by these Annual Returns of Complacency, than by the most stately Distance and affected Majesty: For great Men must be tasted as well as seen, if they expect to be the Favourites of the People. But upon the Increase of the publick Taxes, the Far of the Land seems to have been drain'd to make room for the Sinews of War; and Hospitality is fled to the Borders of our Island, to *Cornwall, Wells*, and the Banks of the *Tweed*; whilst Ambition, in her Disguise, makes a *Triennial* Tour through all our Cities and Towns Corporate, only to put the Country in mind of past Pleasures and Enjoyments. At the same time, since Parties have rag'd amongst us, and so many new Originals of Government have been bandy'd about, we begin to forget the Old One, that we are Sociable Creatures: Our Hospitality is little bet-  
ter



ter than a Rendevouz for War; and our Visits are like those of Spies or those of some among the Fair Sex, who only go abroad to glean up Matter for Scandal. When we now and then get together over a Bottle, we cannot help mingling every Glass with that silly Ingredient a Toast, which sours the richest Wine, and introduces a new sort of *Orgies*, where the *Bacchinals* grow mad before they are drunk. Upon this View my Wonder ceases, when I consider with how much Reason and Justice those Men, who have filled us with Jealousies and Distractions, min'd our Peace at Home, and squander'd away the Nation's Wealth in an unnecessary War abroad, and who have made us thus Ill-natur'd and Unhospitable, should thereby become the common Scorn and Detestation. Tho' they boast of their ill-gotten Wealth, and upon the Strength of their Plunder insult the Landed Gentry, yet they are so far from attempting to restore this Virtue, which was lost by their Ill-management, and as they seem to tell us, none but themselves are able to revive; that they are either resolved to carry their Riches into another Country, or spend it here upon their Vices, to whom indeed they owe it, and it is the only just Payment they ever design to make. Hence their Equipages, Dresses, Tables, and Furniture, even now they are discarded, are full of Romantick Splendor and Greatness; and their Gardens and Edifices almost as amazing as their Devastations: They live at such a rate, as if they really intended to prevent a Resumption.

On the other hand, it is not at all surprizing, that the truly great Men now in Power, should, notwithstanding all the little Artifices of their Enemies, keep entire possession of the Hearts of the People, and every Day enlarge their Dominions; since all the dawning of our Happiness bears date with their Rise; and by bringing the Blessing of Peace nearer to our View, they have given us fresh Assurances, that Concord, Plenty and Hospitality,

will

will once more return and dwell among us. The Virtues they were born to restore, are owing as much to their Example as their Conduct; and they seem to have brought about one glorious Incident, which never any Ministry could accomplish before, since the first four Years after the Restoration, I mean an Union of Interests between the Court and Country, the last desirable Blessing that was wanting to compleat our Felicity.

The blissful Prospect and Scenes of various Pleasure, which at present fill the Minds, and take up most of the Conversation of our People, have redoubled the Mirth and Gaiety of this Season of the Year. One meets a new Festival in almost every Countenance. To see *Great Britain*, which was lately made the Butt and Property of Petty Princes and Pensionaries, now actually presiding over the Fate and Fortunes of *Europe*; to have the *Cornucopia* hovering o'er our Heads, and just ready to be pour'd out upon us, and a Peace within our Reach, not only Safe and Honourable, but fully answering the Demands of a victorious Nation, is a State so crouded with Enjoyments, such as one half at least of the present Generation were scarce ever allow'd to Taste, that the Excesses of our present Satisfaction may easily be accounted for: Nor is it surprizing to see so many Days set apart for the Rehearsal of those Rejoicings, which are to adorn the Coming Holiday. We are arrived at the Pleasure of enjoying even our Divisions, and making merry with those senseless Fears and ill-concerted Lyes, which an unnatural spiteful Party are incessantly buzzing amongst us. There can be no greater Happiness, than to be able to give the best Reasons for the Love of one's Country; and I begin to incline to their Opinion, who think it a sort of Banishment to be obliged to keep *Christmas* at *Aix la Chapelle*. Publick Credit gets ground every Day, and convinces us of its dependence on Pacifick Measures: And by the late  
Struggle

Struggle in the City we are confirm'd, that the true Genius of our Populace is not to be warp'd or set wrong by a thousand little Practices of Falshood and Infination. We must impute it to a noble Disdain of these mean Artifices, that the Ambassador of a generous Enemy was received with Applause, whilst the Ministers of our pretended Friends pass'd by unregarded, because they came with the real Character of *Publick Spies*: And their Secret Cabals with the Junta often brought to my Mind the Image of the Court of *Breda*, during the Exile of King *Charles*, where his Majesty took up one part of the Inn, whilst the other Quarter was the Residence of some publick Envoy to the Commonwealth of *England*.

For my own part, tho' I am naturally *Saturnine*, and ready enough to forestall the Centures of my Enemies, by owning the Influence of that Leaden Planet; yet I cannot forbear falling in with the Diversions of the Season: And whatever some may think of those little Sports and Entertainments, which serve to pass away the Evening, they cease to be Trifles, when we improve them to the advantage of Society, and to the promotion of good Humour and mutual Endearment. When we are brought to agree in little Trifles, we may perhaps be drawn on to shew as much Complaisance in great Ones: And I have often thought I have been as well employ'd in making a Party at Drawing the Lottery, Pictures and Motto's, or any other innocent Amusement proper for a Winter Evening, as if I had laid out the very same Time and Pains at *Tom's*, in discussing that grand Question in History, *Whether Aristides were really a Whig or a Tory*; or maintaining as strenuously at *Young Man's*, *That Fighting for Fighting's sake, ought to be encourag'd by all wise States and Communities*.

Not many Nights ago I happen'd into very good Company, where it was propos'd to divert our selves with a Humour of this kind; and at the

Recom-

Recommendation of one, who is a great Master of these Sports, we agreed to play at Similitudes, which is, it seems, a Game in request; and, as I imagine, took its Rise from some Well-wisher to Modern Comedy. The Method of it is this: A Director is chosen, who presides at the Board, and appoints the Theme or Subject for the rest of the Company to work upon, by thinking on some one Person or Thing, and demanding of every one present what it is like, without disclosing the Object of his Thoughts, till each Member of the Society has named his Similitude: That done, the Director or Chairman publishes what he thought on, and calls upon every one in his Turn to make good his Comparison. The Fetches and Strains of Invention on this occasion are very diverting, and afford Matter for Mirth as well as Admiration. The Director for the time being is sole Judge, and after a full Hearing, declares whose Similitude appears to be most *Pat* and *Appropos*, whereupon some little Prize is assign'd to the Victor.

Our first Essay in this way of Diversion pleased me so very well, that if the Reader be in as good a Humour as I was at that time, he will not think himself ill entertain'd with the Recital. In order to give him a perfect Image of this little Affair, I take leave to call the Company by the following Names.

*Athenais*, whose good Sense and agreeable Temper procure her the Privilege of leading an Assembly on these Occasions, had the Chair for the first time, by an unanimous Vote of the Society: Round her sat *Clymene*, *Daraxa*, *Eubulus*, *Gallus*, *Hyspalus*, *Mentor*, *Thersides*, *Nisus*, and *Van-urban* the Dutch Merchant.

As soon as *Athenais* had notified to the Board that she was determined in her Thoughts upon the Subject, the Question went round, and every one was ask'd, What it was like? *Clymene* compar'd it to a *Seonce*; *Daraxa* to *Suff*; *Eubulus* to a *Bog*; *Gallus*

to a *Spaniel*; *Hyspalus* to a *Lock*; *Mentor* to *Don Quixot*; *Thersites* to a *Mat*; *Nisus* to a *Toad*; and *Van-Urban* to *Butter*.

When each Person present had deliver'd his Judgment in this order, *Athenais* declared her Thoughts, and named *Faction*, as that Subject she had pitch'd upon. Then going round again, demanded of each Member a Reason for their several Comparisons; which they justify'd and made good in the following manner.

CLYME NE said, *Faction* was like a *Sconce*, because it reflected upon the Light.

DARAX A-urged, That *Faction* was like *Smuff*, valued for being *Musty*.

EUBULUS pleaded, That *Faction* was like a *Bog*, because whoever came upon't must sink, or keep in Motion.

GALLUS contended, That *Faction* was like a *Spaniel*, because it Fawn'd when it had a mind to come in, and Bark'd when it was utterly excluded.

HYSPALUS said, *Faction* was like a *Lock*, modish if made of Brass, never to come further than the Door, and to be manag'd by a Master-Key.

MENTOR compared *Faction* to *Don Quixote*, because it was the compleat Character of *Couragious Lunacy*.

THERSITES argu'd, that *Faction* was like a *Mat*, made only to be trod upon.

NISUS liken'd it to a *Toad*, because it had a wide Mouth, quick Eyes, and a Belly full of Poison: It subsisted upon the thinnest Diet; and whenever it complained, 'twas always a sign of good Weather.

VAN-URBAN (who came last) compar'd *Faction* to *Butter*, because too much Fire spoiled its Consistency.

Upon the summing up of the several Performances, *Athenais*, whole way of Thinking lies  
Vol. III. C pretty

pretty much out of the common Road, deliver'd her Judgment in Words to this Effect: *That she was well enough acquainted with the Genius of her own Countrymen, who were always disposed to be satisfied with the bare Merit and Applause due to a happy Thought and lively Invention; but in a Convention, where it was hard to distinguish any Superior Excellence, she desired leave to add good Manners to the Company's Wit: And so, without any further Ceremony, gave the Prize to the Dutchman.*

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N<sup>o</sup> 4. *Monday, January 12.*

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*Pro sua Patriâ pauci, post genus hominum natum, reperti sunt; qui nullis præmiis propositis, vitam suam famamque Hostium telis objecerunt.*

*Cicero pro C. Balbo.*

THE Art of Giving is, in the Judgment of Seneca, a very difficult Attainment; and by this Rule the Art of Preferring, which is so much above the Sphere of Common Life, ought to be consider'd as one of the first Accomplishments necessary to place Great Men at the Head of Affairs, and to continue them in that Station. Every Publick Minister is, in vertue of that Character, a sort of Body Politick, branch'd out into great Variety of Subordinate Hands, Feet, Eyes, and other Members, all depending on the Head; yet so, as that the Head has also a good share of Dependence upon them; and accordingly as these are well chosen and set together, so the whole Politician acts, moves, and performs all his Operations. Not only our Fortunes,



tunes, but our Reputations, are in some measure at the Mercy of our Domesticks: And this Consideration is of much greater weight in that Intercourse which is between a Statesman and his Clients. A happy Judgment in this single Art, has secured some Favourites in the Possession of Power, against the most apparent *Foibles* and Defects in their Characters, and been the means of transmitting their Names, without that Alloy, in full Lustre to Posterity.

In a Country where Parties are up in Arms, and every day tugging for Superiority, this Art is still more useful and necessary. A great Man moving in such a Sphere must be look'd on as always at War, and in a Military State; and then his Dependents may be justly esteem'd as so many Outworks and Fortifications; they are his Guards and his Armour: No Industry, no Foresight ought to be omitted in the Choice and Proof of what must serve to Defend, as well as Adorn him.

That which makes this Art so very difficult, is the nice Discernment necessary to the discovering and judging of true Merit, which alone can deserve Preferment, and yet being naturally Modest and Retired, often escapes the Notice of Men in Power; who are under a necessity of seeing with other Eyes, and must frequently search for it by Proxy. In the mean time there are so many Counterfeits of Merit, continually haunting the Apartments of a Favourite, watching his Humours and unguarded Hours, and playing over all the Arts of Hypocrisy and Insinuation, that the most rigid Virtue and penetrating Judgment is sometimes forc'd to surrender to their Importunities. These Creatures are never tired with the Fatigue of Address and Attendance, they can very well afford to stand all Tryals, endure any Expence, and suffer the most shocking Indignities, because they expect to be reimburs'd, when all their Views are answer'd, and they have attain'd

the Power of creating Perquisites, or the happy Opportunity of Betraying : Whilst true Merit is under no Temptation to submit to any of these Hardships, since it never intends to reap the same Advantages. He who only proposes to serve his Country, will not undergo one Burden, purely for the sake of taking up another ; and therefore is easily prevail'd upon to quit his Claim, so soon as ever he finds that he must be very Little, before he can have a prospect of being Great ; and that the goodness of his Title is the reason of his being deny'd Possession. Hence it is that almost all our modern Levees are in effect Nurseries of Disgust and Treachery.

The *Art of Preferring* was certainly in Perfection under the Reign of *Augustus*. The Court of *Rome* seem'd at that time to be an Assembly of all the great Men in the World. I believe it would be no hard Task, and a very pleasant one, to collect an entire *Civil List*, the Characters as well as Names, from the Writings of the Polite Men of that Age, without consulting any other Records or Monuments whatever. It is with us at this time no mean Accomplishment to be able to admire, as we ought, the Works of those Authors, who thought the most exalted Powers of Wit and Learning well employ'd in doing Justice to their Governors. All the Factionous Remains of the Commonwealth were soon dispers'd ; and if there were any Libels against the Government, they had not Spirit enough to keep them alive till now : Whilst to our thinking the Court of *Augustus* is still in its Splendor ; even Death has not laid aside that Ministry ; scarce any one of them deserv'd to survive the rest ; they were all worthy to grow Immortal together. This happy Choice was owing to the excellent Judgment of the Prince and his first Favourites, and to a General Peace which at that time overspread the Empire.

King



King Charles II, a most accurate Judge of Men, gave very convincing Proofs of his understanding this Art; and kept close to all its Maxims, in the disposal of Church Preferments; but it must be own'd his Secular Ministers were not always so well chosen; whether it were that the good-natur'd Monarch was too apt to take Counsel of his Pleasures in the bestowing of many of his Favours, or because he suffer'd that accursed Spirit, which had play'd such Gambols in the preceding Reign, to have too much awe upon his best Resolutions. It is certain, that Loyalty was very much damp'd and kept under at that time, and has hardly recover'd the Shock ever since. The King, when it was too late, saw his Error: Just as his Passions declin'd, his good Sense began to exert it self: whilst the true *Gems* of the *English* Nation reviv'd at the same time; and if Providence had been pleas'd to overlook our Sins, and let the *Five* unhappy Years of his *Brother's* Reign to his own Account, he had, in all probability, deriv'd down to us our Religion, Laws and Properties, in perfect Purity, without that contagious Mixture of the *Waters of Strife*, which have since found their way into the Stream, and run down together in the same Channel.

Since the *Revolution*, there seems to have been a studied Design carry'd on for many Years to deprive the Crown, not only of the Art, but even the Power of Preferring. The *Late King*, who had the Misfortune not to be Born or Educated among us, upon his settling here, was immediately surrounded with a Set of Faces, who look'd wild at Court, like Creatures out of their Element, and not altogether so Venerable as the Phyzes of their Forefathers, when assembled in a *Committee of Safety*, or of *Sequestration*: But Noise, Hurry, outrageous Zeal, and the Clamour of Services, as exorbitant as their *Grants*, serv'd to introduce them; and then their own Guilt and well-grounded Fears, put

them upon all the indirect Measures imaginable, by which they practis'd on that Monarch and his Successor, in order to make themselves necessary, to secure their own Power, and render it, if possible, Independent of the Prerogative. However, to do the *Old Ministry* Justice, they discover'd some faint Glimpses in this Art; but the Necessity of Affairs, and the Nature of those Designs in which they were embark'd, obliged them to depart from several establish'd Rules. They took particular care to prefer none, but such as would swallow all their Secret Tests; such as they knew were inviolably their own, or who had distinguish'd themselves in their Service: And whenever they paid any regard to Arts and Sciences, they had their Account in making them some way or other subservient to the main Cause. All their own Wit, and that of their Creatures, was employ'd in disguising their true Characters. I have heard some of their most unprejudiced Friends complain, that Preferments often went in the Blood; and that Offices were fill'd out of the *Genealogical Table*: But their worst Management lay deeper; they had many Vices to gratify, and some Interests to carry on, directly contrary to the Safety and Welfare of their Country: Men of good Sense and great Virtue, Men of Conscience and Reputation, were not proper Agents for such a Work: There was no great occasion for Merit, but for Tools and Utenils; Creatures whose Iniquity was to be their Service and their Wages; who were raised from the Dirt, on purpose to be employ'd in Affairs becoming their Original; and whose share in the Guilt, as well as Plunder, was the only Tie upon their Fidelity. Hence it is, that our Streets are croud'd with so many gay Upstarts, outshining our Quality in Furniture and Equipage. Our *English* Gentry, with the antiquated Badges and Virtues of their Forefathers, are perfectly lost in a Blaze of these Meteors. We have seen Footmen remov'd from behind the Coach

Coach into the inside, and the Livery left off for the lac'd Coat. Princes have been made out of Pages, Chancellors out of Clerks, and the White Staff and Blue Ribbon bestow'd as Play-Things upon the Laquy and By-blow. Merit indeed set aside many Distinctions; but in the present Case the *Late* Ministry have good reason to bewail their Mistakes; for I think it is pretty notorious, that they fell, not only under the Weight of their own Sins, but those of their Minions and Deputies.

Great Men are not without their *Foibles* and Passions, they have their private Interests and Attachments to Nature: Nor can we suppose they would value Power, unless for the sake of doing Good among those, who are *near* or *agreeable* to them: But if particular Care be not taken to proportion the Place to the real Merit and intrinsic Value of the Man, the Publick will suffer, and the Statesman bear a part in the Frailties and Defects of his Friend.

Several Arguments, especially of late, have been urged for uniting and blending the two Parties; because the *Whigs*, according to the *Tory* Scheme, being naturally Ravening and Covetous, might perhaps be brib'd to be Good, by a Partition of Power and Profit. The Experiment may be Fatal; and plainly contradicts their own *Maxims*. Indeed great Allowances ought to be made for those who were mis-led, and are willing to be set right. Converts were ever us'd with Tendernefs; but they must also submit to take their due time of Trial: Upon leaving an infected Quarter, they must be oblig'd to perform *Quarentine*; and a double Portion of Zeal and Service may be demanded as the Test of their Sincerity. Besides these, there may be some other excepted Cases, as when we imagine those to be Enemies, who were really Spies; and who must be taken care of: For no good Sportsman ever yet starv'd his Decoy Ducks: Or when it is expedient to expose here and there

a busy Partisan, and draw him into one or two Votes, to make his Reconciliation with his old Friends impracticable, and to secure him from a Relapse : But if false Hopes and chimerical Fears prevail upon the easy Temper of a Statesman, to attempt a Coalition of Friends and Foes ; if he pays his Deserters better than his Regular Troops, and beats up for Volunteers in the Enemy's Country ; Fidelity will be made a Jest, Treachery become Meritorious, and Men of Abilities will find their Interest in opposing the Government, and promoting Faction as a Step to Preferment ; than which there can be no worse Sign of a sickly declining Body Politick.

Some Men are so conspicuous in the Sphere where they move, the publick Voice speaks so well of them, and so many good Wishes are every Day pour'd out for them, that upon the least Enquiry, a Minister of State, when his List of Worthies runs low, may easily procure a fresh Supply, without running any great Hazard of being mistaken : And in such a Promotion every good Man shares the Honour ; the Publick is preferr'd, in the Person of their Favourite, and stands engag'd in new Obligations to Duty and Gratitude.

There are others whose Services are signal Marks of their Merit, and plead loudly for them. Not one of these should ever pass unrewarded. Virtue ought not to be made an empty Name : Religion never requires us to serve God for nought ; nor should his Vicegerents look to have the Devotions of their Votaries upon easier Terms. We have seen and felt the Effects of paying a *false Merit* too well : A little of that *Serpent* will make the *Drive* greater than the *Eagle* : For Rewards are the Spring and Life of Action ; especially if we take care to distinguish between the Recompence and Expectation. The *French King* has built most of his Power and Grandeur upon this Maxim ; and the best Politicians sometimes take Advice of an Enemy, in those

those Measures which have contributed to make him Dreaded and Formidable.

The avow'd Malice and Clamour of a *Faction* may also serve to direct Men in Power where to place their Favours. 'Tis not for nothing that the Enemy single out some one Mark to shoot at, and set him up as the common Butt on which to empty their whole Quiver of Scandal and Calumny. We may depend on't they take him for a Champion; and this alone ought to entitle him to a Commission in the Army where he serves: Such a piece of Management disappoints the Foe, and turns their own Weapons upon them; it redoubles the Courage of all who are list'd in the same Cause, by making it worth their while to expose themselves, and keeps alive that Zeal, which is the *Vestal Fire* of every Empire.

But the greatest Difficulty in this Art is to create Merit by Preferment, to be able to spy out the first Seeds of Virtue in its Infancy, to discover a great Genius in *Embryo*, and to train up a growing Hero in the Paths of Honour and Wisdom. This, in a degenerate Age and time of Scarcity, is a double Service to the State; and comes the nearest to the Divine Pattern set by God, who Crowns those Virtues which himself inspir'd. From such Favourites the best Subjects, the greatest Statesmen, most grateful Friends and generous Benefactors, have in all Ages arisen; and were ever esteem'd the choicest Blessings that could betel a Nation.

How much the present Ministry, to whose Conduct I owe these Remarks, and whose high Stations are the happy Effects of consummate Skill in the *Art of Preferring*, deserve the Publick Thanks for their Services in this kind, is a Subject that justly claims the Notice of some Future EXAMINER.

N<sup>o</sup> 5.

Friday, January 16.

*Nil est aliud in Eedere, nisi ut pia & aterna  
Pax sit.*  
Cicero pro C. Balbo.

**I** Begin to think, that tho' perhaps there may be several very exact Maps of *Great Britain* to be had at the Shops in *Amsterdam* or the *Hague*, and some shining *Genii* in that Country can, it may be, look out the most remarkable Places in our Island, especially those upon the Sea-Coast, or near it, as *Portsmouth*, *Chatham*, *Torbay*, and the like; yet it is highly necessary, that *Chamberlayne's Present State*, or some other good Book of that Sort, were carefully Translated into *Dutch*, *In usum Illustrissimorum Ordinum*, or with any other Sounding and pompous Title, only signifying, That it was done for the Use of our Good Allies, and to set them right in the Nature of our Government, Constitution and Laws; with which they do not appear to be so well acquainted as might be expected. I am sensible, that as things now stand, if a *Manifesto* or *Memorial* should be sent them, humbly representing to their *High Mightinesses*, That *Great Britain* is an Independent Monarchy, govern'd by its own Laws: That the Queen is Supream over all Orders of the Realm: That no other Prince, Prelate, State or Potentate, hath or ought to have any Authority and Jurisdiction over us: That where the Queen, Lords and Commons, solemnly Consent, it is a Law; and where the collective Body of the People agree, it is the Sense of the Nation: That the making War and Peace is the Prerogative of the Crown; and, That all Alliances are to be ob-  
served



served only so far as they answer the Ends for which they were made: In such a Case, 'tis not unlikely, but the *Amsterdam Gazette*, or some other *Gazet* in the *Seven Provinces*, would immediately Answer all this by publickly protesting, That it came from the *Jacobites* and *Frenchify'd High-Flers*, and therefore ought not to be admitted as Genuine: For of late that Celebrated Writer, and two or three of his Seconds, have undertaken to tell us poor *Britons*, Who are our best Subjects, and how we ought to behave our selves towards our Allies. So that in this unhappy juncture, I do not see when we shall come to a right Understanding. On the other Hand, suppose we agreed to give them the Precedence, and left the first Proposal for Overtures of Accommodation to their Management; this perhaps might quickly bring us to be better acquainted. Let them therefore lay aside all clumsy Pretences to Address; tell us no more of former Battles, Sieges and Glories; nor make Love to us in Prose, and extol our Beauty, our Fortune, and their own Passion for us, to the Stars: But let them come roundly to the Business, and in plain Terms give us to understand, That they will not Recognize any other Government in *Great Britain*, but *Whigarchy* only: That they treated with us as such, and are not oblig'd to acknowledge an Usurped Power call'd a *Monarchy*, to which they are utter Strangers: That they have a just Demand upon us ever since the *Revolution*; which is a Precedent for their Interposing, whenever Popery and Arbitrary Power are coming in upon us, which at present they are inform'd by their Friends, is our Case: And besides they are advis'd by able Counsel, That we are only *Tenants for Life*, and they being mention'd in the *Entail*, are oblig'd to have a watchful Eye over us, and to see that neither Waste nor Dilapidation be done upon the Premises. If all this be not the Case, and a true State of the Controversy, as I heartily hope it is not, I leave any

Rational



Rational Caeature, pick him where you will between the *Danube* and *Ganges*, to judge of the following Remonstrance.

A War is undertaken by several Potentates in Conjunction, upon certain Causes and Conditions, plainly express'd in a Writing call'd *The Grand Alliance*. This War is carried on with Success; the Enemy offers to Treat, and proposes to satisfy all the just Demands of the several Parties engag'd against them. *Great Britain* makes her Claim, so doth *Portugal*; and both are fully satisfied. The *Dutch* produce their *Barrier* of *Gertruydenberg*, and are assur'd they shall have it, except two or three Places at most. *Savoy* and *Prussia* have more than ever they ask'd. Only the *Emperor* will have all *Spain*, contrary to the Reasons upon which his Brother's Renunciation was founded, and in direct Violation of a fundamental Maxim, *The Balance of Power*: So that he would involve us in a Second War, and a new *Grand Alliance*, under pretence of observing the old One. This, in short, is the Case; and yet, after all the Bloodshed, Expence and Labour, to compass these great Ends, tho' Her Britannick Majesty finds by Experience that every Potentate in the *Grand Alliance*, except Her Self, has actually broke it every Year: tho' She stands possess'd of an undoubted Right to make Peace and War; tho' She has procur'd for Her Allies all that She was oblig'd to by Treaty; tho' Her Two Houses of Parliament humbly entreat Her to finish the Great Work; tho' Her People with one Voice admire and congratulate the wise Steps She has taken, and cry loud to Her to defer their Happiness no longer; tho' some of the Allies, and One or Two of the Provinces have declar'd for Peace, and Her Majesty's Domestick Enemies dread it, as the utter Downfall of their Faction; yet still the Blessing depends, and Expectation is our Lot. The Menacing *Persian* has Scruples: He desires Time to look out for something else to Demand: There are

a Dozen or two of Petty Princes, who want Silk Stockings, and Lace round their Hats: We must stay till the Second Part of *Denain* comes upon the Stage, and Squire *South* promises to go directly to *Madrid*, the next time we shew him the way thither.

Her Majesty is all Goodness and Tenderness to Her People and Her Allies. A brighter Example of Piety could not adorn the Life of Her Royal Grandfather, whose solemn *Anniversary* we must shortly Celebrate. She has now Prorog'd the best *Parliament* that ever Assembled in Her Reign, and Respited Her own Glory, and the Wishes, Prayers, and Wants of Her People, only to give some of Her Allies an opportunity to think of the Returns they owe Her, and try if there be such Things as Gratitude, Justice, or Humanity in *Europe*. This Conduct of Her Majesty is without Parallel. Never was so great a Condescension made to the unreasonable Clamours of an Insolent Faction, now dwindled to the most contemptible Circumstances. It is certainly high time they should begin to meditate other Measures, unless they vainly imagine the Government must part with both its Attributes of Mercy and Justice, till they are pleased to be Dutiful and Obedient. What ill-grounded Hopes and Expectations they have under-hand Administr'd to any of the Allies, is not worth my while to enquire; since whatever they are, they must come attended with the blackest Treason and Ingratitude. The *Dutch* have the least Reason in the World to rely on such a broken Reed; and after having solemnly promised to conform themselves to Her Majesty's Wisdom, and depend on Her Conduct, which is the Language of their latest Professions; such clandestine Management would fully deserve all those Appellations, with which the Writings of the *Whigs* are so richly Embellish'd.

After all, when Her Majesty and Her Subjects have waited one Period more, and affix a new  
Date

Date to their Wishes and their Patience; since Peace is the only End of every Alliance, and since all that we fought for is yielded up by the Enemy, in Justice to Her *Prerogative*, to Her *Parliament*, and Her *People*, the desirable Blessing will, no doubt, be reach'd out to us: Our Happiness will not be put off, till they, who have Ill-will at us, can find Time and Power to prevent it. All that a stubborn Ally can then expect, is Time to come in, and accept those Terms which himself Once thought Reasonable. The present Age will soon taste the Sweets of such Conduct, and Posterity as highly applaud it. Only they, who now Rail and Calumniate, will do so still, and who are dispos'd to give every thing the same Treatment which makes for our Safety and Welfare, and spoils their Game of Disorder and Confusion.

'Tis true, the present Stagnation of Affairs is accounted for another way; and the Party give out, that *France* begins to draw back, and would explain several Articles upon us: But the Authors of this Forgery know very well I do not miscall it; and are Conscious to the Criminal Reasons, why it is with so much Industry bandy'd about. *France* rather enlarges her Offers, than abates or recedes from them: So happy are we, in finding our most Inveterate and Ungenerous Enemies within our own Bowels! The *Whigs*, according to Custom, may Chuckle and Solace themselves with the visionary Hopes of Coming Mischief, and imagine they are grown Formidable, because they are to be honour'd in their Extravagancies, and to be paid for their Perverseness. Let them go on to glory in their projected Schemes of Government, and the blessed Effects they have produc'd in the World. 'Twas not enough for them to make Obedience the Duty of the Sovereign; but this *Obedience* must at length be made *Passive*; and that *Non-resistance* may not wholly vanish from among the Virtues, since the Subject is weary of it, they would fairly  
make

make it over to their Monarch. The *Compact* between Prince and People is supposed to be mutual; but *Grand Alliances* are, it seems, of another nature: A failure in one Party does not disengage the rest; they are tied up and entangled, so long as any one Confederate adheres to the *Negative*; and we are not allow'd to make use of the *Polish Argument*, and plead *Non Loquitur*. But these Artifices are too thin to hold: They are the Cobwebs which the *Faction* have spun out of the last Drags of their Poison, made to be swept away with the unnecessary Animals who contriv'd them. Their Tyranny is at an end, and their Ruin very near: I can only advise them to become their Fall, like *Cæsar*, and *Dye with Decency*.

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N<sup>o</sup> 6.      Monday, January 19.

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*Dum potuit servata Fides. Nil fata morantur.  
Tradimus Hesperius Gentes, aperimus Eoas,  
Securamq; Orbis patimur post tergo relictæ.*

Lucan.

**I** Consider Father. Time as a most inveterate Tory; for he has detected more Iniquities of the People call'd Whigs, than all the honest Zeal of their Inspectors could possibly pry into. To do the Old Gentleman Justice, he lays about him in a very extraordinary manner, and has brought to bear almost all the great Events that were expected at his Hands; ever excepting one mighty Prodigy, which now seems past his Power to accomplish, the Repentance and Amendment of that perverse Generation. They have indeed given him a good deal of Trouble: Scarce a Week goes round, but he

he is hard at Work with his Scythe, mowing down that immense Crop of Lyes and Forgeries which the Party are ever in Labour with, and whose *Seeds are in themselves*. But of all the Works and Inventions of the Whigs, *Father Time* never appears so well pleas'd, as when he happens to get some of their Prophecies within his Clutches. These are such Insults upon his Prerogative in the disposal of Futurity, that he takes particular Delight to gratify his Vengeance by baffling and disappointing them. He shakes his Hour-Glass, and the Sands and Predictions run out together, are mingled with common Dust, and made the Diversion of the first puff of Wind that sweeps them away. Upon the removal of the High Places, when all the Whig-Oracles were silenced; they who before had been Devils in ordinary, were now redg'd to be Under-agents to that Lying Spirit, which had possess'd so many; and made the *Voice of the People*, once called the *Voice of God*, little better than the Sound of that Trumpet which *Enne* is suppos'd to animate with a Blast from behind. The whole Party was crumbled and divided into Three remarkable Squadrons: The Leaders and better Sort were converted into Diviners and False Prophets; under whom the Vouchers ply'd; and behind these came the whole Herd and Rabble of private Believers.

The Dreams, Visions, and imaginary Calculations of this Sect, put down all the other Monsters of the Age: Several Ghosts were said to have shew'd themselves publicly, and for want of being taken notice of, to have gone off again in perfect Disgust. A Comet or two peep'd abroad in the *West*; but were not bright enough to bear a Second Edition. I don't remember any considerable Trick, or Strange and wonderful Account, that kept Company with the late Whale; who is suppos'd to have lay'd his Credit by the natural Death of a great Minister, which was no small Prodigy in the Opinion of many; and by enriching his

Exe-

Executors and Administrators with the Fatness of his Remains, he gave several very pretty Hints, by way of Emblem, to those who are compleat Masters of Mythology. Nor was this all: But without any regard to Law or Conscience, Prophecy became a Monopoly, and the whole Vogue of the Town went with these new Enthusiasts: Not a Philomath or Orthodox Astrologer of the Age could be heard with any common degree of Attention: *Patridge*, after coming to Life a Second time, found his Journey was to no Purpose, and therefore took up a very wise Resolution once for all, to dye in good Earnest. *Lacy* and Sir *Richard Bulkley*, the last of whom first supply'd the Whigs with that useful Maxim, *That it is not absolutely necessary Prophecies should always prove true*, expir'd of themselves without hopes of rising again; and *Bickerstaff* fell a-sleep in his Elbow-Chair, after a good old Age, just as the Dragon's Tail was going down the Firmament.

The first remarkable Prophecy with which the Whigs set out, and thought by that to establish a Reputation in the World, was, That all Mankind were as Mad as themselves; which Frenzy was to last some short time, perhaps till the hot Season and *Dog-days* were over, and then there would be a general Recovery, and all Things return into their first Channel. This Whim was not entirely new: A mad Fellow, one of their Predecessors, who appears however to have had some Intervals, took it up before them: But both he and they met with much the same Fate: The poor Lunatick contended, That all the World was mad; and in direct Opposition to him, the World said, *He was mad*; so it came to a Poll, and the unfortunate Wretch was clapt'd up in *Bedlam*, where his constant Cry was, *That he had been out-voted*. Not discouraged with this Disaster, they went on and Prophecy'd, That the New Managers would, in a very little time, become Bankrupts: That they had neither  
Money



Money nor Credit; and must shortly Break and make over all to the Old Traders. Here *Time* and their own Friends play'd them a Trick: The Mony'd Whigs chose to leave their Party expos'd to the Guilt of one or two Lyes more, which they knew would make no extraordinary Addition to the Sum Total, rather than not take 8 per Cent. for their Cash; and Credit flow'd in so thick upon the New Company, that they could afford to be Generous, and defer the calling in of their Old Debts to a more convenient Opportunity. Their next Whim was to Foretell, That their Warlike Allies, who never could be brought to beat the *French* as soundly as they might and should have done, were now resolv'd all on the sudden to make an utter End of them, just as it was time to give over Adventuring; and accordingly *Monsieur Grovenstein* was sent to make the King a Visit at *Paris*, but with so much good Manners, that His Majesty might be at liberty to return it; and by making him that fine Compliment at *Damain*, where in excess of Gallantry, the first Favours were bestow'd that the Old Monarch could boast of, they not only incur'd the Suspicion, but gave convincing Proofs of their promoting the *French* Interest; and no doubt the Academy will mention them this Year with respect, in deciding the Annual Prizes of Eloquence and Poetry.

It were an endless Task for me to recount the Dreams they have told, which never came to pass; the Apparitions they have seen, which to others were Invisible; and the Monitors, whose Birth they foresaw, tho' they have misarry'd with them long ago. These wretched Mistakes have cast a mighty damp upon Modern Prophecy, and expos'd the Second Sight to the Scoffs and Reproaches of the Wicked, which heretofore was so distinguishing a Mark of the Saints. For my self, I am so baulk'd and discourag'd with the sad Example, that I can hardly be intreated to deliver my Opinion concern-

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ing future Events, without laying in a sufficient Stock of Reserves and Explanations; nor dare I allow my self to launch out into remote Views and probable Conjectures, unless I first bespeak my Reader's Caution with some very necessary Proviso's. However, not to be wholly behind hand with them in Adventures of this Nature, I will only presume to recall what's past, and leaving publick Occurrences just as I find them, shall at least be able to give a few much clearer Proofs, That the Whigs, had they still continued in Power, would certainly have ruin'd their Country, than they are able to produce in Maintenance of those wild Probabilities, which seem at present to be the only Arguments that support their Cause. And if I make out this Topick, they must own themselves oblig'd to those Gentlemen, who took the Burden of Affairs off their Hands, on purpose to prevent their sinking under it.

What I would instance in, is the Northern War, which like that in *Spain*, tho' it did not so nearly concern us, was most scandalously neglected, for the sake of his Highness's War in *Flanders*. When the King of *Sweden* was at the Head of 40000 Veteran Troops, flush'd with Victory, and eager to pursue it, before that fatal March to *Pultowa*, he had it in his Power to have fallen down into the *Empire* with all his Forces, and thereby put an end to the Confederacy at once. All that can be said for his taking those Measures at such a juncture is, That he had greater Provocations from his Neighbours, than from those at a Distance; and yet even then, when *Germany* was under a very strong Pannick, and *Europe* look'd on him as the Ballancing Power, our blessed Patriots neglected nothing which might serve to alienate the good Affections of that Gallant Prince, and push him into an entire Confidence with *France*. There was indeed, for Form's sake, a Visit made him by a Great General, whose Visits like his Battles, were intended chiefly

chiefly to promote his own Interest, tho' the Party gave out that he dropt some of his Perquisites in that Journey; but others more justly imagined, that a Place in the Confederacy was to be dispos'd of at a reasonable Rate, which His *Swedish* Majesty had no Inclination to purchase, since Religion was not the immediate Quarrel; and accordingly received the Victorious Rent-gatherer.

Since the Battle of *Pultewa*, and his Residence at *Bender*, whatever Violence those Pens, which are in a peculiar manner devoted to Calumny against Crown'd Heads, may offer to his high Character, he has shew'd as much of the Hero and Statesman as ever shone out in any of his Royal Progenitors. Consider him as invited only with a handful of Loyal *Swedes*, at a great Distance from his own Kingdoms, an Enemy's Country between, and none but Infidels near him; yet even here he supported the Honour of Majesty, and by stress of inimitable Management, brought about such Revolutions in the *Ottoman* Empire, as no other Christian Power at the Head of vast Armies was able to accomplish. Two *Viziers* have been deposed by his Interest from that high Station, which amounts to little less than a Removal of two *Sultans*; for so in effect is every *Prime Vizier*. The first of these, *Kiouprough*, was a *Turk* of the most popular Character, loaded with the Merit of Two great Ancestors, to whom the Empire was so deeply indebted, and in himself a Statesman of singular Prudence and Conduct; the other an experienc'd Minister, but who fully deserved the Fate that befel him, for his Ingratitude to the Young King, in leaving him out of the Peace with *Muscovy*. After this, when all *Europe* despair'd of such a Turn, His *Swedish* Majesty has the fairest Prospect imaginable of coming back into the *North* with a formidable Force, and joining his victorious Subjects; whose Duty and Fidelity to their Monarch, during his Absence from them, is scarce to be parallel'd

rallel'd, and affords the present Age a noble Example of Loyalty, as it certainly merits the Praises of Posterity. What such a King, commanding such an Army, might be able to perform, it will not be very difficult to imagine, since we see the whole Northern World is alarm'd at the late Victory obtain'd by General *Steinbock*, with only a Detachment of the Troops of *Sweden*. I make no Scruple to say, That such an Ally added to *France* would have turn'd the Balance of the War, and made our Enemies the Directors of the Peace; at least would have enabled that Crown to continue the War one Twenty Years longer, tho' every Campaign had been distinguish'd with a Trophy equal to that of the Immortal *Bouchain*.

I should, for the sake of *Great Britain*, take a great deal of Pleasure in concealing the ungenerous Usage which this adventurous Monarch met with in his Extremities from the late Men in Power, were I not perfectly satisfied, that this unaccountable false Step was fully atton'd for by the more wholesome Conduct of their Successors; for which they deserve the Thanks of their Country, and merit another Return from their Predecessors, than Calumny and Malice. The Provocations of the Whigs were push'd so far, and the Breach made so wide, that they did not stick to own a perfect Enmity to *Sweden*; only they despair'd of the King's Return, and so were careless of the Event. To his Account they charg'd the important Miscarriage at *Toulon*, which however can be traced nearer Home, and may be more justly reckon'd among the trifling Blunders of the greatest Trifle in State-Affairs that ever amused the Publick; and whenever the King of *Sweden* did come back, they expected to find him in the Interests of *France*. If then the Whigs had still been in Power, and the War gone on, whilst his Majesty return'd in those Circumstances, which in all Probability are likely to accompany his Arrival, it can never be reckon'd  
among

among the wild Consequences drawn by that Party, if I conclude, that their Schemes of everlasting War would have been ruin'd at once, and they had been far from enjoying that blessed Privilege which they now boast of, a Right to obstruct their Lawful Sovereign in the Exercise of Her just Prerogative, and to envy Her Majesty and Her Ministers the Glory of giving Peace to *Europe*.

Far be it from me to offer the least Shadow of an Indignity to that Head, upon which a Crown of any sort has rested; but certainly we might have purchased the Elective Monarch's Friendship on easier Terms than a Breach with the Hereditary. The latter had by much the Advantage of the other in his Regard for the Protestant Religion; and by this false Step we certainly gave up the Rights of a People, who are allow'd by their Constitution to be the undoubted Original of Government. What those powerful Motives were, which prevail'd upon the malleable Temper of a late General, to put the finishing Hand to this doughty Negotiation, and Revoke the Acknowledgment of King *Stanislaus*, one may easily imagine, since the Attack was made in *Flanders*, where his Grace always confin'd himself to an unalterable Maxim: For I cannot entirely agree to their Opinion, who impute the ready Management of that Affair to a perfect Sympathy of Characters in the two principal Agents. It is however notorious, that by obliging the King of *Sweden*, the Whigs did fair for the utter Ruin of the Protestant Interest in *Germany*; since that Potentate was ever look'd on as most able to support that Interest against the Encroachments of the House of *Austria*: Neither has His present Majesty rebated that Zeal for his Religion, by which his great Ancestors distinguished themselves in so many gallant Actions, and thereby merited the Friendship of *Great Britain* in former Reigns, especially those of King *Charles* the First and Second, who ever cultivated and improv'd it  
by

by all imaginable good Offices, as a strong Barrier against Popery. I need not mention the extraordinary Esteem which King *William* on all Occasions professed to have for the Young Monarch, whom he look'd on as the other Hope of *Europe*, with regard to the Protestant Cause: And yet this Prince was given up and sacrific'd for the Glorious Purchase of a few faithless Mercenaries, and to gratify a Man, who had made the very Name of Protestant odious in *Germany*; and, unless timely prevented by the exemplary Piety of *Her Britannick Majesty*, is going on to root it entirely out of one Electorate. After such intolerable Management, which is of a piece with that fatal Omission at *Ryswick*, let the Whigs take Shame to themselves, and never more boast of their Zeal against Popery.

But their own Behaviour towards their Fellow-Subjects may convince us, that it is not the Protestant Religion in its purest State, but the Corruptions of that Religion, upon which they have set their Hearts, and are resolv'd to bestow all their Favours. A Protestant Prince (and such is the King of *Sweden*) who supports Episcopacy, and the Discipline of the Church, as an infallible Method to promote Unity and Obedience throughout his Dominions; and who plainly appears to have the Hearts of all his Subjects, whatever the *Original Compact* in that Country may be, is by no means an Ally to their Minds. Had he given Proofs of his absolute Power, by setting up a Dozen or Two of *Heresies*, and put *Luther* upon a Level with a Crew of Crack-brain'd Reformers, or could glory in the noble Manufacture of the *Staff* and *Shoes*, they had e'er this extolled him to the Skies for his Charity and Comprehension, and perhaps reported in his Favour, that he began to have kind Thoughts of the *Alchoran*.



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N<sup>o</sup> 7. Friday, January 23.

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*Pictis bellantur Amazones armis.* Virg.

I DRAW my Pen with the greatest reluctance imaginable upon that part of the Fair Sex, who have espous'd the Cause of the *Whigs*; who alone are capable of giving us Pain, and of making that Party truly formidable. I am concerned, when I find my self oblig'd to Address to them upon a Subject so opposite to that of Love. Is it not pity those soft Creatures should receive any ill Impressions, Or be numbered with the Fallen and Conquered? And that it should be in the Power of the Grand Enemy to draw so many Angels of Light into a Confederacy with those of Darknes? Here we bid adieu to Strife, and the Ardor of Combat: The Rout of *Darius* and Slaughter of the *Persian* Host no longer fill the Victor's Mind with Delight and Glory, when he approaches the Tent of *Statira*. To have Beauty, like *Minerva*, appear in Arms, and against those it was made to polish and refine, is a Misfortune that must convince us, with how deep an Alloy the greatest Sweets and Blessings of this Life are temper'd: Or if that Reflection be too grave, permit us to think, that such Combatants were ordained to be subdu'd; and that nothing could add to the Compliment which *Homer* makes his Countrymen, when he reckons so many wounded Goddesses among the Trophies of that War.

The *Roman* and *Greek* Histories afford us several bright Examples of Ladies, who found the Love of their Country to be the strongest as well as noblest Passion. They look'd with Horror on the sad effects

fects of Treachery, Desolation and publick Disorder; and often gave up a Father, a Husband, and a Lover, to Justice, where a Nation was at Stake, and Posterity it self in Danger. To whatever Principle some s<sup>ou</sup>re Criticks may impute this Conduct, I gladly account for it by the more generous Incitements of superior Honour and Duty. It may be, there is no such Opportunity here in *Britain* for these First-rate *Heroines* to signalize themselves by such a Strain of Virtue: But is it not unaccountable, when so vast a majority of Beauties have declared for us, and as I am credibly informed, the *Kit-Cat* were under a necessity of voting for a Comprehension in settling their Toasts for the ensuing Year, that we should still see so many Disfenting Features, such a dreadful Array of Malignant Patches, and be in danger of incounting so many Low Heads, Disaffected Eyes and Hostile Glances, in a Reign when another *Elizabeth* fills the Throne, and nothing is wanting to convince us, that the Crown never shines with more Lustre, than when it rests upon the Head of a Woman?

I know not how the Fair Sex can be brought to think well of a Sett of Fellows, who have introduced such an an Excess of Libertinism among our Youth, as must in time utterly dissolve that gentle Empire, to which they have so good a Title. Anarchy in Love would make us a Herd of Savages. These Rebels will hardly be prevailed on to endure any Yoke, however light and pleasing, who are not tame enough to submit to the Rightful Sway of the Best of her Sex. How many Piles of Plate and China; what immense Stores of Jewels, Silks, and Brocades; what Funds for Balls and Opera's have these ungentle Knights idly squandered away in foreign Adventures, and the Service of a *Dutch Fro*, a *Flag*, a *Circe*? And what is yet more Tragical, how many fine Youths have they exposed a Prey to Ravens, or buried them under Castle-Walls, before the Date of her Enchantments was expir'd?

I need not say, how well qualify'd They are to deserve the Name of Lovers, or merit any returns of Constancy, who openly presume to assert the Right of Resisting, and dare think of withdrawing their Allegiance at Pleasure. What Woman would rely on such Oaths and Contrasts, as are of no force but whilst they serve the Turn of those who take them? Their whole Scheme originally depends upon a Fairy State, where Men are supposed to come into the World, without the leave and Concurrence of the other Sex; a Doctrine, that surpasses the bitterest Invectives against that Lovely Part of the Creation, and is a most scandalous Inroad upon their best Rights and indisputable Prerogative. But notwithstanding these Provocations, it is strange to observe the many Ingrates, who are every Day protected by the Petticoat, and take shelter under it; whilst they go on multiplying Indignities against That by which they rose, and which, in Fact, is the true Original of all their Greatness. A much question, if there be at present any one way of arguing or forming Apologies made use of by this Party, for the Support of their Cause, with which they are not furnished from the Toilet and Tea-Table.

Let it be remember'd how these Tyrants, in an insolent manner, invaded the Privileges of the Bed-Chamber, and would have overthrown all Female Oeconomy at once. They openly claim'd the Arbitrary Authority of *Spanish* Husbands, and would have put the *Ducgna* upon our Freeborn Females; which falls little short of a Domestick Inquisition. Every Lady's Woman was to receive her Commission from them; and they would have limited Widowhood to a Period of their own contriving. Not a Pin was to be stuck, nor a Knot tied, but by their Appointment. They extended their Inroads so far as the Laundry and Scullery, and would have been without Controul in their Dominion over the Chocolate-Pot and Tea-Kettle: For

at the same time that the General for Life was in Election, the Mother of the Maids expected her Commission should at least be equal to his in Duration.

As for those Ladies, who are professed Levellers, I would not persuade them to remove their Parches to the well-affected Side. All that can be expected from these *Amazons*, is at least one Honey-Moon in the Year, when Hostilities may cease, and the Enemy be admitted to have a free Inter-course with them. And to those who love War as a Promoter of Widowhood, I can only say, that they may for the same Reason be as fond of Peace; which perhaps will make as many wish'd-for Removes, and with more Decency.

The regular Beauties will consider, that it can never be good Policy to abridge themselves of so many Territories, and admit such an unreasonable Partition of their Empire. When they may Command all Hearts, why should they reject the Allegiance of the better Half of their Subjects? In the time of the Grand Rebellion, when Traytors and Regicides were Names, that in the common Vogue, at least, could be easily reconciled with those of the greatest Generals and Politicians, yet the Ladies *Fleetwood*, *Desborough* and *Lambert*, are reported to have given sweet Shelter to the poor Cavaliers, and to have used them at least like Prisoners of War: And by the same Latitude of Petticoats and Principles, I have known a little Whig attorney for a great One, and the Magick of the Daughter's Eyes captivate those, who were deaf to the real and more mischievous Enchantments of the Mother.

I am not against submitting most of our present Controversies to the final Decision of so many fair Judges, whose Abilities are so happily turn'd towards Causes of this Nature; provided we could be insur'd against a Rupture, and had the Sense to distinguish between Dispute and Fighting. But in

this latter Case, the Ladies will be best employ'd in playing over the celebrated Character of the *Sabine* Matrons; and, on this account, I consider them as Guarantees-General of the Peace and Safety of *Great Britain*. They have my free Leave to do what they will with the impertinent Names of *Whig, Tory, High-Church, Low-Church, &c.* which, if they please, they may affix to the next new Set of Toys that shall come in Fashion among the Tire-women, or be introduced at the Toiler. And there is one noisie Topick that now fills all the wide Mouths in the Kingdom, which I entirely surrender to their wise Disposal: For I think, with respect to the Hereditary Right, They are the best Judges in Nature.

For those cruel obstinate Creatures, who are resolv'd to continue Rivals to the Reigning Toasts, and to dissent from the establish'd Assemblies, tho' they agree with them in Cheeks, Eyes, Complexions, and other Fundamentals of Beauty; I can only assure them, that their Passion for Parties is so far from being consistent with true Policy, that they are going the direct way to divest themselves of their just Rights and legal Power, by devoting their Hearts to a Warmth, which Love had no hand in kindling. Their Ambition is not for themselves; and they would promote a Slavery more intolerable than That complain'd of by the Swains of former Ages. The Tyrants they plead for, have Names more formidable than those of *Ingrate, Wanderer, Keeper, or Husband*. What Alterations this sort of Mismanagement has already made in the *Beau Monde* and Empire of Love, may be seen by the following Letters; of which, because they come from Ladies, I think my self under no Obligation to give the Reader any Account, or so much as drop a Hint where I had them.

## LETTER I.

I Suppose, Sir, by this time you have my Fa-  
 ther's Letter. He is inform'd, you are a most  
 violent Tory. I wonder you would declare your  
 self so publickly, after so many tender Engage-  
 ments. Lord *W.* was here; and they talk'd to-  
 gether above an Hour: I heard him say at last,  
*It must not be*; so sent for the Writings from his  
 Lawyer. I could chide you very heartily: I am  
 sure if you had been as much mine, as you have  
 sworn and vow'd a thousand times, this had ne-  
 ver happen'd, You must send me all my Let-  
 ters; for I can think no more of a Man so False  
 and Ungrateful. *Naumty* says, 'tis impossible we  
 can be Happy; and yet you persist, and Banter  
 me with an idle Story, that *Oroondates* was no  
 Whig. When you made Love to Mrs. *Glare*, I  
 am told you were against the Peace; but I freely  
 own her Superior Beauty. We shall come to  
 Town a Month hence; but I will neither see the  
 Dr. nor you. *I am your Servant,*

ELVIRA PARTLETT.

P. S. My last Request is, That your Dear Si-  
 ster write to me. Nothing shall part us.

## LETTER II.

MADAM,

I Was surpriz'd with yours of Yesterday. How  
 could you think of such a Match? If Sir *Tho-*  
*mas* marries that Girl, her Estate will establish his  
 Interest in the County, and infallibly he carries it  
 next Election. — 'Tis impossible the silly Chit  
 can like that noisie Fop; — Bred at *Ox-*  
*ford* — I expect my share in the Disposol of  
 her. — Don't you think Lord *Charles* is a

D 3

much



" much better Offer? He always Votes right, and  
 " is promis'd a good Place ——— You know  
 " when ——— You'll oblige me in embroiling this  
 " horrid Affair. ——— The Thoughts of it give  
 " me the Spleen. ——— You may revive the Story  
 " about the *Captain*. ——— Sir *Thomas* is an honest  
 " unmeaning Booby, and will believe it. ——— I  
 " shall be at R ——— next Week.

*Your Servant,*

LÆTITIA SAINTLY.

### LETTER III.

*My LORD,*

" **A**FTER all your Vows and Proteſtations, to uſe  
 " me thus? I ſaw your ugly Letter, in which  
 " you promiſe Sir *William* your Intereſt. You think  
 " you have abundantly. Mortify'd me; but, my  
 " Lord! I prevent your Triumph: Any Eyes may  
 " Captivate Him who is devoted to Slavery by  
 " Principle. You need not however Rally with  
 " Lady *Lofty*, about what I ſaid of poor *Mac*. I  
 " wiſh you Joy of your Advances with that *Terma-*  
 " *gant*; and write this only to prevent your Viſit  
 " of to Morrow.

CLELIA.

" P.S. My Lord! You will become Wooden  
 " Shoes the worſt of all the Quality.

### LETTER IV.

*Dear Gatty!*

" **S**INCE you left us, I have had a diſmal Buſtle with  
 " my Baronet. They will certainly have him;  
 " and I deſpair of his Recovery. When I tell him  
 " of Liberty and Property, he talks of Brooms,  
 " Needles, and making of Puddings. I abominate  
 " his

his filthy Reported. Something must be done. You know he was disgusted at the Cock-match, and expressed himself indifferently the last Sessions: If my Lord could report him a confirm'd Whig, and get him turned out of Commission by the new People, he would come over that Moment. Pristee tell Dear *Tommy*, that Mrs. *Mayores* has been with me, and I have solid Hopes we shall make her of our Side. Send me Word what our Friends say. I hear there is another Preface come out: Let me have it, with the new Ballads, and the Sermons I wrote for in my last. Those Non-Cons understand Fits, and have the best Air of Complaining of any People breathing. I have returned the *Shakespeare's*, and can find no time for those Things. I had your Catalogue of Toasts; and at Night we shall go through them the first time. — Company comes in.

*My Dear, Yours,*

CHARITY WILDFIRE.

### LETTER V.

DO you know, my Dear! that I am charmed with the dear Fellow, your Relation, who was last Night with us. — How like an Angel he talk'd of the Indefeazible Right! — What a misfortune is it we Women cannot go to the *Grecian*! — I read *Lock* all this Morning, till my Chocolate came up; and beg of you to bespeak him for to Morrow at Lady *Charlot's*. — That intolerable *Prude* has good Teeth, but the most impertinent Principles in Nature. — He must positively engage her. — I lay my Life, he drives the Doctor both from her Heart and her Snuff-Box. — Do you remember, when I rally'd her about the Parsons; how the pert Thing was Piqu'd, and

D. 4.

with,

' with a Fleer told me, ——— *That our Brawny Pa-*  
 ' *stor had lost his Reputation for former Abilities,*  
 ' *and began to be follow'd in good Earnest for his*  
 ' *Preaching,* ——— *Odious Creature!* ———  
 ' But I promise my self a hearty Revenge. ———  
 ' Adieu, my Dear! ——— *Jerry* just now tells  
 ' me, that the good Lady where we visited *Mon-*  
 ' *day* last, has miscarry'd. ——— I fly to spread  
 ' the News. ——— They will have trouble  
 ' enough to patch up that Tory Family. ——— At  
 ' Four expect me.

*Yours,*

AMELIA.

N<sup>o</sup> 8.

*Monday, January 26.*

*Hemines plura indicant Odia & Amore, quam Ve-*  
*ritate, aut Prascripto, aut Legibus.*

*Cicero de Oratore.*

OUR *English* Divines afford us the best Dis-  
 courses extant concerning the Nature of Con-  
 science, and the several Kinds of it; and yet I do  
 not remember any one of them who has touch'd  
 upon the mutual Entercourse between the Con-  
 science and the Passions, and the Mischiefs that  
 may follow from such a Dependence; tho' it might  
 have been of singular Use to handle this Point  
 thoroughly, in order to explain several *Phænomena*  
 which have lately happen'd both in Religion and  
 Government. What *Hudibras* says of the *Rossian*  
 Philosophy, and of the Nature of Romances, that  
 they divide every thing into Love and Fighting,  
 may with the same Justice be applied to some Mo-  
 dern

dern Schemes both of Civil and Ecclesiastical Polity. Men now begin to sort their Principles by their Inclinations, without any regard to Truth, or enquiring into the Nature of Things. They affirm and deny for no other Reason in the World, but that they may be said to Vow with their Friends, and to Contradict their Enemies. Good and Evil seem to be regarded no otherwise than as two indifferent Things: And when a new Notion is started, or some publick Affair proposed to be undertaken, the Question is not, Is it true? Is it useful? Is it necessary to the Welfare of the State? But we ask, Who said it? Who proposed it? Was it *My Lord*? or *Sir John*? or *Sir Harry*? Who are the Persons concern'd in it? For there lies the Stress of the Argument: Reason is no longer our Guide, but we follow Faces and Complexions, and chuse our Principles by *Sympathy* and *Antipathy*. Nor is this the worst of it; but we Love and Hate only for the sake of Words, and all our *Animosities* may be resolved into a Difference in Sounds. We are so very Combustible, that a little Breath, a Puff of Wind set us on a Flame. A few *Powels* and *Syllables* serve to blow us up, and do the Work of Gunpowder. There are scarce any Traces in the Mind leading to the Passions, which I cannot stir and put into Disorder by proper Applications from the *Alphabet*. The most violent Ravings and Excesses of Fury are to be roused and excited this way: As supposing you are talking of Government, the word (*Power*) does but just make the Blood circulate; if you go on and mention [*Supream*] there is presently a gentle Commotion among the Animal Spirits; suppose you proceed and utter the Word [*Monarchy*] you will find the Fire begin to kindle; and after that, upon the first echo of the word [*Prerogative*] you may perceive some Smoak; till you pop out the Monosyllable [*Right*] and then the Man blazes; but if you offer to add to it [*Hereditary*] he is immediately all over in a Flame.

and you must fly for fear of a Roasting. But the most surprizing Operation is occasion'd by a seasonable Application of *Proper Names*; which, though they are not allow'd a Place in our *Dictionaries*, are yet of great Force and Energy: Almost all our modern Politicks, as we talk them over in *Coffee-Houses*, being but a more effectual way of *Conjuring*; where the whole Performance depends upon the calling over a few *hard Names*, and as these Sounds strike the Passions of Love and Hatred, so the several underling Sprights rise and sink, appear and vanish, fetch and carry, and play over all their other Enchantments.

The *Whigs* of all Men breathing are the greatest Slaves to *Sympathy* and *Antipathy*: Their Forefathers in *Forty One* resolv'd all their Principles into these two predominant Passions. When once their Prejudices had dress'd out the Idea of a *Loyalist* in every terrible and hateful Circumstance, and had imprinted this Image on their Minds, as the constant Object of their Aversion and Resentment, there was afterwards nothing so black and odious, which they would not affirm of that ugly Monster. I have seen some *Prints* and *Emblems*, which was at that time the dumb way of Scandal, and from whom, I presume, the *Dutch* Satirists took the Invention, where the poor *Cavaliers* are drawn with Horns, Tails, Bristles, and all the Array of *Michael Angelo's Devils*. After this, it became a part of the *Saints Creed*, to believe the worst of them. All the Terrors and Plagues mention'd in the *Revelations* and *Minor Prophets* were apply'd to them, and Children were taught to look for *Cloven Feet* wherever they met them. But their Spiritual Frenzy was by far the most Romantick, and burst out in innumerable Sorts and Fits of *Antipathy*: Not only the *Mitre*, *Surplice*, and *Liturgy* were condemn'd as *Papish*; but their Zeal extended to *May-poles*, *Bull-baiting*, *Minc'd-pies*, *Legs of Mutton*, and *Sirloins of Beef* stuck with *Rosmary*. The bare Repre-

sion

tition of the words *Cross*, *Christmas*, *Michaelmas*, *Bell* and *Lawn*, was condemn'd as Heresy. Religion became mere Low Comedy, and consisted in a voluminous Collection of senseless *Negatives*. The most bigoted *Papery* and Whimsies of Pagan Worship were scarce so Ridiculous, nor inspired Men with a more dangerous *Flatus* of Superstition, or sent them out upon so many mad Errands and Adventures. But their Enmity to those they call'd the *Wicked*, sanctified all those irrational Measures, and their Distemper became as desperate as theirs is, who sweat at the Appearance of a *Cat*, or fall in Fits at the sight of a *Shoulder of Mutton*.

In the mean time their *Sympathy* kept even pace with their *Antipathy*, and produced Effects equally Fatal and Extravagant. They could justify the pulling down of an *Hereditary King*, in order to set up a *Tyrant* little inferior to *Nero* or *Caligula*, because they had a Fellow-feeling with him, and he was taken from among the Saints. They could commit the most unheard-of Plunderings, Devastations and Barbarities, with the Name of *Liberty* in their Mouths, because the Earth was the *Saints*, and all the Inhabitants thereof; and under the Mask of Godliness they made the very Name of Christianity stink, and introduced all the Immoralities and Corruptions that ever debauch'd a People, and made them ripe for Vengeance; but so long as the Cause prosper'd, and Confusion increased, all these Abominations were overlook'd in the Brethren; *Sympathy* reconciled the foulest Inconsistencies, and made those very Actions and Principles meritorious, for which the Pious were never to be forgiven.

The Posterity of these blessed Patriots, our *Modern Whigs*, have rather refined upon the Original, than fallen short of it. Their Atchievements in Religion and Policy would, I believe, appear equally surprizing and Romantick, had we a *Leifstränge*, a *Berkelhead*, a *Titus*, or a *Bafler*, to paint them in their



their proper Colours. Their *Sympathy* is such, that Robbing the Publick, and Impoverishing Posterity, is Great and Glorious, and deserves the Lawrel, if the Head that is to wear it be mark'd with a *W*. Selling us to Foreigners, and putting *Dutch* Yokes or *German* Pad-locks upon us, is Liberty and Redemption, provided it be done by Men professing to believe in *Sydney* and *Harrington*. To depress the just Rights of a Legal Monarchy, for the sake of erecting a *General* or *Junta* into the most absolute Power under Heaven, is a Scheme exactly agreeable to the Rights of the People so long as the Promoters of it are allow'd to continue steady and uniform in their Adherence to *Revolution-Principles*. By such *Sympathies* as these, the *Whigs* and their Leaders are knit and cemented together; and when I consider the *Implicit Faith* and *Passive Obedience* which they pay their Superiors, I must pronounce them the greatest *Slaves*, and most abject *Vassals* in *Europe*.

Their *Antipathy* is no less remarkable and extravagant. The freeing one's Native Country from Poverty and Reproach, and placing her at the Head of the *Protestant Interest*; the procuring for us a Peace that fully answers all the great Ends we fought for, and exceeds the Demands that were once made for us; the restoring of Credit, and enlarging the *British* Trade, would, to a Man actuated but by a few Glimpses of Reason, and who had ever heard of such a Virtue, as the Love of his Country, appear to be no mean Blessings; but in the Judgment of the *Whigs*, they are all a Curse, a Plague, a Crime that deserves Impeaching; and the only Reason given for these Censures is, That the Persons concern'd in transacting these Affairs, have not the good Luck to find their Names in the Lists of that Party. As to *Popery*, their Cant runs as high as that of their Predecessors. The Men now in Power may, like King *Charles-I*, *Declare*, and *Protest*, and *Fight*, and if they please suffer

suffer Martyrdom for the *Protestant Religion*, the Whigs for all that, will reconcile them to the *Pope*. Every Journey to *Paris* is with design to kiss the *Pretender's* Hand: Every Shilling given by the *French* Ambassador to a Waterman or a Milkmaid, is a Bribe in favour of *Transubstantiation*; and all his Footmen are *Priests* and *Jesuits*. There's not a high Commode to be seen in the front Box at an *Opera*, but presently we think of *Pope Joan*; and if a broad-brim'd Hat walks the Streets, we have those who are ready to Swear it is a Cardinal's, and belongs to the Head of the Church, or was at least sent hither by way of Sample. Such is the Magick of *Antipathy*, the Moment a Man happens to have the Name of *Tory* affix'd to him, he is immediately stript of his Honour, Conscience, Profession, Oaths, Religion, Understanding, Estate, and Self-preservation; has a new Church, a new King, and a new God put upon him, and after all these Out-rages and Indignities, the good-natur'd *Persecutors* call themselves Men of *Temper* and *Moderation*, or what is worse, *Protestants* and *Christians*.

To prevent these passionate Consciences, which are much more dangerous and hurtful to the State, than when they only pretended to be Tender, from pursuing those pernicious Designs which are the inseparable Consequences of *premeditated Lunacy*, I would only put them in mind of the Hazards they run, and whether they have not provoked the Goddess of Justice to let loose her Resentment upon them, unless they suppose she has lost all her other Senses, as well as her Eye-sight. We know in what manner their Fore-fathers handled those whom they were pleas'd to call the *Disaffected Party*, which certainly is the mildest Name that can be given to our Modern Reprobates. Without doubt their Conduct is beyond measure provoking; they seem to have taken up the *Antinomian* Heresy, and are resolv'd to Sin the *Rounds*, and strain hard

hard for new Inventions in Iniquity, only to magnify the Goodness and Mercy of the Government they live under. However, as there are some among them whose Case is not quite so desperate, I shall not give over attempting their Reformation; And in order to cure them of these Political Distempers of *Sympathy* and *Antipathy*, I would not venture to persuade them to change Sides, without being able to plead any thing but Disgust for their Conversion: Let them, if they please, be Whigs still; But must they be such Whigs? So fall'n, so degenerate? Have any of their Forefathers written tolerably of the Art of Government? Are there no Authors among them who have told us, what Publick Good really is; the Blessings of Peace; the Advantages of Trade, and wherein the true Interest of Great Britain consists? I will not send them to the *Leviathan*, *Hobbs* was too great a Bigot to absolute Power; I'll not recommend old *Shaftsbury* to them, *Delenda est Carthago* will never go down with our modern Republicans; but let them look over *Sidney*, and read *Milton* with attention; they will there find many excellent Things said of Peace, Plenty, Trade, Justice, Unity, and Publick Credit: Let them then fairly put the Question, Who are for these Things? And who against them? And let notorious Fact, and the Journals of both Parties give in a direct Answer. Here they will soon find their List of Worthies; no matter how they are called: Their Names and Titles cannot alter the Nature of such Blessings: And if their own Power and Interest happen to be tack'd to these Publick Advantages, 'tis a clear sign they amply deserve to enjoy both. We cannot be happy on more reasonable Terms. Such Men ought to be Great, or we must be as little and despicable as Malice and Ingratitude can make us. In this Case a Whig does not renounce but reform his Party. He votes with *Holles*, *Meynard*, *Pym*, *Rushworth*, and with all the great Masters of that Side, who have

have ever merited the good Opinion of their Adversaries, by any tolerable Advances in Sense or Honesty.

For those *Party-men*, who are conversant in Trade, and decide most of their Political Controversies by the *Shop-Book*, let them posit up *Great Britain* at the top of the Page, and then proceed to an impartial Examination of her Interests, in the known way of *Loss and Gain*, *Debtor and Creditor*. In one Column let them write *Standards*, *Colours*, *Bonfires*, *Squibs*, *Crackers*, *Thanksgiving-Sermons*, *Grants*, *Perquisites*, *Funds*, *Mortgages* and *Congratulatory Speeches*: On the opposite side let them set down *Dunkirk*, *Port Mahon*, *Gibraltar*, *Hudson's Bay*, *Nevis*, *Newfoundland*, the *Assiento*, *Peace*, *Plenty*, *Publick Credit*: And then let them cast an equitable Eye upon the *Underwritten*, see who signs each Account, declare the Balance, and give their Discharge accordingly.

But if by long Acquaintance with *Baker's Chronicle*, or deep Reading in the *Seven Champions*, they have been taught to pay a due Regard to the Military Art, and to speak well of a Battle, tho' like those introduc'd by Mr. *Bays*, it be nothing at all to the Plot or main Design; let them however apply to the proper Persons in behalf of their Heroes: Let the *Damofel*, who was sav'd when in Distress, bestow her embroider'd Scarf; let the Knight, who was under Enchantment, make a Speech; and the Emperor, who was besieg'd, give his Daughter to his Deliverer. Or, to speak in the Style of modern History, let *Blenheim* be charged to the *Austrian* Account, with a sufficient Drawback for the Mismanagements in *Spain*; let *Turin* become a Debt upon *Savoy*, and *Audenard*, *Ramellies* and *Blaregnies*, be drawn up in a Bill upon the *Dutch*; and then not a Mortal amongst us shall repine at the Gratitude of either of those Potentates, tho' they make all their Heroes *Pensionaries* and *German Princes*: Whilst by the same

Rule,

Rule, those honest Britons, who have won a Victory here at home, greater than all these, and to the entire Advantage of their own Country, ought to be left in the quiet Possession of her best Thanks and Favours!

N<sup>o</sup> 9. Friday, January 30.

*Veniet felicior Aetas,*

*Quâ sit nulla fides saxum monstrantibus istud :*

*Atque erit Aegyptus populis fortasse Nepotum*

*Tam mendax Magni Tumulo, quam Creta Tonantis.*

Lucan.

I Might be justly Censur'd for Prophaning this Day, if I did not join my Tears with the general Deluge. The Laws of that Realm under which I am so happy to be born a Subject, in an exact Conformity to those deliver'd from Mount *Horeb*, call for the Tribute of Sorrow and Penitence, such as the Laws of Nature and common Humanity might reasonably exact from me, on this black and mournful Solemnity.

Where a Nation is involved in the Guilt of Murder, the Murder of a King, and such a King, so Good, so Pious, who, as Himself testified upon the Scaffold, *died a Martyr to the Liberties of his People*; if a Crime of so deep a Dye, so extensive in its Contagion, and so fatal in its Consequences, could set a Mark upon any one Day, and distinguish it from the rest, as devoted to Grief and Melancholy; the Secular Calendar affords none so Gloomy and Overcast with Horror. Even *Old Rome* would have Consecrated such an Anniversary to

Mourn-

Mourning: The Statues of their Gods had been all damp upon a Morn like this; and no Purgations thought sufficient to avert the Vengeance of Heaven. Had their *Julius* fallen a Sacrifice to Freedom, and in the Cause of the People; many more Prodiges had usher'd and solemniz'd his Death, than either Poetry could Invent, or *Virgil* himself describe.

Whilst I faintly touch upon this deplorable Subject, I shall by no means invade the Province of the Pulpit; which, I make no doubt, will cry aloud on this Occasion, and do Justice to the Fact, in all its Religious Regards. The Time has been, when that Sacred Oratory spoke a quite different Language: It might then indeed have been reasonably supposed, that the Blood of the Martyr cry'd from the Ground, when those, whose chief Duty it was to Echo its Exclamations, were either weak enough to extenuate, or wicked enough to excuse the unparalleled Regicide. Statutes, Canons, and Subscriptions were of no force against Closet-Lectures, the Delusions of mistaken Moderation, and the bewitching Splendor of a Deanery. Some, whose Names I could wish were for ever razed from the Records of the Church, ventured into the Sanctuary with Scruples in their Mouths in favour of Treason and Murder: Instead of Aggravating the Fact, they enlarged on the Provocations; and talk'd of Liberty and Property, at a time when the Kingdom was attoning for innocent Blood. They seem'd by all they said, to have more Saints in View than One. The most Applauded were they who kept at awful Distance from the Subject; and were afraid of affixing Penalties to the Decalogue; who put Ship-mony in the Ballance with the Life of God's Anointed, and talk'd so violently in behalf of Charity, as if the Martyrs they celebrated were the same whose Skulls at that very time stuck on Spikes over *Westminster-hall*. This way of Haranguing put Candor it self out of Countenance;  
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the best Reception such Men could expect, or intended to deserve, was, that all they had said signified nothing. I need not, and I wish I could not quote Sermon and Page : Some of these Discourses were the first that had the Epithet of *Excellent* conferred on them, by an Antimonarchical Faction, whose Chaplains seemed to be split upon an uncertain Dilemma, and to divide their Hopes and Fears between the Mitre and the Pillory. No wonder there was a thin House, when such a Holy Parce was to be acted ; and that the Ch—— and Mace-bearer should often make the most considerable, tho' not the better Part of the Congregation. This was Popery with a Vengeance ; making the Church a Sanctuary for the worst of Murderers, and not a Place in which to deprecate the Divine Vengeance, and avert it from a guilty People. Set aside the Publick Prayers, and the Duty of frequenting the Worship of God, if only for Example's sake, and I could suppose the Members more honourably Entertaining themselves with a Play. Our *English Tragedies* often do Justice to the Manes of a slaughter'd Monarch. Even Comedy would have taught them sounder Doctrine : I can imagine them dipping into *Shakespeare's Winter's Tale*. ——— What *Camille* there speaks, contains more Loyalty and Divinity in a few Lines, than the Ministers of their Gospel would venture to Wire-draw through as many Pages.

————— If I could find Example  
Of Thousands that had struck anointed Kings,  
And Flourish'd after, I'd not do't : But since  
Nor Brass, nor Stone, nor Parchment bears ev'n one,  
Let Villany its self forswear't. ———

But to do the Church of *England* strict Justice, and to the Honour of the Clergy I speak it, the Party were often hard put to it, after the most diligent Enquiry, to find Tools for such a Work ;  
and,

and, to their Mortification, as often disappointed in their Choice of a Preacher. Those who would come into their Drudgery, had sometimes the Ill-luck to see themselves confuted by Reprinting their former Works; which however was no small Compliment, since it proved them at least to have been Honest once in their Life-time. All the while, the Presbyterians laugh'd on t<sup>o</sup>ther side the Curtain, to see the *Good Old Cause* justified without their Concurrence. To give them their due, I believe they would have spoken plainer upon this Subject, had it fallen in their way: And this Method of treating it had shew'd more Judgment and more Sincerity; for there is an Heroick Boldness in Villany, that vastly surmounts an abject slavish Spirit, which can stoop to Compliment and Flatter the blackest Crimes. The most Learned and Discreet amongst them were so far from running these Lengths, that they tacitly own'd the Guilt of the Regicide, by throwing the entire Load upon their old Enemies the Independents.

At the same time, this Poison was not without its Antidote; the Orthodox, Uncorrupt Body of the Clergy loudly disclaimed these Rotten Members, and boldly insisted on those sound Doctrines, which Nature, Conscience, the Law, and the Gospel, convinced them were true and wholesome, and the indispensable Duty of every good Christian and Subject.

And here I cannot but observe one mighty Difference, which may easily satisfy the most Moderate and Unprejudiced, that Truth and Justice are certainly on that side, to which their Enemies have affix'd the odious Names of *Jacobites* and *High-Flies*. For how is it, that the Whigs maintain their Charge of *Papery*, *Slavery*, and *Arbitrary Power*, upon those of the other Side? Only by forc'd Consequences, and remote Inuendo's: They would make a Meaning for them, which contradicts all their other Words and Actions: For certainly

certainly the Church of *England* affords the noblest System of Reason and Faith, that ever was advanced against the Corruptions of *Rome*; and when Superstition was coming in upon us like a Flood, she placed her self in the Gap; whilst they, who now charge her with Popery, went over to the Enemy. On the other hand, how do the Whigs answer the Charge of being Antimonarchical in their Principles, and Friends to a Republick? It is certain, that the best-wrought Systems, and most refined Arguments that ever appeared in behalf of that sort of Government, are contained in the Works of *Milton*, *Sidney*, *Rushworth*, *Marvel* and *Ludlow*; who were all of them in high Trust with the *Rebels of Forty One*, and wrote on purpose to justify the King's Murder, and the utter abolishing of Monarchy from these Islands. Yet these are the Authors, upon whose Works the Whigs have built their Faith: Their whole Political Scheme depends on their Principles: They have their Persons in Admiration, and look on One of them as a Martyr. Let them clear themselves of this Accusation if they can: I think it shews them in their proper Colours. There is no need of pursuing them to their Nocturnal Revels, and that Impious Club erected in Mockery of this Day, which by assuming a new Name, has by no means lost its Institution: Tho', God be thanked, some of the Members are divested of their double Capacity: They cannot now Adjourn to the Drawing-room or Cabinet, and leave Quaffing the Blood of One *Stuart*, to dictate Ruin and Destruction to Another.

But not to shock my Reader with an ungrateful Account how ill this Day has been observ'd, I shall Dedicate the remainder of this Paper to the Memory of the Blessed Martyr. Consider the Fact in all its Circumstances, how full of Mockery in the Preparation, and of Barbarity in the Accomplishment, and instead of attempting to aggravate it by Parallel Cases, we shall be apt to pronounce all  
Compa-

Comparisons odious, because they fall short of such an Original of Treason and Murder. Nothing but that Blood, which alone can satisfy for the shedding of this, could bring a deeper Stain upon the Sacrilegious Hands that were imbru'd in it. There is indeed, something eminently Great in the Character and Conduct of King *Charles*: His Piety, Goodness, Courage and Constancy, seem'd to be a part of his Essence: They depended not on outward Accidents, but kept even pace in every Stage of his Life, from the Coronation to the Scaffold. In a better Age, he had been, what he never aim'd at, the Monarch of the Universe. *Pompey*, *Cato*, *Hannibal*, and the *Roman* and *Greek* Heroes knew little of that Passive Courage, of which he was so great a Master, and which is the last consummate Character of the truly Christian Hero. He tumbled from the highest Sphere to the lowest, and yet was still the same; unmov'd from his Honour and Conscience: This gave such a demonstration of his Worth, as they, who are plac'd in any lower Station, are not capable of producing to the World. The Tempter could not shew him a fairer Prospect from a more lofty Pinnacle, and yet he chose rather to fall from that Precipice, than from his more exalted Virtue.

I can imagine his Blood to be pour'd out, as one of the Vials of God's Wrath, upon our Nation. All the remarkable Calamities that have vex'd us ever since, are mark'd with that fatal Tincture. From this Day we may date our greatest Misfortunes: Then it was, that our Princes became Exiles; and in that unhappy Crisis, *Popery* took advantage of the Scandal under which the *Reformation* then labour'd, by degrees infected the Throne, and at last made a bold Attempt upon our Laws and Liberties. Posterity will more sensibly feel, than I am able to express, the dismal Effects of that unnatural Struggle. From this accursed *Era* we must reckon the Birth and Growth of  
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that intestine Monster, which at present Preys upon us; that *Hydra* of Sects and Schisms, which rends and divides the purest Church in the World. We may trace all our Immoralities, Prophaneness, and Irreligion, from the same bitter Fountain; and those Seeds and Principles of Strife and Rebellion, which are now collected into Systems and Volumes, and talk to us no longer in the Mystick Language of the Spirit of Enthusiasm. To these Ancestors we owe the very Being as well as Enmity of that Inveterate Party, which now opposes all our Happiness. They have cultivated and improved the good *Old Cause*; have learned to be mad with a better Grace, and can form the Ruin of a Nation into a Scheme of Government. Nor must it be forgotten, how the Almighty in his Anger has punish'd us with Discord, Confusion, War and Bloodshed ever since; has snatch'd away many *young Stuarts* from us, and depriv'd us of the growing Hopes of that Family, because we treated a Saint of the Name with so much bloody Spite and Ingratitude. There is no need of reciting the Second Commandment to those, who are for abolishing this Day: Can we think the Guilt is ceased, when Vengeance still pursues us? And a little Reflection may direct us, where to trace its Footsteps.

The History and Example of the *Royal Martyr* afford us many useful Observations relating to Publick Conduct. Hence we learn, that the Goodness of a Cause is not, of it self, sufficient to support those, who are engag'd in it, without an extraordinary concurrence of Courage, Wisdom, Diligence, Constancy and indefatigable Industry; and that excess of Lenity, and too many Concessions, instead of winning upon the Temper of a stubborn, resolute Faction, only serve to enlarge their Demands, and increase their Clamours; till at length they get the better of the Mildness of the Government, and through that weak Side, openly attack it in some critical and well-chosen juncture.

This

This Day's Tragedy may teach us to guard the *Prerogative*, as one of the Vitals of the Constitution; and not to suffer any Violation of it in the most minute Article. The least Particle of Power taken from the Crown must devolve somewhere, and make an alteration in the Balance: For the most artful and dangerous Rebels always proceed leisurely, and destroy a State Piece-meal. They began in *Forty One* with Libels and Invectives against the Ministry, and against King thro' their Sides; instilling Fears and Jealousies into the People, multiplying Grievances, remonstrating in an insolent manner, and backing their Petitions with a Mob: Hence they proceeded to talk loudly of Confidence in the People, as the Duty of their Sovereign, and to demand the Rights of the Crown, as Pledges of their Monarch's good Affections: They Flatter'd, Promis'd, and Menac'd all in a Breath: The King's most faithful and able Counsellors were rent from him; the Bishops and Clergy blacken'd and aspers'd in the vilest manner: They got first the Power to sit during their own Pleasure, then *Episcopacy*, then the *Negative Voice*, after that the *Militia*; and then they bid defiance to Majesty, set up their Standard, hunted their King from City to City, fought against him by his own Authority, made him first a Vagabond and then a Prisoner, used him as a Slave that is sold in the Market, expos'd his Body to Hardships, and his Conscience to all manner of Temptations, set him up as a Mark of Derision in their Mock-Tribunal, condemn'd him by the Arbitrary Voice of a few obscure, harden'd Miscreants, Insulted, Buffeted and Spit upon him, and at last made themselves drunk with his Blood. This is the sad *Epitome* of the *Martyr's* History; and it further instructs us, not to neglect the smallest Beginnings and Rudiments of Rebellion, but to apply the proper Remedy in time: Not to forgo our Zeal in a Cause, for the sake of any private Views or Disappointments in our Fortune: Not to  
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be cheated with Words and Noise, not alarm'd with false Fears, nor seduc'd into Ruin, and the Net that is spread for us, by a Holy *Lambell*, and the Cant of a Religion purely *Vocal*.

Even the Whigs, such of them whose Consciences are not thoroughly Sear'd, may receive Instruction from the Memory of this Day, notwithstanding they tell us, *It is only a Fast for Strife*. They may find, that whatever Standard or Mean they propose to themselves in their Moderation, yet they cannot be positive they shall be able to keep firm to it. When they, who afterwards dip't their Hands in the King's Blood, were charg'd with a Design against his Person, they pretended to Abhor and Detest it as Impious and Abominable. But *Rebellion is as the Sin of Witchcraft*; they who have Sold themselves to it, are no longer at their own disposal: It is a Flood; who can stop it? If we break down the Dam, and give a loose and inlet to Strife, we know not where it will stop. He who nourishes a Viper in his Bosom, is answerable for all the Mischief that the full-grown Monster shall commit. And whatever Models our Republicans may erect in their own Imaginations, this Day must convince them, that *Tyranny* of the worst Sort, is, in effect, the Consequence of their Principles; and that *Anarchy* is but an unstable as well as arbitrary State. How soon did the *Rump*, the *Agitators*, *Committee of Safety*, and *Wallingford Junta* establish, overturn, and succeed one another, and were all as absolute in their Turns, as the *First Protector*? But after a dear-bought Trial of Confusion, Monarchy, like Truth, did then, and will ever prevail.

One thing I would ask of them; which is to pay a little regard for the future to the *Martyr* of this Day. His Memory, Works, and immense Piety, have, by the force of their own Lustre, dispell'd those pitchy Clouds and Exhalations of Scandal, which Envy and Malice had rais'd against him.

Even

Even *Henderson*, one of their first-rate *Saints*, owns him to be a Prince of great Wisdom, Goodness and Sincerity; and *Cromwell*, in his Retirements, was constrain'd to do him justice; and would not, like some Moderns, Murder him over again, or offer the least Injury to his Remains: For when *Claypole* came to him to beg a Lock of the *Martyr's* Hair, for a Cavalier-Lady, her Friend, and permission to have it cut off, That glorious Villain burst into Tears, and told her, He could not do it: For when that Good Man was alive, he had promis'd him with an Oath, That not a Hair of his Head should perish!

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N<sup>o</sup> 10. Monday, February 2.

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Beware of Counterfeits, for such are abroad.

Saffold's Quack-Bill.

*Quin, que dixisti modo,*

*Omnia e mentitus equidem Sospa Amphitryoni sum.*

Plaut.

*Parva motu primo, mox sese attollit in auras.*

Virg.

I Intend this Paper for the Service of a particular Person; but herein, I hope, at the same time, to do some Good to the Publick. A Monstrous Story hath been for a while most industriously handed about, reflecting upon a Gentleman in great Trust, under the Principal Secretary of State; who hath Conducted himself with so much Prudence, that, before this Incident, neither the most virulent Pens nor Tongues have been so bold to attack him. The Reader easily understands, that the Per-

ion here meant is Mr. *Lewis*, Secretary to the Earl of *Dartmouth*, concerning whom a Story hath run, for about Ten Days past, which makes a mighty Noise in this Town, is no doubt with very ample Additions transmitted to every Part of the Kingdom, and probably will be return'd to us by the *Dutch Gazetteer*, with the judicious Comments peculiar to that Political Author: Wherefore having received the Fact and the Circumstances from the best Hands, I shall here set them down before the Reader, who will easily pardon the Style, which is made up of Extracts from the Depositions and Assertions of the several Persons concerned.

On *Sunday* last was Month, Mr. *Lewis*, Secretary to the Earl of *Dartmouth*, and Mr. *Skelton*, met by Accident at Mr. *Scarborough's* Lodgings in St. *James's*, among Seven other Persons, viz, the Earls of *Suffex* and *Finslatter*, the Lady *Barbara Skelton*, Lady *Walter*, Mrs. *Vernon*, Mrs. *Scarborough*, and Miss *Scarborough* her Daughter; who all declar'd, that Mr. *Lewis* and Mr. *Skelton* were half an Hour in Company together. There Mrs. *Scarborough* made Mr. *Skelton* and Mr. *Lewis* known to each other; and told the former, that he ought to thank Mr. *Lewis* for the Trouble he had given himself in the dispatch of a Licence, under the Privy Seal, by which Mr. *Skelton* was permitted to come from *France* to *England*. Hereupon Mr. *Skelton* saluted Mr. *Lewis*, and told him, he would wait on him at his House to return him his Thanks. Two or three Days after, Mr. *Skelton*, in Company with the Earl of *Suffex*, his Lady's Father, went to a House in *Marlborough-street*, where he was inform'd Mr. *Lewis* liv'd; and as soon as the supposed Mr. *Lewis* appear'd, Mr. *Skelton* express'd himself in these Words, Sir, I beg your Pardon; I find I am mistaken: I came to visit Mr. *Lewis* of my Lord *Dartmouth's* Office, to thank him for the Service he did me in passing my Privy Seal. Mr. *Levi* alias *Lewis* answer'd, Sir, There is no Harm done: Upon which Mr.

Mr. Skelton immediately withdrew to my Lord Suffolk, who stay'd for him in the Coach, and drove away. Mr. Skelton, who was a Stranger to the Town, order'd the Coachman to drive to Mr. Lewis's without more particular Directions, and this was the occasion of the Mistake.

For above a Fortnight nothing was said of this Matter; but on *Saturday* the 24<sup>th</sup> of *January* last, a Report began to spread, that Mr. Skelton, going by Mistake to Mr. *Henry Levi* alias *Lewis*, instead of Mr. *Lewis* of the Secretary's Office, had told him, *That he had Services for him from the Earls of Perth, Middlerou, Melfort, and about Twelve Persons more of the Court of St. Germain's.* When Mr. *Lewis* heard of this, he writ to the above-mentioned *Henry Levi* alias *Lewis*, desiring to be inform'd, what ground there was for this Report; and receiv'd for Answer, *That his Friend Skelton could best inform him.* Mr. *Lewis* writ a second Letter, insisting on an Account of this Matter, and that he would come and demand it in Person. Accordingly he and *Charles Ford, Esq;* went the next Morning, and found the said *Levi* in a great Surprise at the Report, who declared, *He had never given the least occasion for it; and that he would go to all the Coffee-houses in Town, to do Mr. Lewis Justice.* He was ask'd by Mr. *Lewis*, whether Mr. *Skelton* had named from what Places and Persons he had brought those Services? Mr. *Levi* alias *Lewis* answer'd, *He was positive Mr. Skelton had neither named Person nor Place.* Here Mr. *Skelton* was call'd in, and Mr. *Levi* alias *Lewis* confirm'd what he had said in his Hearing. Mr. *Lewis* then desir'd, he would give him in Writing what he had declar'd before the Company; but Mr. *Levi* alias *Lewis* excus'd it as unnecessary, because he had already said, He would do him justice in all the *Coffee-houses* in Town. On the other Hand, Mr. *Lewis* insisted to have it in Writing, as being less troublesome; and to this Mr. *Levi* alias *Lewis* re-

ply'd, *That he would give his Answer by Three a Clock in the Afternoon.* Accordingly Mr. Ford went to his House at the Time appointed, but did not find him at home; and in the mean time the said Levi went to *White's Chocolate-House*, where, notwithstanding all he had before denied, he spread the above-mentioned Report afresh, with several additional Circumstances, as that when Mr. Skelton and the Earl of *Suffex* came to his House, they stay'd with him a considerable time, and drank Tea.

The Earl of *Peterborough*, Uncle to the said Mr. Skelton, thought himself oblig'd to enquire into the Truth of this Matter; and after some search, found Mr. Levi alias *Lewis* at the *Thatch'd-House Tavern*, where he denied every thing again to his Lordship, as he had done in the Morning to Mr. Ford, Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Skelton.

This Affair coming to the Knowledge of the Queen, Her Majesty was pleas'd to order an Examination of it by some Lords of the Council. Their Lordships appointed *Wednesday* the 28th of *January* last for this Enquiry; and gave notice for Attendance to the said Levi alias *Lewis*, and several other Persons who had knowledge of the Matter. When Mr. Levi alias *Lewis* was called in, he declar'd, *That Mr. Skelton told him he had Services for him from France, but did not name any Persons.* *William Pulteney, Esq;* who was summon'd, affirm'd, *That he had told him, Mr. Skelton named the Earl of Perth and Melfort.* Here Levi alias *Lewis* appear'd in some Confusion; for he had intreated Mr. *Pulteney*, not to say he had named any Names, for he would not stand to it; but Mr. *Pulteney* answer'd, *You may give your self the Lye; I won't.* The Earl of *Suffex* declar'd, he did not go out of his Coach, and that his Son-in-Law, Mr. Skelton, had not been gone half a Minute before he return'd to the Coach. Mr. Skelton declar'd, *That he knew Mr. Lewis by sight perfectly well; that he immediately*

diately saw his mistake; that he said nothing to him but the Words first mention'd; and that he had not brought Mr. Lewis any Service from any Person whatsoever. The Earl of *Pinlatter*, and other Persons summon'd, declar'd, That Mr. Lewis and Mr. Skelton were Personally known to each other, which render'd it wholly Improbable that Mr. Skelton should mistake him: So that the whole Matter appear'd to be only a foolish and malicious Invention of the said *Levi* alias *Lewis*, who, when call'd to an Account, utterly disown'd it.

If Mr. *Levi's* View, in broaching this incoherent Slander, was to make his Court to any particular Persons, he has been extremely disappointed, since all Men of Principle, laying aside the Distinction of Opinions in Politicks, have entirely agreed in abandoning him; which I observe with a great deal of Pleasure, as it is for the Honour of Humane-kind. But as neither Virtue nor Vice are wholly engross'd by either Party, the good Qualities of the Mind, whatever Byass they may receive by mistaken Principles, or mistaken Politicks, will not be extinguish'd. When I reflect on this, I cannot, without being a very partial Writer, forbear doing Justice to *William Pulteney*, Esq; who being desired by this same Mr. *Levi*, to drop one part of what he knew, refused it with Disdain. Men of Honour will always side with the Truth; of which the Behaviour of Mr. *Pulteney*, and of a great Number of Gentlemen of Worth and Quality, are undeniable Instances.

I am only sorry, that the unhappy Author of this Report, seems left so entirely Desolate of all his Acquaintance, that he hath nothing but his own Conduct to direct him; and consequently is so far from acknowledging his Iniquity and Repentance to the World, that in the *Daily Courant* of *Saturday* last, he hath Publish'd a *Narrative*, as he calls it, of what pass'd between him and Mr. Skelton, wherein he recedes from some part of his



former Confession. This *Narrative* is drawn up by way of Answer to an Advertisement in the same Paper two Days before : Which Advertisement was couched in very moderate Terms, and such as Mr. *Levi* ought, in all Prudence, to have acquiesced in. I freely acquit every Body but himself from any Share in this miserable Proceeding, and can forget him, that as his prevaricating Manner of adhering to some part of the Story, will not convince one Rational Person of his Veracity ; so neither will any Body interpret it, otherwise than as a Blunder of a helpless Creature, left to it self ; who endeavours to get out of one Difficulty, by plunging into a greater. It is therefore for the sake of this poor young Man, that I shall set before him, in the plainest manner I am able, some few Inconsistencies in that *Narrative* of his ; the Truth of which he says, he is ready to attest upon Oath ; which, whether he would avoid, by an Oath only upon the Gospels, himself can best determine.

Mr. *Levi* says in this aforesaid *Narrative* in the *Daily Courant*, That Mr. *Skelton*, mistaking him for Mr. *Lewis*, told him he had several Services to him from France, and named the Names of several Persons, which he [*Levi*] will not be positive to. Is it possible, that among several Names, he cannot be positive so much as to One, after having named the Earls of *Perth*, *Middleton* and *Melfort*, so often at *White's*, and the *Coffee-houses* ? Again, He declares, that my Lord *Suffex* came in with Mr. *Skelton* ; that both drank Tea with him, and therefore whatever Words pass'd, my Lord *Suffex* must be a Witness to : But his Lordship declares before the Council, That he never stirr'd out of the Coach ; and that Mr. *Skelton*, in going, returning, and talking with *Levi*, was not absent half a Minute : Therefore, now in his printed Narrative, he contradicts that essential Circumstance of my Lord *Suffex* coming in along with Mr. *Skelton*, so that we are here to suppose that this Discourse pass'd only  
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between him and Mr. *Skelton*, without any Third Person for a Witness, and therefore he thought he might safely affirm what he pleased. Besides, the nature of their Discourse, as Mr. *Lewis* reports it, makes this part of his Narrative impossible and absurd, because the Truth of it turns upon Mr. *Skelton's* mistaking him for the real Mr. *Lewis*; and it happens that seven Persons of Quality were by in a Room, where Mr. *Lewis* and Mr. *Skelton* were half an Hour in Company, and saw them talk together. It happens likewise, that the Real and Counterfeit *Lewis* have no more resemblance to each other in their Persons, than they have in their Understandings, their Truth, their Reputation, or their Principles. Besides, in this Narrative, Mr. *Lewis* directly affirms what he directly deny'd to the Earl of *Peterborough*, Mr. *Ford*, and Mr. *Lewis* himself; to whom he twice or thrice expressly affirm'd, That Mr. *Skelton* had not nam'd either Place or Person.

There is one Circumstance in *Lewis's* Narrative which may deceive the Reader. He says Mr. *Skelton* was taken into the Dining-Room; this Dining-Room is a Ground-Room next the Street, and Mr. *Skelton* never went further than the Door of it. His many Prevarications in this whole Affair, and the many Thousand various ways of telling his Story, are too tedious to be related. I shall therefore conclude with one Remark. By the true Account given in this Paper it appears, that Mr. *Skelton*, finding his mistake before he spake a Word, begg'd Mr. *Lewis's* Pardon, and by way of Apology told him, His Visit was intended to Mr. *Lewis* of my Lord *Dartmouth's* Office, to thank him for the Service he had done him, in passing the Privy Seal. It is probable that Mr. *Lewis's* low Intellectuals were deluded by the Word *Service*, which he took as Compliments from some Persons, and then it was easy to find Names: Thus, what his

Ignorance and Simplicity misled him to begin, his Malice taught him to propagate.

I have been the more Solicitous to set this Matter in a clear Light, because Mr. Lewis being employ'd and trusted in Publick Affairs, if this Report had prevail'd, Persons of the first Rank might possibly have been wounded through his Sides.

N<sup>o</sup> II. Friday, February 6.

*Sæpe ego mecum, Patres Conscripti, tacitus agitari,  
qualem quantumque esse oporteret, cujus ditione nu-  
tusque, maria, terræ, pax, bella regerentur: cum  
interea fingenti formantique, mihi Principem, quem  
æquata Diis Immortalibus potestas deceret, nun-  
quam voto saltem concipere succurrit similem Huic,  
quam videmus.*

Plinii Panegyricus Divo Trajano Aug. dictus.

**B**Y Duty and Inclination I devote my Labours of this Day to that Sacred Name, which, like another Sun, adorns it with double Splendor and Beauty. 'Tis the First of the most Valuable and Important Life now in being: In that one Blessing, I include more than Mankind have tasted for many Ages. Let it be observed with so much sincere Devotion and Thankfulness, that Heaven, in determining its Eternal Decrees, may be constrain'd by our Importunities, and the Piety of the Saint that Graces the Festival, to give it many Returns. Let to Morrow be the Portion of Grief and Melancholly; and no Voice be heard upon this Day, but of Joy and Melody. Whilst we are in the Possession of so much Pleasure, Expectation must give way to Enjoyment; and even Peace may be desired

red a little longer. Let Health be the most gay and busie Attendant this Day at Court; establish Her Interest there, and lay the Foundation of a future happy Union between Old Age and Majesty: Let not Avarice, Oppression, or Sedition, peep forth of their Cells, whilst this Sun runs his Course: All Fears and Jealousies be lull'd to Rest: Malice, Disgust and Treachery, be dislog'd from the soul; and Faction it self assume the Air of Cheerfulness, and not interrupt the publick Joys with a Murmur.

Give me leave to hope, that they, who have so lately display'd their Authority, in appointing many New Festivals for our People, will observe this Day, so universally Establish'd, with a decent Joy at least, and reserve their Frenzy for their own Calendar. Such Conduct may in some measure atone for former Omissions: I will not recount them at a time when they ought to have an end. Let not the living Queen have less Respect paid her than the dead Monarch, whom I freely own to be Immortal. When To Morrow comes (for To Day is Sacred) I will drink the Health of that Whig, who shall with this Festival may make as many Rounds, and stand affix'd to as great a Number of Years, as That, which was so lately Celebrated in Honour of Her Successor. Had the same Men paid the same Compliment to Her Majesty when Princess, this Ceremony had been without Exception: But as it is, I believe the Night was spent in Wishes as well as Rejoicings; and in imitation of the Old *Egyptian* Feasts; there might be a Death's Head upon the Table. It shocks me to think of some Hints let fall by the Révellers: May the Reflection never reach that Illustrious House, which is our Other, our Second Hope; but I venture to put up a hearty Prayer, That there may be a long, long Entercourse between That and the First; and that we may for many Years enjoy Both.

together, the One in Possession, the Other in Expectation.

I know not how it is, that the Best of Princes, in the Disposition of Human Affairs, are usually reserv'd for the most degenerate Age. Whether it be, that Virtue becomes more Eminent and Glorious, by being set in the midst of *Boyles* and Temptations; or because the wise Governor of the World finds it absolutely necessary for the Support of his Kingdom here below, and to prevent his Sublunary Territories from being Dissolv'd by Civil Confusion, that his ablest Vicegerents, and those nearest resembling Himself, should preside over Mankind, in the most difficult and perplexing Juncture. It is certain, that a due Observation of this Day, and a solemn Attention to that great Example of Piety and Goodness, which is set before us, in the Life and Character of Our Sovereign, would as much Contribute towards the Healing our Intestine Divisions, and that Unnatural Contest which is occasioned by private Interests; as, in the Opinion of the most Religious, and consequently the Wisest Philosophers, a due Regard and Veneration paid to the Great Creator and First Mover of all Things, would, in the Study and Knowledge of Nature, contribute towards the silencing those senseless Debates, and that unnecessary Wrangle, which is wholly spent in advancing the Dignity and Usefulness of Second Causes. The surest, if not the only, way to reconcile Two opposite Extremes, is by finding out some Third Thing in which Both of them agree, and which, like a Medium in Logick, may bring the distant Parts together, and form a Union, not only agreeable to Reason, but such as, in effect, is the true compleat Essence of that exalted Faculty: Now in what more noble Object can we reconcile our Broils and Differences, than in a Princess of the most consummate Wisdom and Piety? Here let our Duty meet our Affections: The Plan must be ill-laid, and

and the Figure not uniform, unless all, even the most opposite Lines, do at last come together in this agreeable Centre. How Happy should we all be, if a Portion of that Goodness, of which she is so transcendent a Pattern, were generously diffused through every Breast which owes Her its Allegiance? What is become of the Maxim of the Ancients, That the Example of a Monarch influences a whole Kingdom? Either they were mistaken, or we should have been more Happy: The Fact is unquestionable, the Inconsistency never to be enough Lamented, Many of those, who have tasted of Her Goodness, who feel Her Lenity, and subsist by Her Indulgence, suffer the remote Inhabitants of *Europe*, who, like those under the Pole, are at a vast distance from Her Sunshine, to surpass them in Returns of Devotion and Gratitude. What will Posterity think of us? How will they account for the monstrous Absurdity, So good a Queen, and so divided a People? Let the Moderate, the Unprejudiced, the Searchers after Truth, tell me, what Vice, what Faction, should have Power enough to Obstruct the good Intentions and efficacious Example of this One, this Great, this Royal Reformer?

'Tis in most Cases extream Folly, and in some, down-right Irreligion, to oppose universal Consent, and the established Opinion of all Nations: And for this Reason, the Wisdom, Piety, and other Virtues of Her Majesty, deserve the highest Veneration at home; since they have so justly procured Her the Esteem of all the World, and made Her Name a Delight or a Terror to the Nations abroad. *France* acknowledges Her Superior Justice, has felt the Vengeance of Her Arms, and calls Her the *Deciding Power*. *France* was unacquainted with Victory, till She sheath'd the destroying Sword, as if Providence design'd to point out its immediate Deputy, to whose Care the Cause of *Europe* was entrusted. They were Her Generals, and Her Armies,



mies, that Fought and Conquer'd: Whoever does not place Her at the Head of the Military Chimax, by a better Rule, than that which translates the Glory of the Triumph from the Troops to their Commander, wrongs the Righteous Cause of his Country; and divests Him, who so justly styles Himself *The Lord of Hosts*, of the Exercise of his High Prerogative in deciding the Fate of Empires; and who cannot be supposed to give Success to any Instruments. He employs, purely upon the Recommendations of Conduct and Courage, which are Pagan Virtues, unless the Hero bear the Commission of some Superior Potentate, much more renown'd for Equity and Goodness, which alone can make a Title to the Divine Favour. In *Germany*, Her Majesty has infused new Life and Motion into a most unweildy Machine of Power, such as lay heavy upon the Necks of many *Cæsars*: She sav'd that Empire, when threatned with impending Ruin; and has been a nursing Mother to Two Monarchs; the Last of whom cannot more effectually restore the antient Honour of his House, than by Copying those Virtues, which he learn'd under Her Tuition. *Spain* owns Her to be their Protectress and Deliverer. *Savoy*, *Prussia* and *Portugal* are convinced, that Her Friendship is their best Security. She has enlarged the Borders of the *Seven Provinces*, saved them from Ruin, enrich'd their People, and fenced their Country in on every Side: And after permitting their jealousy and Cunning to try all other *Resorts*, has at length won them to believe, That only She can make them happy. The War in the *North* is a wavering Balance that totters in Uncertainty, till Her Mediation shall sling in a Weight, and turn the Scale. The *Reformed* look up to Her, and take shelter under her Wing. Even the remote *Indians* apply to Her Wisdom and Justice; and their Kings are proud to be their own Ambassadors to so August a Princess. Were I to imagine any one Power, as  
immac-

immediately appointed by Heaven, to put in execution the *Law of Nature and Nations*, it must be Her *Britannick Majesty*. By freeing Europe from the Apprehensions of Universal Monarchy, She has obtained the more truly great and agreeable Character, of being *The Universal Guardian and Deliverer*!

If we turn our Eyes homeward, *Great Britain*, under her Influence and Auspices, has not only recovered, but improved her antient Glory. The Annals of Her Reign are full of so many surprizing Incidents, that only She is capable of adding, by Her future Conduct, to Her own inexhaustible Lustre. The Crown fell to Her, at a time, when every Jewel in it grew dim: When to raise the Prerogative, to regain the Hearts of the People, and reform a degenerate Age, made the next Reign rather a Restoration than a Succession. Only Her Majesty, like another *Elizabeth*, was equal to this Work. She reduced an exorbitant Power, protected Her injured Neighbours, gave new Courage to the *British Arms*, at once reduced a Foreign and Domestick Foe; maintain'd the War with a continued course of Successes, and improved those Successes to the Peace, Safety and Welfare of Her People; waded through a thousand Difficulties, with such unshaken Constancy, as is without Example in Her Ancestors; dissolved all the well-concerted Schemes that were laid for our Ruin, restored the Publick Credit, and brought the Blessing of Peace within reach of our Embraces; sacrificed every human Passion, and Appetite, Her Ease, Health, and those Enjoyments, which Her Subjects freely partake under Her indulgent Sway, to the Repose and Prosperity of the Publick; dispell'd all our Fears and Jealousies, and not only secured the Protestant Succession, but made the Crown worth the Care of Posterity. Religion and the Church of *England* have all along been nearest Her Heart: This Interest

terest She gave Life to by Her Sufferings, enlarged by Her Revenue, and promoted by Her Example. The Press, amidst all its Corruptions, affords a shining Instance of the Royal Judgment in the Study of Religion, by Her Approbation of the best Works of our most eminent Divines. When the Church, the drooping Virgin, lay in the Dust, over-whelm'd with Tears, Wretched and Comfortless; whilst all the middle Region was full of Clouds and thick Darkness, that kept off the benign Influence by which She was cherished, the bright Being from above, often darted a Ray of Comfort; and after a long Struggle, dispell'd the collected Gloom, and brought back Day, Life, and Refreshment to those, who only deserved, and knew how to value the Favour. The love of Peace, a Virtue that nearest resembles the Divine Nature, and is more truly Heroick than a thousand Triumphs, has, in all Her Actions, appear'd to be Her most distinguishing Attribute: This mov'd Her to attempt the Union of Her Two Kingdoms of *England* and *Scotland*, which she happily accomplished, and as wisely improv'd, to the mutual Advantage of Both, notwithstanding the artful Endeavours of those, who would have work'd up that Incident to a Crisis of Disorder and Confusion. By the same Principle, She went on to Unite the jarring Interests and Sentiments of many Nations, knit together by Alliance, and to reconcile them in a General Peace. The last Great Union is still behind: That of the Hearts and Affections of all Her Subjects; for which She Prays and Labours incessantly; and unless such a QUEEN can accomplish it, we must for ever despair of the Blessing. There is one Ornament of Her Reign, and perhaps the noblest Instance of Her Wisdom, Conduct, Courage and Constancy, which must not be forgotten: She has at length Conquered and laid at Her Feet an Insolent Faction, in the  
midst

midst of all their Triumphs and Wantonness of Power, which had been too hard for all Her Predecessors of the same Royal Stem and Lineage, from the first Great STUART, under whose Indulgence That Viper was nurs'd, which Stung his SON to Death, and has infested the Crown ever since. The Royal Victor won the Day by *Scipio's* Conduct, by Lenity, Long-Suffering, and Perseverance: She made use of none of their own Weapons; but gave them Scope and Room to play over all their Gambols, till their Security laid open their Designs, and they were for ever rooted from the Hearts of a misguided People, where Her Majesty knew She reign'd without a Rival.

How is it possible, that so great, so good a QUEEN should have any Enemies? Are they *Britons*? Are they Men? Can Virtue merit Disesteem, or Goodness provoke to Hatred? Where is the Temptation of being thus monstrously Ingrateful? Has not Her Majesty cemented Her self to the Constitution? Is not the Knot indissoluble? Can we pretend to love our Country, and yet Spurn at its Deliverer, or reconcile our Interest to the Ruin of the State? Would any of the Old Patrons of Resistance have mutter'd the least Article of their Creed in a Reign like this? Is it Her Crown, or Her Family, that creates the Disaffection? Must the greatest Saints of that Name be exposed to the severest Trials? But the Thoughts of such Men will not bear the Scrutiny: The Venom of their Souls carries so black a Surface, that tho' they had *Windows in their Breasts*, we could not search it to the Bottom. The Day, I hope, is coming, when such a Mark shall be set on them, by their fellow-Subjects, as shall make their Names as Contemptible as their Numbers; and the utter Renunciation of former Principles shall prevent an *Act of Oblivion*.

As Her Majesty has had the Glory of Appearing like Her Self in the worst of Times, She is now in high Splendor amidst Her Present Ministry, whilst the Brightness She communicates is reflected back upon the Throne. In this Choice, the *Voice of the People* goes along with the Royal Signet, and by pointing out the Man, outstrips the News of his Promotion. These Patriots never were in Danger, but in Company with their Country; nor wish'd for Prosperity, but for Her Sake. The Wonders of their Conduct must surprize even their worst Enemies, who Triumph'd in the Impossibility of their being able to surmount the Difficulties that surrounded them, or tame the Monsters that sprung up every Day to annoy them. Their Successes are the Reward of being Faithful; Constant, Loyal, and Publick-spirited, of having but one Interest, and one Article in their Alliance, *the Love of their Country*. Fortune is not a Match for such a Confederacy; and Faction can no more Cope with it, than Inconsistencies can overthrow Demonstration. These Men shall not be without a Support, so long as Truth, Wisdom and Justice, can make a prevailing Party. The Calumnies raised against them are but one among many Vices inherent in the Authors. Let them go on to widen the Difference: Light and Darkness can never be too far asunder. Whilst they Rail and Detract, their Fall proves the Abilities of the Present Ministry; and their Impunity is a monumental Instance of the Clemency and Goodness of the Victors.

N<sup>o</sup> 12.

Monday, February 9.

*Sublation ex oculis quarimus Invidi.*

Horace.

*Turba sumus.*

Ovid.

THE Old Attack upon this *Paper* is, I find, renew'd with a great deal of Vigour. Instead of answering the honest Truths contain'd in it, the Party are upon the Hunt to find out the Author. The busy idle Creatures who frequent Coffee-houses, are extremely Inquisitive on this Occasion, and Debate the Matter with great Seriousness. What Advantage it would be to their Cause, to compass this Discovery, I am not Wise enough to foresee; unless they imagine, they shall be able to silence the *Examiner* by personal Reflections, which they never could hope to Accomplish by fair Argument: But this is a Reason for their Conduct, that they ought at least to be ashamed of. I would gladly know, where the Important Meaning is, of being able to tell the Name, Profession, Trade, Quality, Age, Complexion, or Sex, of the Author of *The Examiner*? Or of letting the World into the mighty Secret, how he Looks and Dresses; whether he wears a *Tied Whig*, or only a *Plain Tob*; or if he drinks *October*, or Immortal *Burgundy*? His Original Design and Undertaking was, to Rout the *Whigs*, and set the World right in their Opinion, both of the Actions and Arguments of that Party: If he has not brought about this Design, he is not worth looking after; and if he has, why do they not Rally and Reinforce, in order to defend themselves better? Let them *Show him*, and *Find him*

GHS



I never yet made the least Enquiry after any of their Writers, nor would be acquainted with them upon very advantageous Terms; And tho' some unlucky People at t<sup>o</sup>ther End of the Town, have now and then been upon the Search, I do here solemnly profess, I had no hand in it, and shall defer giving my Opinion, till I see what is done in that Business.

Suppose I were able to tell the World, that the most active Enemy against this Paper, was One, who got to be Poor in the *Jacobite* Cause, and then ran over into Two desperate Extreams, and was resolv'd at once to grow Rich and Honest in the Cause of the *Whigs*; that he out-liv'd his Works a little too long, till, having parted with Religion and Morality, he threw away his Honour in a careless manner after it, together with his Humanity and Natural Affection to a *kind Sister*, his Estate, Fortune, and even the *Voachers* belonging to his Office; all which were bestowed, as Monumental Legacies of *Whig-Honesty*, on a *Celebrated Actress*, who is too much admired upon the Stage, to have any Enquiry made into her Conduct behind the Curtain. After all, what good would such a Piece of private History do me? Is it any thing to the Cause? If this were all I could say, I would write Ballads, and not Essays on Government. The *Whigs* are therefore safe in their Persons for me. If I could find them out, I should be able to do nothing upon them, more apparently Infamous than their Writings. 'Tis true, I know several little Tracts of theirs, written with a tolerable Spirit, and in a masterly Style, which have perfectly miscarried in the World, only upon a Suspicion, that some very foul Hands were concern'd in Cooking the Composition. But I should despise my self for stooping to the Necessity of such an Argument, tho' only by way of Garniture.

If every *Anonymous Paper* must be cry'd down of Course, till the Author thinks fit to Subscribe him-

out that way, if they can. I give them my Word, it is not the *Author's* Fear that Conceals him; and I will so far Humour them, as not to call it his Modesty; but he is willing to oblige his Friends *In-cognito*, because some People do not care for too many personal Obligations, and are glad to receive Favours from an Imaginary Being, that will never trouble them about a Return: Ours has touch'd this Circumstance very prettily in that short *Lemma*,

————— *Ignoti nulla cupido.*

Had he consulted private Interest, the Author had long appear'd in *Deep Text*, and told the World how he writes himself; for, no doubt, the *Whigs* would have fully and in due Form recommended him, and perhaps Libel'd, Lampoon'd and Scolded him, into a *Better Place* than he has already.

Suppose, when all is done, this *Paper* be the Issue of many Fathers, and written by a *Club*. Is it Justice or good Conduct, to affix One or Two Names to what is the Product of many? Or must we be at the trouble to publish *Weekly Catalogues* of those who meet every appointed Night, according to Order, with proper Marks for the *Defaulters*? I know the Consequence of such a Proceeding would be, that we should soon after find our Names in a *Black List*, or have some *Gifted Whig* swear us all into a *PLOT*.

One thing I observe to the Honour of the *Examiner*, whilst they are decrying the Design, and undervaluing the Performance, they cannot forbear ascribing it to some *Great Wit* or other: I do not remember they have guessed at any one Person for the Author, who is not Eminent for his Parts and Learning, or has not obliged the World with very good Proofs of Both: This is a Favour, which, for all their little Cavils and noisy Malice, the *Examiner* shall not forget. I think I may shew my self not ungrateful, when I put them in mind, that

self, the *Whig-Oracles* that flourish'd, when the *Press* was under Restraint, must be all silenc'd at once; and what then would become of their Successors? For most of their present *Vindicators* are little better than *Transcribers*. However we both proceed upon good, tho' different Grounds: The Whigs dread the *Examiner* most, and fancy they could more easily answer the Man, at least their own way, if they could catch him; and I freely acknowledge, after second Thoughts, and a little serious Recollection, in which I own I have an Eye to some late *Proceedings*, that I am under more Apprehension of encountering their Persons, than their Arguments; and by this Acknowledgment the Reader, I hope, will not suppose I value myself upon any great Courage either way.

In the mean time, I must not forget another Compliment, which they have made me by their Conduct; whereupon I again return them my Thanks. I remember when Masks were all the Mode, it was usual for the Ladies to stand many a hard Pressure from our Importunate Sex, only to oblige them with the Sight of the Face; and tho' this was allow'd to be a good Proof of *Carnal* Designs in the Person who made the Attack, yet it was further observ'd, That none were more eager for this Favour than those, who had first own'd themselves smitten with the *Incognita's* Wit and Conversation.

If the Whigs are in earnest, and would do like other conscionable Enquirers of the Age, let them publish *Advertisements* with a good handsome Gratuity, and perhaps they may have Directions sent them, if they dare venture themselves with one, whom they have already declar'd to be a *Dangerous Person*. But to put a final Stop to all such Enquiries for the future, and that they may call Home those wandering Adventurers, whom they have sent out in Quest of the Monster; I here positively pronounce once for all, That it is the *Cause* that writes

this

this Paper; and that the Fingers, thro' which it passes, are purely Passive: I venture to add, that the Whigs have no small Hand in it; for what they do and say, I only write down, and desire no more Glory, than good *Actors* claim at a *Rehearsal*, or *Writers* in *short-hand* at a Trial. But not to deprive them of all Hopes at once, their *humble Servant*, if they will admit him to be an *Author* under all these Limitations and Restrictions, may perhaps have a *Name* at their Service, when it shall be some Credit to discover one's Self, and to be reckon'd among the Moderns. In the mean time, and as I said, to prevent further trouble in this weighty Affair, I can assure them, they not only have miss'd of all the Aims they have hitherto taken, but I will venture to prove to them, upon their own Principles, that it is impossible they should ever discover the *Examiner*, so as to be sure of the Man: For unless he describes his Person to them, I cannot conceive how they can arrive at any great Certainty in the Matter; and if he should be so obliging, I know the ungrateful Creatures would immediately reply in some of their usual Forms, and give out, how little regard he has for what they call Truth, and that not a Word he says is to be credited.

Having done my self the Honour and Justice to plead thus far in my own behalf, I must now take leave, in the remainder of this Paper, to make some return to my worthy Correspondents. The Invitation I lately made them has, I find, had its Effect; and the World shall shortly be acquainted with my Interest. But there are some among them, who seem rather fit to give Hints for Volumes, than single Sheets; and till I have their free leave, I cannot venture to Curtail their Works, or deal them out in Parcels.

A Gentleman, who appears to be well read in our Laws, and dates his Letter from *Essex-Court* in the *Temple*, has sent me an *Essay* by way of *Epitome* of

plaints of the Licentiousness of the Times, not without a glance at some great Men for tolerating so many Scandalous and Seditious Pamphlets; I can only tell him, to alleviate his Grievs, which shew a very commendable Zeal, that in my humble Opinion, the Men now in Favour, have vastly exceeded our Hopes, in stripping the Whigs of their Places and Power: I do not remember, that they ever engag'd to go on in taking from them their Impudence and Spirit of Calumny. It is a great Work; and may perhaps be called Persecution, because then the poor Wretches will have little or nothing left.

N<sup>o</sup> 13. Friday, February 13.

Ὅταν εἰς Μῦθος ἔλθω ἐνθάδε, πηρέτομαι πάντα ἀγαθὰν ἱππέων κρείτιστον. ὦν ἱππὸς συμμαχῶν αὐτῷ. τίς δὲ μήτερά εἰπῶν, ἡ δόκασοντες, ὦ πάτερ, πῶς μαθήσῃ ἐνθάδε, ἐκὰ ὄντων σοι καὶ διδασκάλων; καὶ ἡ Κῦρον φάναι, ἀλλ', ὦ μήτερες, ἀκρεῖως ταῦτα γε οἶδα.

Xenophon.

Whoever would trace our Divisions to the Fountain Head, and take a View of them in their first Elements, must lay out a considerable Part of his Enquiries upon the Education of such of our Youth of Figure and Fortune, as are trained to the Senate, or Civil List; and whose Birth, Estates, Stations and Address, give them so large a Share in the Conversation of the Town, and no less Interest in the several Counties where they fix their Residence, during the usual Recesses from

Bull.

*of the Statutes*; to which he has annex'd *Marginal Notes*, relating to the Facts, and giving an Account of the several Laws and parts of Laws, which have suffer'd under the Management of the Whigs, either by being laid asleep, or openly broken and infringed. In this Treatise, I perceive he has, with singular Judgment, observed a due regard to what they call, *Pleas of the Crown*, from *High Treason* down to *Petit Larceny*. I must try to prevail on him, to finish this Work in a large Volume by it self; and upon the first Notice of its coming out, I shall not fail to recommend it in the best manner to the Publick.

Another of my Well-wishers, who writes from *Garraway's*, has compiled a very exact and useful Journal of some *Dutch Commissioners*, in their Progress through the new Conquests; in which, after a Military manner, he describes the several new ways of attacking Trade, undermining a Manufacture, and laying Siege to a Factory. So soon as ever we can get it done into *French*, this also shall see the Light, under the modish Name of a *Translation*; and I can assure the Whigs, it will shew their good Allies to be a very Potent and Victorious People.

A Third sends me a Hint for undertaking a Book, which is to be call'd, *A True History*; or, *The Whigs Chronicle*; digested into *Annals*; being a Collection of all their Lyes and Forgeries from Year to Year, written in a serious manner, as if the Facts had really happen'd as they have related them: But by the Sample which is now before me, I find my Correspondent is the best qualify'd, of any Man I know, to make good his Proposal.

The ingenious *Remarker*, who has oblig'd me with a *Critical, Philological and Juridical Essay*, upon the Words, *Quam diu se bene gesserit*, shall in a very little time hear more of that Matter.

For my worthy Friend, who writes himself *Jessey Thoroughfitch, Esq;* and makes heavy Complaints



Business and Pleasure. In examining this Subject, I shall at present confine my Thoughts to Foreign Education, which is now a prevailing Mode, runs in many a Channel of good *English* Blood, and makes an Entail in several great Families; tho' I know of nothing more Dishonourable to our Nation, more pernicious to the Constitution; neither can I see when our Civil Contentions will probably cease, unless this growing Evil be timely provided against, and our Posterity prevented from imbibing early Prejudices to our Laws and Religion, and conceiving at least an habitual Indifference, if not an utter Aversion, to their own Country.

The late Men in Power were often pleased to Insult our Gentry, by their Representatives the Little Wits, as a Herd of Domestick Squires, in the Burlesque Sense of the Word; especially during that memorable Crisis, when the Country Interest bore up bravely against them, and opposed the first Modelling of their Tyranny: They talk'd of sending those Gentlemen to their Dogs, and their Horses, their Cocks, Hawks, and Barrels of October; whilst at the same time they were strengthening themselves from every Quarter, and filling up the highest Places of Trust and Profit with the Outcasts and Refuse of all *Europe*. I believe they are now, with good Reason, ashamed of that unhappy Conduct: A few honest *Britons* have been too hard for them and their Allies: *Israel* has prevail'd, in the midst of the *Hittite*, *Hivite*, *Philistin*, *Canaanite*,  *Jebusite*, and other *Gentiles*, who despised her Numbers, and had vow'd her Overthrow. But suppose all those stale Censures had been literally true in every Circumstance? A Dog and a Horse are more tractable and useful Animals, and a Cock and a Hawk much more innocent Company, than those despicable Creatures they yearly Imported hither, under the Character of fine accomplished Gentlemen; whose Talents were chiefly employ'd in Praise of an Arbitrary Republic,

lick, or in supplying us with the newest Discoveries in Religion, and some few valuable Treatises of Heresy and Enthusiasm, especially if the Author had the Honour of being Burned or ill-used by the *Inquisition*; whilst the lesser *Genii* contented themselves with an Account of the Geography, Architecture, or Bills of Fare in the several Countries where they resided, nor without a special Detail of those Favours, with which the Hospitable Nuns always furnish a young Adventurer's Imagination and Converse, whence the Story slides glibly into Truth, upon the Strength and Authority of frequent Recitals.

I should readily allow, that our Universities here at Home are no very good Nurseries of Youth, if their Judgment of them might be taken, who are usually so liberal of their Censures, when, in Fact, they never saw either of those Places, or only stay'd long enough in them, to give occasion to most of that Scandal, which they are afterwards so busy in promoting: Our Comfort is, that it will be very difficult for any of our Transplanted Students to find an University Abroad, in which they may not be taught to pay all imaginable Respect to those at Home, though they have so indiscreetly Abandon'd them. If Severity of Discipline, and strict Morals can recommend any Place of Education to the most careful Parents and Guardians, our Universities have much the Advantage of those Abroad, where the Students are not confin'd to Colleges, but live altogether at their own Disposal, unless their Friends will be at the Expence of a particular Tutor, who is commonly some half-bred Pedant, with no other Accomplishments but the Languages, and Art of Travelling cheap: Whereas in *Oxford* or *Cambridge*, there is a greater Choice of private Tutors, and the Student loses none of those Advantages, which arise from a free Converse among his Equals, especially that of Emulation, than which we cannot imagine any

one stronger or more noble Incitement to Learning, Virtue, and every other Excellence. I may venture to make a bold Challenge in behalf of those Two famous Seminaries, that take all the Arts and Sciences in being, and I will Name a Modern, who ow'd his Literature to One or Other of them, and whose Works and Character I will stake against the most eminent Professor in the same kind, that ever Adorn'd any One Learned Society in Europe. If the Party, who now decry all Domestick Education, would look over their own Lists, they will find, that the ablest Supporters of their Cause, who have for their Twenty Years last past appear'd for them in our Parliaments and Courts of Justice, were once Members of *Cambridge* or *Oxford*; tho' they have since labour'd to extinguish those great Luminaries, and have not preserv'd a grateful Regard for their *Alma Mater*, in whose Bosom they suck'd in those purer Juices, which are now turn'd to Venom and Bitterness. If it were true, that our *English* Colleges restrain'd their Students from any one part of useful Knowledge, they might be justly charg'd with the senseless Imputation of Priestcraft; but the Advances that have been made by those polite Bodies, in all the Secrets of Divine and human Literature, are a full Answer to this Cavil: For the Church of *England* is truly sensible, that the best Cause is best maintain'd by Universal Knowledge, and the highest Accomplishments of a sinile Understanding. Accordingly we see, to the utter Mortification of our Enemies, that from those Places have arisen a Sett of Patriots whose Abilities, Wisdom and Industry, have made them the happy Instruments, under God and Her Majesty, of dissolving the best-concerted Plan that ever was laid for the Ruin of a flourishing Country, by tying the Kingdom down to Foreign Dependencies, and debauching the Minds of our People with false Notions of Religion and Government, and transmitting those Corruptions to Posterity.

There

There is a great Difference to be made between Travel, and Foreign Education: When a young Gentleman has taken some Acquaintance with his own Country, and the Excellency of our Laws and Religion, to make the Tour of *Europe*, either with Design to attain a Perfection in the Living Languages, to view the Rarities of Art and Nature, to examine the Customs, Interests and Polity of other Nations, and what regard they bear to *Great Britain*, or to improve in the Exercises, tho' I think this last Accomplishment is now brought home to us, is so far from being a Fault in Education, that it is highly commendable, and worth the Expence it usually creates. A Youth thus temper'd and prepar'd, who goes in quest of no more than what ought to be acquir'd by Travel, instead of being expos'd to any Temptations beyond Sea, will rather find himself confirm'd at his return, in his Love and Zeal for the Religion and Laws of his own Country, by comparing the Scheme with those imperfect Models which are to be met with abroad. Our Universities do by no means undervalue this Accomplishment; for, in Fact, there are some Colleges which, at their own Expence, send a select Number of their Members to Travel, on purpose to furnish them with such useful Discoveries in Knowledge, as may be met with in other polite Parts of the World. But now a Gentleman wholly educated beyond Sea, is really a *Traveller* when he comes home, and ought to be Naturalized. Then such a Brood of Wretches do they every Year send us, as were either never fit to go abroad, or never to come home again! What a fine Opinion must Foreigners entertain of us, when they think they are to have the Training of all Sorts of Buffoons for our Use and Diversion, as well those of the *Kit-Cat* and *Grecian*, as their Elder Brethren of the *Slack-Rope*, the *Jugler's Box*, and *Puppet Show*! What an Idea must they have of our Nation in the Persons of these Springals their Pupils, when they have

thoroughly qualify'd them to play the Fool with Applause no where but in their own Country! After their Importation, and to our Shame I speak it, without any disturbance from the Custom-house, these Contraband Animals disperse themselves up and down the several Marts for Business and Preferment; with no other Recommendation but that hopeful Assurance, which indeed seldom fails to atone for their loss of Time, and neglect of all other useful Employments. I know an old Dry Nurse of a Tutor, who is now going over with his Eighth Cargo of this Sort of Infants, just ready for Exportation: At the close of the last Year, his List of Pupils stood in the following Order.

Brought up under my Care,

*Jesuits* 1.

*Socinians* 2.

*Mohocks* 2.

*Calvinists* 1.

Died under the Surgeon's Hands 1.

Kill'd in a Duel 1.

Left behind me in a Monastery 3.

But he gives out among his Friends, that in his next Voyage, he has solid Hopes of bringing home at least a Brace of pretty tolerable Christians. 'Tis true, there has of late been no small Consumption among these Foreigners: Some of them have suffer'd under the Hands of the Watch; others have perish'd in Domestick Adventures among the Fair Sex; a small Number have found their Wits return with their native Air, and are now under *British* Governors; whilst the rest go on to make it their Interest to return to the Place whence they came. But of all the Creatures in this kind, none are so impertinent and Vexatious as those who have learn'd to Write and Read beyond Sea, especially if they have the Gift of Translating; for the first Ink they commonly shed is in the Cause of *Free-thinking*.

*ing, Sedition and Heresy*: And yet when they start a new Whim in Religion and Politicks, which, by the way, is of no Value, unless it roundly contradicts their own Country-men; all the Proof we are to have for it, is the Opinion of some *Dutch Divine*, a recommendatory Letter from *Frankfore*, or, it may be, some scrap in *French* or *Italian* let fall by a Great Man with a hard Name, never heard of before; or out of some Manuscript lately found, and not worth the looking after; or from the Works of some persecuted Saint, humbly recommended to the perusal of all True Protestants, under the Hand of the Common Hangman. At the close of the Performance, they conclude in Form with a serious Exhortation to follow Truth for Truth's sake, and not take up with the Opinions of others, especially if they happen to be establish'd, or if the Priests are so unlucky to believe them. With what Ostentation and Ceremony will they usher in a Translation to the World, when a *Frenchman* of *Oxford* might be ashamed of the Original! Then to bring their Writings into vogue, how artfully do they play over the stale Game of *reciprocal Compliments* between themselves and their *Foreign Correspondents*: This among the *Classical Commentators* is nauseous enough, but upon Subjects of the first Importance is intolerable, and tends to promote the most abject Bigotry. Even in Treatises of Geography, Travels, and Natural History, they cannot forbear ever now and then a Fragment in behalf of Party, and to the disadvantage of our Religion and Government: In which they often betray as much Ignorance as Prejudice; for these Authors know little of their own Country, or of those Accounts either in the way of Civil, Ecclesiastical, or Natural History, which have been written of it; and therefore are very improper Judges between State and State, since they are not qualify'd to make any tolerable Comparison. Certainly whoever has heard of the many excellent



Volumes of which *Great Britain* has been the Subject, will not think himself obliged to peruse the most impartial Accounts of other Countries, till he is Master of every thing that has been written of his own. I remember when I was abroad, and one Day talking with a Foreigner of the Rarities I had seen, as Gardens, Buildings, and the like; he ask'd me, among other Questions of less Moment, How many *Arches* there were in *London-Bridge*? How many *Cupola's* on *Cesar's Tower*, and in what Figure *Portsmouth* was Fortify'd? And my Inability at that time to answer him, gave me no ill Notion of the Justice of the Raillery.

After all, I cannot but stand amaz'd at those Parents, especially those Mothers, who can bear to have their innocent Children sent thus, like Malefactors, into Exile. Are they willing to have their Names, their Estate and Grandeur, descend to a Creature of a motly Breed, a Stranger and Alien to the Soil that bore him, for so in effect Education will make their Son and Heir, because Use is second Nature? On the other hand, our Merchants of the best Understanding, whom either the Publick Service or their own private Affairs confine to a Foreign Residence, are at great Charge to send their Children home for Education; because their own Experience, and want of their native Country, teach them to set a true Value on it: And indeed whoever considers the vast Sums that are every Year carry'd out of *Great Britain*, and spent beyond Sea in debauching so many hopeful Youths of our Growth and Produce, will, on that account, condemn it as a common Grievance. Complaints have been, with good reason, made against those many modish Mothers, who trust the first Care of their Children to Wet Nurses; but to give them away to Dry Nurses of another Sex and another Country, to change the Soil and Clime, as well as the Milk, is much more Savage and Unnatural. Would Parents be well-pleas'd to have an Heir *Kid-*

*napp'd*

happ'd away in this shameful manner? How many dismal Stories have we heard, of Infants that have been stol'n out of the Cradle, or chang'd at Nurse, or expos'd on some Mountain or Desert? The Case now before us ~~is~~ is not much unlike these; and I think it highly requisite that the good Lady should tye a Ribbon round the Arm of the young Wanderer, or make some other private Mark, that she may know him again at his Return; when instead of the Features of the Family, and those manly Graces which are peculiar to the *British* Soil, she may probably take to her Arms a clumsy *Dutchman*, a surly *German*, or *French* Mimick.

Suppose it were true, that there are many things of real Use to be learn'd in a Foreign Education, which we cannot acquire by Travel, yet no Accomplishments will atone for the Loss of one's Country; which is either quite lost, or very much impair'd by devoting the first Years and tenderest Impressions to Foreign Conversation. 'Tis not so much our Birth, which is Momentary and without our Knowledge, but the Nurture and Care of the Mind, our better Part, which lays the first Foundations of Duty and Affection, and fastens the Obligations of Nature upon the Soul: They who value themselves upon their Education, will accordingly value the Place and Persons from whom they received it: Hence it comes to pass, that *Great Britain* harbours so many Intestine Enemies to Her Laws, Constitution and Government; and that whenever we are called upon to plead her Cause against a Foreign State, there is no Nation in the World that has Cheated, Insulted, or prov'd Ungrateful to us, and who would willingly ruin our Trade, call in question our Independency, or openly Invade us, but can find some of their own Pupils, lately imported hither, always ready to stand up for them, and justify their most unreasonable Demands, ridicule and maltreat the Go-

vern-

vernment they belong to, out of perfect Compliance to any the most inhospitable, contemptible Province in *Europe*; and yet at other times, and upon other Subjects none more awkwardly forward than they, to magnify the Influence of Nature, which should have made them *Englishmen*, and to bawl strenuously for the Dignity and Privileges of Birth-right.

The Old *Romans* were happy in a Race of Sons, whose first and noblest Accomplishment was the Love of their Country: Every Passion, every Art and Science gave way to this, or were made subservient to it. Nothing is so much complain'd of by their Historians and Satirists, as the Introduction only of a few Modes of lesser Moment from *Greece*, and some Phrases in their Language, even at the time, when the better Part of that Country was a Province to *Rome*; for not till then was *Athens* crowded with the Youth of *Italy*. It was their Glory to carry their Laws, Customs and Manners, as far as the Terror of their Arms, and they never sent their fine Gentlemen abroad, but to Govern or Conquer.

I hope those Patriots, who have so happily rid us of that Inundation of *Palatines*, which the Faction sent for when they wanted better Forces; and of that Medley of *Guarantees*, which they kept in reserve for future Exploits; will take as much Care to prevent our *Britons* being made Foreigners by Retail, as to prevent Foreigners becoming *Britons* by the Lump. I press this with some warmth, because next to silencing the Clamours of the Whigs, it is a good Expedient to hinder the Growth of *Papery*; at which we should be in no pain at Home, could we find a way to keep these unguarded Strollers out of the Hands of the *Jesuits*, who every now and then pick one or two of them up, just in the favourable Crisis of *Free-thinking* and *Free-Living*; when any Scheme of Religion is welcome

welcome, if but to take up the Vacancy of the Mind; and none so acceptable as that, which makes favourable Allowances for the Vigour of Youth, and diverts the Vain and Gay, with an affected Outside of Pomp and Splendor.

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N<sup>o</sup> 14. Monday, February 16.

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*Nulla salus Reipublicæ major est, quam eos, qui alterum accusant, non minus de laude, de honore, de famâ suâ, quam illos, qui accusantur, de capite & foris suis, pertiniscere.*

Cicero. Oratio in Q. Cæciliam.

IT is a noble Undertaking which I have for some time been engag'd in, to set my Fellow-Subjects right in their Notions of Things, by taking off those false Colours, which Men engag'd in a bad Cause are, on that account, obliged to put upon them, in order to promote and carry on their own pernicious Purposes. These Impositions and Artifices have been the general Practice of all sorts of Cheats, Impostors, Disturbers of the Publick Peace, and Innovators in Religion and Government, ever since the Fall: They first draw a Mist over the Understanding, and then, like Crafty Dealers, bring their perish'd Goods to that imperfect Light, to make them Current and Vendible: They weaken and deprave the Intellect, and after that, apply to it in its degenerate State; as Juglers darken the Room, before they begin the Show.

Our Misfortune is, that whilst we take all imaginable Care to provide a Remedy for this Dis-

case, yet we live in so Corrupt an Age, that many Evils still prevail, tho' they are fully detected, and every Day openly exposed; because they are supported by Numbers, work themselves up to a Fashion, indulge and entertain our Brutish Appetites, are interwoven with our Interests; and therefore appear no longer in Disguise, but throw off the Mask, and declare themselves publicly; when once Men are assured, that all these moving Considerations cannot fail to procure them a strong Party, and many avow'd Advocates and Defenders.

There is an Instance in this kind, which, I believe, will fully justify my Remarks: A Common Libeller is perhaps one of the most odious Creatures upon Earth: He Murders in the dark, and with a Ponyard that reaches further than the Heart; for the Point of it pierces to the Reputation: The purest most unspotted Virgin *Fame* is not free from his Lust; and his Rapes exceed the common Supplies of Nature. *Envy*, the foulest of Hags, is but one of those many Monsters that Kennel in his Bosom. He is the Emissary of Discord: A Mother Serpent, that swallows and harbours many little Ones. Everlasting War and Destruction, Fire and Sword, are the Labour of his Brains: He writes Romances of Mischief, and is himself his own Hero. His Ink is a noisome Dose, compounded chiefly of his own Galk. He is a *Pandarus* to Ambition and Tyranny: An Apostate from Society, the first Principle of Humane Nature: A Toad in the Shape of a Rational Creature, that sucks in all the Poison of the Intellectual World, as the other does of the Natural: A Conjuror in the Commonwealth of Learning, that raises the Devil, by saying over good Sense backward. The Alphabet is his Magazine: He musters the Letters, as if they were Soldiers under his Command, drawn out for Devastation and Bloodshed. And yet after all, this common Pest, this detestable Thing, is

nor only like other Modern Ministers, publicly exposed to View, as a Rarity; resorted to far and near, and subsisted upon the Revenue that arises from his own Deformities; but walks loose among us, as if he really were a tame Animal; plies like a Common Whore in the open Streets; and not only so, but like her too, lives by his Character, triumphs in the Number of his Callicies, and is often sent into Keeping.

It has ever been my Happiness, as it is my Duty, to employ my Study and Labours in the Service of the Government: In this Cause I am resolved to persist; and will shed my Ink, as I would my Blood, in Defence of the Constitution. Let no Man say, *I have made bold: I have been too free: I have used Liberties*: There is a guilty *Sarcasm* in that Expression, which they, who advance it, should blush for. Is it Boldness to be Honest? Must we ask leave to be Loyal, or humbly intreat the Freedom of defending one's Country? I am on the Side of the best of Queens, and of Those in Authority under Her; a Ministry, who are Her free Choice, and next to Her Self, the Favourites of Her People, who by their Conduct have approved themselves as much the Representatives of Her Wisdom and Goodness, as of Her Person. In this Service I entred my self a Volunteer, with no other View or Incitement, but an honest Zeal and a publick Spirit. I can say, as *Cicero* did to *Catiline* and his Crew; *I have had no Enemies but those, who have been equally so to my Country*. Against these Aggressors upon our Monarchy, Laws, and Religion, I draw my Pen, who stand condemn'd by the Representative Body of the People, in their solemn Proceedings, as the Grand Inquest of the Nation; and by the Collective Body, in their unanimous Addresses and Applications to the Throne. Let those who hold no other Divine Right but *Vox Populi*, insult me on this Subject as long as they please. If this be Libelling, I



am guilty : But had *Great Britain* never been Cheated, Impoverish'd, Oppress'd, Sold, Betray'd, and Drain'd of her Blood and Treasure, I, who have no Personal Animosities, had never open'd my Lips, or diffus'd my Ink, but in Applause and Panegyrick. Even their Omissions would have deserv'd this Tribute : I might bate them the Obligations of doing Good, if they had never done any Evil.

For these Reasons, I look with great Contempt on those undiscerning Cavillers, who are pleas'd to call a Paper written in Behalf of the Government, by the Infamous Name of a Libel. But this commonly is the last resort of wicked Men : When they are Blown, they try to get into a Herd, turn Levellers in Villany, and would represent others to be as bad as themselves, in order to avoid or alleviate the Justice of the Law, and the Odium of being singular in Impiety. I know not by what strange Irony or Precedent in Burlesque, this monstrous Absurdity stands supported : The Reflection does but glance at me, and falls more directly somewhere else : For if Writing for a Government be Criminal, that Government must be suppos'd either Usurp'd or Tyrannical. Indeed, they who dare speak of the Queen, the Ministry, and a vast Majority of the Nation, as of a Faction, and represent them as so many Confederates, combining together for the utter Ruin of *Great Britain* and the Protestant Religion, are prompted by a natural Train of base Apprehensions, to use this way of speaking ; that their Language may be as Corrupt as their Thoughts, and their Wickedness Consistent and all of a Piece. With these Men, Loyalty may be Libelling, and pleading the Common Cause, Defamation and Calumny : But the Law, which is Just, Good, and Impartial, distinguishes a Libel from a Just Vindication with much more Certainty and Truth ; if Men would but suffer their Opinions at least to be influenced by it,

the

tho' not their Actions. The Purer Part of the Civil Law, which obtained long before the Art of Printing was invented, by Libels must be supposed to mean such written Papers as in modern Phrase are more properly distinguished by the Name of Lampoons: These were of a private Nature, and fell directly under the Title of *Defamation*. But for that other Kind of Libels, now more justly term'd *Pasquils*, which were Papers against the Government, affix'd on some publick Building or Place of Resort; they were a considerable Branch of the *Crimes Læse Majestatis*, which was the Treason of the Civil Law. The Statute and Common Law seldom mention the Word *Libel*. Actions of Scandal are sometimes founded on this Charge; but though these involve the offending Party in a very great share of Guilt; yet they too are of a private Nature, and not Pleas of the Crown. On the other hand, where the Government is concerned, as in the inventing and spreading of false News, and dangerous Reports, to the disquieting of Mens Minds, and fomenting Jealousies between Prince and People; or in aspersing the Administration, and great Officers of the Crown; this is a high Offence, and was heretofore restrain'd by sanguinary Penalties. Under this Head, it is all along the Sense of the Law, that to make a Libel, it must regard the Publick Weal and Safety, and the Reputation of those, who have the more immediate Care of it. He who takes a Libel in any other Sense, may call Indictments Libels, as they do in *Scotland*: Such Doctrine would tickle those Patriots, who are for making their Superiors Criminal, and themselves the Judges. Was it ever thought Libelling, either in Old *Rome*, or Old *England*, to write for a Good, a Lawful Prince, and for those employ'd by him, against a Faction, that disturb'd the Peace and Tranquillity of his Reign? Are *Cicero's* Orations against *Verrès*, *Pliny's* Panegyrick to *Trajan*, *Mackenzey's Jus Regium*, or the

Earl

Earl of Clarendon's History, *Libels*? Must we every Day upbraid this unreasonable Party, who argue thus, with the Old Story of *Forty One*? And will they never cease to give us fresh Cause for that Imputation? Fighting for the King was then called High Treason, as endeavouring to support the Honour of the Crown, is now called Faction; and writing for the Constitution was by the same Rule made a Proof of Malignancy and Popery, as now it is of Popery only; the more Charitable Name of the Two being laid aside, ~~to shew~~, That our Moderation does far outstrip our Forefathers.

Supported by these Reasons, and assuming to my self the rightful Title of *Anti-Libeller*, I shall not fail to communicate such Methods as are proper and justifiable for the detecting and removing of that common Nuisance. If the Drawcanfers of the Quill, who have lately laid about them with so much Romantick Fury, were to have their Works, explain'd by the same Rules and Measure of Latitude, which themselves have laid down for the Interpreting and Expounding those Authors, who are on the side of the Government, I do not know but such a thing as a General Massacre of Ears might soon follow; but my Moderation will not let me insist on this Argument. The Law would be in a fine Condition, if their evil Practices were to grow up into Custom; Neither would I have them try'd by such Precedents as their own Leaders set us, when they, who wrote for Religion and Monarchy, were so unhappy as to fall under their Displeasure. There is no necessity of using Forc'd Constructions, or condemning upon Hints and Insinuations: They have not poorly Skulk'd behind any of the common Refuges of their Predecessors. Their Fury and Disappointment have put them by their usual Guard: They now openly give out, That the Government is bringing in Popery; ridicule all the publick Proceedings at home and abroad, and give a malicious Turn to every Trans-

faction

Section of State. Their Calumnies and Ribaldry upon the Great Men in Power, make such a Rhapsody of Falshood and Nonsense, as is not to be parallell'd in the *Cromwellian Age*: Scandal in those Days was *Cant*, but these Men pretend at least to talk common Sense. I know very well, that the Persons employ'd in this filthy Work, are commonly Creatures of mean Intellectuals, and just as much Learning as may be glean'd up in a Pamphlet-Shop, only quicken'd and animated by Passion, Prejudice, Disgust, and imaginary Prospects; but after boasting of their Achievements, their Converts, Correspondents, and Authority in Coffee-houses, shall they, when they come into a Court of Justice, be allow'd to plead *Non compos*? To say *They had no Meaning*? or, That the Names of several Great Men, written at large in their Papers, because they are to be found in Old History, are not to be understood of the Moderns? Names! That will live and be rever'd, when theirs, who now Asperse them, shall find it their Interest to be buried in Oblivion. Must all their Quotations, Scraps, Parallels, Fables, Cases, Tales, Letters and Ballads, pass for nothing? Were they not easily understood by others, to the entire Satisfaction of the Author? Is not common Consent, that imposes a Meaning upon all Words, the best Evidence in this Case? Certainly, if there be such a Crime as Libelling, our Moderation ought not to set us beyond a possibility of Detecting it. There are many Abbreviations in the Forms of the Law, less intelligible than those used in Pamphlets; and yet Judgment is given upon these according to common Acceptation. About the latter End of the Reign of King *Charles II.* when the Press swarm'd with Libels, full of Virulence against the Court and Ministry, a Ministry not equal to that which makes us Happy, though they are treated with much more Calumny and Malice; the Authors and Publishers of those Papers were taken up and profe-

prosecuted at Law : In one of which Cases, when the Counsel for the Defendants pleaded, That nothing was meant by K—g, D— of Y—k, &c. and that the Letters could not be applied to the King and Duke of York ; the Lord Chief Justice *Scroggs* told them, That those Libels were very well understood in all Parts of the Kingdom ; and it would be very hard if the Judges and Court should be more Stupid and Senseless than every Body else.

A Prosecution of this Nature would be to the entire Satisfaction of all those, who value the Rights of the Subject : For nothing tends more to the weakening and endangering of Liberty, than the gross and unwarrantable Abuse of it.

N<sup>o</sup> 15. Friday, February 19.

*Dii, quibus imperium est animarum, Umbraeque  
 silantes,  
 Sit mihi fas arcana loqui ; sit, numine vestro,  
 Punire res, alta terra & caligineertas.*  
 Virgil.

**T** Ever look'd on Zeal for a *Faction* to be the Fever of the Soul : It renders the Patient delirious, and deprives him of that Sense, which should Co-operate with other outward Applications intended for his Health and Repose. Hence some have argu'd, but how justly I will not say, for the necessity of providing Keepers for those, who are troubled with this Distemper ; and others have gone on multiplying new Disputes no less perplexing, concerning the Conduct of these Keepers ; as whether to Humour or Contradict the Lunatick.

in every thing he proposes, be the best Method of Practice, in order to his Recovery. But not to thim a *Metaphor* quite so far, as some of that Party, for whose good I intend it, have carried their Extravagances; I am willing to believe, there are some among them, who are only touch'd; and have as yet but a few Symptoms of the Epidemical Frenzy come out upon them. For these I am every day preparing my Medicines, and labouring to prevent any further Infection. I find by Experience, that the desire of Propagation is as strong in Party as in Nature; and a Rake in Politicks, when his Inclinations are violent, is too apt to give Credit to the first *Hackney Whig* that picks him up, when he confidently assures the easy Stroller in the usual Style,———*I give you my Word I am Sound, my Dear!*——— But now could I bring one of these Adventurers into a close Cabal of the Leaders of his Party, where he might stand *Inco*, and hear the Wretches openly boast of spreading the Infection, consult and deliberate upon the Tricks and Stratagems of the Fraternity, laugh at the senseless *Cullier* whose Pockets they had pick'd, and desil'd their Persons, I should not be out of Hopes to Reform these misguided Creatures, and make a perfect Cure of them, whom, in spite of their Obstinacy, I still profess to have under my Care. Till such a lucky Incident can be happily brought about, I shall, by way of ample Equivalent, lay before the Whigs a *Journal of the Proceedings of a Club*, in which their *Archons* or *Governors* constantly meet; to debate and conclude upon such Measures, as are to be taken by the Party upon every publick Emergence. Here those Heads of the Faction, that are not satisfied with their Adherence to Shoulders, speak and manage without reserve. Hither I refer the deluded Whigs, for a plain Account of their true Principles; those monstrous Absurdities, which are daily given out for the Exercise of their Implicit Faith. This is my Prescription, my Grand Electuary:



Eleſtuary : I make up nothing of my own, but only ſhew them what they take from others ; which, I hope, will be enough to deter them from following *Quacks* and *Mountebanks*, notwithſtanding their Feats of Tumbling and Vaulting, or their inveigling Talent of Oratory. If Enquiry be made, how I came by this *Journal*, I anſwer in the Words of a Great Man upon the famous Caſe of *Spy-Money* : *The very Nature of the Service requires it ſhould be kept Secret.* And if this were allow'd as a good Plea, after the Service there meant was expir'd, it makes a much ſtronger Apology for me, who am not yet about to proclaim a Ceſſation of Arms, tho' the common Enemy ſhould agree to the Propoſal. But to prove my Journal Genuine and Authentick, I muſt appeal to ſeveral late Facts and Appearances, which will juſtify the *Reſolutions* and *Orders* of the Board ; to whole Wiſdom, and not to Chance, I am inclin'd to aſcribe all the Modern Wonders of their Conduct.

### *The FIRST NIGHT.*

*Ordered,* That the Committee for common Reports do examine, what Political Lyes are Explicite or about to Expire, and which of them are proper to be Revived.

*Order'd,* That a compleat Liſt of the Whiſpers of Yeſterday be laid before the ſaid Committee.

A Petition of ſeveral Diſtreſſed Whigs, in behalf of themſelves and others, ſetting forth, That whereas by the gracious Licence and Permiſſion of this Society, they were ſuffer'd to continue in Places of Truſt and Profit, under the preſent Adminiſtration of Affairs, and humbly repreſenting, That they are moſt arbitrarily and unjuſtly deprived of ſeveral *Perquiſites* formerly enjoy'd by them, whereby they are made Parties to a Precedent which may be of evil Conſequence in time to come, to the great Scandal and Offence of tender Conſci-

eners, and praying such Relief, touching the Premises, as to this Honourable Society shall seem good.

*Ordered*, That the said Petition be referred to the Lords of the Committee, who are appointed to draw up a Test or Tests, to be taken by all such to whom the said Licence or Permission has or shall be granted, and that they make their Report thereupon.

A Complaint being made to the Society, That the *Devil*, commission'd and employ'd by them, in the late Expedition to *Charing-Cross*, was violently there seized and committed to Custody.

*Resolved*, That this Society will stand by and support all their Allies and Confederates, in the carrying on of the common Cause, according to the several Treaties and Engagements entered into with the said High Allies.

*Resolved*, That the Seizing and Imprisoning any *Devil* or *Devils*, who are Members of this Society, or employ'd in their Service, is Arbitrary and Illegal, tending to the Subversion of the Rights and Privileges of this Society.

*Order'd*, That the Door-keeper attending this Society, do go and demand the said *Devil* in Person, and Summons him to attend the Service of this Society.

*Resolved*, That a Sum not exceeding . . . . . be granted towards defraying the Losses sustain'd by several disabled *Ballad-makers*, in and about the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, according to the Prayer of their Petition.

A Debate arising, Whether such Members of this Society, as are Writers in *Prose*, ought to be entitled to a Share in the Dividend arising by the Circulation of Poetical Pamphlets.

*Ordered*, That the said Debate be adjourn'd to this Day Seven-night, when the *Hawkers* in *Verse* are to be heard against the *General Comprehension*.

*Resolved*, That a Clause or Clauses be inserted in the said Comprehension, in favour of such Revisor or Revisors, as shall republish any Book or Pamphlet, not within the Benefit of the said Comprehension, provided there be a new Preface annex'd to it.

*Adjourned.*

### *The SECOND NIGHT.*

*Ordered*, That the Call of the Society be put off to this Day Three-weeks.

*Resolved*, That no Member of this Society be allowed to excuse his Attendance on account of any Wench or Woman, if it shall appear that such Wench or Woman be Disaffected or Malignant, or wear her Patches on the wrong side.

*Ordered*, That Glasses be brought in.

*Resolved*, That no Loyal *Toast* for Health or Happiness be admitted as current, unless the same be follow'd by another of Damnation or Confession, and nothing to intervene.

The humble Petition of the Societies or Offices of Insurance from Loss by Fire, complaining of the great Damage lately sustain'd by them, and the just Apprehensions they lie under of being totally ruined and undone, unless some timely Provision be made for them, was brought up and read.

*Resolved*, That the said Petition contains several unjust Reflections upon some worthy Members of this Society, and is highly prejudicial to the Protestant Religion.

*Resolved*, That the said Petition be rejected.

A Proposal was made and received for the Encouragement of Bonfires and Illuminations.

*Resolved*, That this Society will grant no Protection, Licence or Encouragement for any Murders, Burnings, Plunderings, Devastations, or other Acts of Hostility, but such only as shall be warrant-

N<sup>o</sup> 15. *The EXAMINER.* 147

ed by the *Ordinance of March 10. 1646*, or the *Statute of Primo Protectoris*.

A Motion being made, and the Question being put, That the Committee of *Moderation* do meet and sit every *Tuesday*, at Four in the Afternoon.

It passed in the *Negative*.

*Ordered*, That the said Committee be discharged from any further Service.

*Resolved*, That any State or Potentate, who does not keep up his *Quota* of Forces and carry on the War, is incapable of being a *Guarantee* for the Protestant Succession.

*Resolved*, That to Assert, Maintain and Publish, That the majority of the Nation are for bringing in Popery, or do intend to forswear themselves, is of great Service to the Publick, and the only way to secure the Protestant Succession.

*Ordered*, That a Bill be brought in to encourage all such Dissenters as are willing to expose themselves to Sale by the Candle, for the Support of the Common Cause; and for making out Debentures, to become due at a certain time, with Interest *ad valorem*.

*Ordered*, That the Project for Searing Tender Consciences be examined on *Tuesday* next.

Went in a grand Committee on Ways and Means for raising *Recruits* for the Year ensuing.

*Ordered*, That all the Monied Men, who are Members of this Society, have leave to go into the Country upon Special Occasions.

*Adjourned.*

*The THIRD NIGHT.*

Mr. *Hush* reported from the Committee for settling the Press, that they had come to several Resolutions, which were delivered in, and, with some Amendments, agreed unto by the Society.

*Resolved.*

*Resolved*, That if any Person or Persons shall accept of any Applause, Dedication-Money, Place, Preferment, Fee or Gratuities, for Writing and Publishing any Blasphemy, Prophaneness, Immorality, Falshood, Heresy or Schism whatever, for and in behalf of the Common Cause, every such Person or Persons upon their retracting the same, and going over to the disaffected Party, shall be *ipso facto* deem'd, taken, and treated, as Enemies to the Christian Religion.

*Resolved*, That for any Magistrate, or other Whig in Authority, to refuse to Indemnify, Maintain or Abett, any Lye, Scandal, or Calumny, Invented or Propagated by any Member of this Society, or those commissioned by them, is a direct Infringement of *Quam diu se bene gesserit*; and every Person so offending shall, upon the first Turn of Affairs, be prosecuted accordingly.

*Resolved*, That for Authors of the same side to *Think freely* or *Examine fairly*, and under that Pretence to differ from any of their Brethren, whether on account of Religion, Honesty, good Manners, Truth, or any other Point purely Speculative or Ceremonial, is of dangerous Consequence, and highly prejudicial to the common Cause.

*Resolved*, That no Prosecution begun by this Society, for Offences or Misdemeanors merely *verbal*, whether in the way of Hint, Innuendo, Misprision of Banter, or the like, shall be constru'd, taken or adjudged, as a *Precedent* for any Proceedings in time to come, during the present Administration, of which all Magistrates and Ministers of Justice are to take notice, as they will answer the contrary at their Peril.

*Ordered*, That the Committee who were to enquire into Peace, Plenty, Trade, Credit, and other Grievances of the Nation, do make their Report to Morrow Morning.

The Secretary for *Foreign Affairs* attended according to Order, and gave in a summary Account of the several Manufactures and Branches of Trade, demanded by the High Allies of this Society, as an Equivalent for their Friendship and good Affections; as also the Names of such of the *Croque Ports* as they have undertaken to Garrison at their own Charge, for the better Security of the Protestant Religion. And then he withdrew.

*Resolved*, That no Peace be made with *Great Britain*, till *Gibraltar*, *Port Mahon*, and the Island of *Minorca*, be restored to the *Emperor*.

A Motion being made and the Question being put, That whoever shall expend any Sum or Sums of Money at the ensuing *Elections*, for the Service of the Well-affected, shall be reimbursed out of such Monies as shall arise from the *general Mortgage*, to be laid on the Estates Real and Personal of the several *Electors*.

It passed in the *Affirmative*.

*Adjourned to the GRÆCIAN.*

These *Acts* and *Monuments* will, I believe, raise the same just Indignation in the *Reader*, which I immediately conceived, upon the first perusal of them, on account of that *Mock-Authority* with which they are delivered: On the other Hand it must be no unedifying Amusement, to see how deform'd and mishapen the Notions and Projects of the *Faction* appear, whilst they are in *Embryo*, naked and undisguis'd. As all the Operations of the Whigs, now depending, proceed upon the Foundation of these Original Measures and Directions, by tracing them to their Rise we shall be better able to look through those Tricks and Artifices, which are made use of to give a Colour and Gloss to the Absurdity of their Principles, and to Palm them upon their Followers as Sound and Orthodox; and may at the same time detect the Fallacies and False-Reason-



Reasoning, so common to their Authors and Defenders; those *Confectioners* of the Press, who can Candy over and Perfume the bitterest and most unpalatable Ingredient. Only by the way, I would have them take notice of the Favour I here do them, by convincing the World, that how oddly soever they may Act, Speak and Write, they don't do it without Authority, but keep close to their *Instructions*.

N<sup>o</sup> 16.      *Monday, February 22.*

*Est enim conditio Liberatorum Populorum, posse suffragiis vel dare, vel detrahere, quod velit, cuique.*  
Cicero pro Cn. Planco.

**W**HEN we were under the Dominion of the late Men in Power, they could not forbear shewing a tacit Dislike of the Constitution, tho' they had some few Difficulties to get over, before they declar'd openly against it. In 'all their publick Proceedings, they were ever mending and refining upon the Wisdom of our Forefathers. The Doctrines and Principles which they deliver'd down to their Followers, made mere Patch-work of the State: and by the many Alterations and Amendments that intruded into the Plan of our Government, when under the Hands of these Artificers, it appear'd, that they loved Revolutions so well, as not to be able to subsist a whole *Session* of *Parliament* without a *Little One* or *Two*, or at least something by way of Imitation; which always took Shelter under the Wings of the *Great One*.

The *Dutch Model* was the general Standard for all this Political Mechanism; and to pass the *Chart*  
more

more smoothly upon us, the *Bench* and *Senate* rang with *Encomiums* on the Wisdom, Policy, Power, Generosity, and Excellent Laws of that *State*; which were echoed loudly from the Press: Till at length our high Esteem for their superior Conduct and Happiness, led us into little mean Thoughts of our own Country, as a sickly declining Body Politick, only fit to be under the Manage and Tuition of those *High* and *Mighty* Guardians and Protectors. Thus it was craftily brought about, that so many gallant Couple of Hounds, who might have spent their Tongues and Heels in a more substantial Chace, were unaccountably diverted, and made to Dance all Day after the stinking Trail of a *Dutch Herring*.

The Pretence for introducing this new Model, was *Liberty*; a Word that has more Witchcraft in it, when set to Musick, than it has real Charms, when traced to its proper Signification, and examined by the strict Rules of *Grammar* and *Lexicography*. Liberty is, no doubt, an invaluable Blessing; and such as all hearty Intelligent Admirers of our excellent Constitution own to be a Fundamental: But if we examine these Mens Pretensions and Behaviour a little further than the Surface, we shall soon find, that instead of true *English* or true *Roman* Freedom, their real Design was to introduce a Tyranny of the worst sort, and to share the Bulk of Power among themselves.

In labouring this Point, I have no Design to raise Envy or Emulation between two Allies, whose mutual Amity and Confidence are their greatest Security: Nor would I thereby lessen the Independence of a free People, who may form themselves into what kind of Polity they please, without our Leave or Concurrence: But my Tenderness for a Foreign Friend must not restrain me from detecting a Domestic Enemy: I would shew, that they, who endeavour'd to alter us by this Model, did not only run the usual Venture to which all Alter-

rations are liable, and which no Convenience, no probable Appearance of Publick Good, nothing but indisputable Necessity can warrant, but plainly discover'd a secret Reserve of Ambition and Self-Interest in the Attempt; and instead of guarding or enlarging our Liberties, were closely undermining them, and bid fair for usurping the Supremacy, only with a little more Ceremony and Circumstance.

It is a vulgar Mistake which has prevail'd among too many less curious Observers, that true Liberty is only to be met with in a *Commonwealth*, or at least in a State which has some mixture of the *Republican Form*: But there are *Absolute Republics*, as well as *Absolute Monarchies*; and such is every Government, where the Body of the People are utterly excluded from all manner of Share either in the Legislative or Executive Branch, both for Themselves and their Representatives. For this Reason, Sir *William Temple* will not admit the Constitution of the States to be Republican: He calls it rather a *Confederacy* than a *Commonwealth*; and assures us, *That only they, who content themselves with common Observations and Enquiries, will imagine this to be a Popular Government.* Their whole Conduct from the Union of *Utrecht*, 1579, to their laying aside the Office of Stadtholder, affords abundance of Instances of their Love and even Bigotry for Monarchical at least, if not for Absolute Power, tho' they were not always agreed in what Hand to place it: By their first Settlement, the *Dernier Resort* or Supremacy was lodg'd in a single Stadtholder; and their own Historians do not deny, that they at several times actually offer'd to put themselves under the Dominion of *England* and *France*, or to chuse *Matthias*, the Emperor's Brother, for their Sovereign; on purpose, says Sir *William Temple*, to avoid that Popular Government which was then moulding in the North. So fond were they of the *English Constitution*, when our Monarchy

narchy was in the highest Splendor, that though Queen *Elizabeth* refused the Sovereignty of their Country, yet the Earl of *Leicester* was, in Her Name, made Governor of the *Netherlands*, with a Power so ample and extensive, that Prince *Maurice of Nassau* was not admitted Stadtholder, but with a Reservation of the Rights of that Great Queen; whose Ambassador sat and voted in their Council of State, which at that time enjoy'd the Power of Representing, Convoking, and Executing the Decrees and Orders of the States General; nor could they, without reversing this part of their Original Constitution, set aside that Privilege of the Crown of *England*. After this, the Princes of *Orange* were for some time possessed of a good Share of Monarchical Power: They chose the chief Magistrates, pardon'd all Crimes, and had the sole Management of the Militia: They gave Audience to Ambassadors, had a Court, an attendance of Guards, with other Ensigns of Majesty, and they entirely sway'd the Council of State, which was the same in Authority then, that the States General are now. Whatever odious Precedents have, with us, been drawn from imaginary Accounts of their Rise and Progress, it is plain from these Instances, Monarchy was not the Cause: Neither can I, in imitation of the same partial Writers, impute it to Religion; which Notion, Sir *William Temple* tells us, was the whole Burden and Cry of all the Popish Writers, both *Spaniards* and *Italians*, who meddled in this Controversy, and thereby thought to blacken and asperse the *Hollanders*: But, as Sir *William* further observes, *Religion, without a Tincture of Ambition and Interest, produces no such dreadful Effects, but only constant Sufferings*; for before the Revolt, this Country, according to that Author, was famous for breeding the best Subjects in the World; neither did their Off-spring degenerate for many Years afterwards. Their Hatred to *Spain*, which was well-grounded and every day fomented

by a thousand Provocations, prov'd the strongest Incitement, and, as the same Excellent Author remarks, the only Passion that influenc'd this great Turn; which their ablest Authors defend upon quite a different Principle from that of Religion. *Grotius* has written a whole Treatise upon this Subject; in which he waves that Motive, and insists altogether on those Privileges which the *Hollanders* were possess'd of, under the Counts and Dukes of *Burgundy*: For the Kings of *Spain* claiming in their Right, could have no more Power than what their Predecessors enjoy'd. But so far were they from being over-Fond or Jealous even of their most rightful and undoubted Liberties, that not long after their being dismembred from *Spain*, they gave up all to their own Magistrates; who, as Sir *William Temple* further observes, were as Absolute as any single Tyrant; neither was the Name of Liberty so much as heard of among them soon after the Union of *Utrecht*, which was their first Establishment.

If we examine their Constitution as it stands at present, we shall soon find, that their Subjects have none of those invaluable Privileges which we *Britons* so highly value, and for which we are so much envy'd and admir'd. With us, every *Freeholder* is represented in the *Legislature*; and in the Executive Branch, our Lives and Estates are subjected to a Jury of our own Countrymen. In these Rights consists our Liberty, which is the utmost a Subject ought to claim, since there is no Law made or executed, to which we are not Parties: But the *Dutch* cannot boast of this Freedom; and whoever would define their Government, must call it an *Absolute Oligarchy*. The lowest Wheel in their State is the Policy of their Cities: Whence Deputies are sent to the Provincial Assembly, and thence to the Council of State and States-General. The whole Mass of Power circulates perpetually within this compass; and the People are wholly excluded, by  
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an Edict made about One hundred and fifty Years ago, when all Popular Elections ceas'd, and with them the very Shadow of a *Commonwealth*: For if a Senator, suppose of *Amsterdam* or any other City, that is called a *Stem*, dies, the rest of the Body fill up the vacancy; and tho' Peace and War, the Coinage, and other Powers that more immediately concern the Welfare of all the *Seven United Provinces*, are under the direction of the States; yet every particular City has a very large share of Sovereignty. The *Senate* Taxes their Subjects, in what Proportions, and by what Ways and Means they please. All the *Judicatures* and *Executive Offices* are constituted, and from time to time supply'd, by them, or such as they think fit to appoint; from whom there is no Appeal in Criminal Cases; so that Absolute Power is brought home to every private Subject's Door. In their Judicial Proceedings they pay some small regard to the Civil Law; but they often vary from it, upon the Authority of Superior Reason, which is in effect no more than the Will and Pleasure of the Magistrate or Judge for the Time being; and this Office is so far Hereditary, that Men are train'd to it from Father to Son, and it is sometimes confin'd for a whole Century to one single Family. In one or two Provinces, the Nobles make the better Part of the Deputies; as heretofore the Prince of *Orange* had the sole Power in *Zealand*; and even at this very time, the Clergy make a third Member in the Province of *Utrecht*: But still the Populace or Freeholders, how great soever their Estates or Numbers may be, are entirely set aside; except in the Province of *Friesland*, where the Deputies are chosen by the *Baillages*; but then they are not accountable to their Principals; and as inconsiderable a Part as this must be of their State, it shews us the only genuine Remains of a Free Commonwealth that are left among them. Their Balance of Power is the most unequal of any Nation in *Europe*; for



the little Town of *Permeren* has an equal Vote with *Amsterdam*, and so has the little Province of *Over-ysel* with that of *Holland*. Their *Toleration* is not like ours, made into a Law, but left at Discretion: For they have their Inspectors in all Tolerated Assemblies, and according to their Report, they shut them up whenever they please. The *Roman Catholics*, who pay a valuable Consideration for their Liberty, meet with the least Disturbance in the Exercise of their Religion. In effect, they do not seem to have any durable Constitution, but to be a State of continual Turns and Revolutions: For no Fundamentals can hold them long. Their present States-General are rather the Representatives, than the Successors, of those who once composed that Senate. Their *Pensioners*, an Office of great Authority, should by the Original Compact be changed every Fifth Year: But this Establishment they have often violated; and sometimes to the great Danger of the Government, as in the Case of *John de Wit*. Thus too they broke thro' another Fundamental, in their treating with Sir *William Temple*; for they struck up a League, without consulting their Principals: And when any restive City or Province stands out, it is not unusual to awe them into a Compliance, by Quartering Troops in their Country: For which reason they always take care to stipulate for a Standing Army when a Peace is to be made, at least they put themselves under a necessity of keeping one a-foot. It is true, there are Mobs in *Holland*, and in all their Management there is some regard paid to the Inclinations and Temper of the People; but the same Maxim prevails also at *Muscow* and *Constantinople*, where Monarchy is to the last degree Absolute and Despotick: For the greatest Tyrants dare not shew themselves such *De Facto*, but in some very necessary or critical juncture; and the States must be allowed, by their late improved Project of a Standing Army, to have fenc'd themselves from

all future Apprehensions of Resistance, should any of their Clergy presume to Preach, or any of their Subjects to Practise, that unaccountable Doctrine.

Upon this View, how can we think it possible, that any *Briton*, who is tolerably acquainted with the Nature, Antiquity, Coherence, and durable Excellency of his own Constitution, should presume to mend it by a Model so full of Absurdities ! A System of political Atoms, the Off-spring of Chance ! A Creature subsisting upon Accidents, and work'd up with a Thousand opposite Qualities, and all the Seeds and Ingredients of Mortality ! Did the late Men in Powder doat upon this Plan, because it furnish'd them with great Variety of Changes and Revolutions ; or because it afforded them many Opportunities of breaking in upon Fundamentals by Precedent ? Were they fond of it, because it secures a Ministry in Possession, from any dread of being laid aside, nay even brings an Entail upon the highest Offices ? Ambition and Interest were, no doubt, the strongest Motives that led them into these reforming Measures : Could they have reduced their Prince first to a Stadtholder, and then perhaps sent him into another Country, they knew very well the whole Prize of Power must be shared among themselves ; and having thereby gotten two Thirds of the Legislature into their Hands, they would soon have trampled under foot the Rights of the People ; and to prevent the coming in of a single Tyrant, presented us with Five hundred Despotick Burgomasters, the uncontrollable Disposers of our Lives and Fortunes. Their Behaviour in a Late Reign bore an exact Conformity to these Principles : How did they, in the Zenith of their Power, insult those Honest Patriots, who at that time stood up for the Rights of their Country, which they were bold to assert they had purchased with the Revolution ! It was then the Badge of Whiggism, to decry the Dignity, Authority, and very Being of Parliaments ; and to attack

the Country-Interest with all the little Cavils and Scurrilities from their Mint and Magazine of Scandal, whilst those very Laws were in making, upon which our Civil Liberties do so much depend. To their Management we may charge most of those Abuses and Corruptions, which have crept into the Parliamentary Boroughs, and the Body of our Freeholders; to the great Scandal of *English* Freedom, and the endangering the Rights of Election, which make so considerable a Branch of the Constitution. Indeed, since their Dismission, they have run into the contrary Extream; and by Liberty, Resistance, and Revolution, seem to mean an entire Exemption from Law and Government: But this is no good Evidence against their Old Principles of Tyranny and Absolute Power, which they have only laid aside for a time, as having no present occasion for them. They have long ago learn'd to Contract themselves, in any Doctrine but that of Self-Interest: For they do not measure their Principles by Truth and Consistency, but by their Analogy to Success, and Fitness to promote the Cause of Ambition. They think, and with good Reason, that they shall have a sure Game for Power and Profit, by claiming a Right to Resist those above them, and making Passive Obedience the Duty of those below them. Thus between the two busy Alternatives, the *Tyrant* and the *Rebel*, they are ever in Motion, or in Authority; which are the only two Employments under Heaven, that engross all their Thoughts and Actions.

N<sup>o</sup> 17. Friday, February 27.

*Hæc tua Penelope lento tibi mittit, Ulyssæ;  
Nil mihi rescribas, attamen ipse veni.* Ovid. Ep.

To the Right Honourable, the Author of The Observations upon the State of the Nation in January, 1712-13.

My Lord,

I F I knew whether the Value or Scarcity of Wit and Sense induc'd your Lordship to express your Indignation against Penny-Papers, it would be some Consolation to me, that the Legislature have set me at so high a Price as Three-half-pence the better to qualify me for your Lordship's Acquaintance. I had once the Honour to be known to you; and though you are now a Six-penny Author, yet since your Title-Page seems to promise a *Monthly State of the Nation*, I hope we may renew our Intimacy, when you are come within three Weeks March of your old Ally and Confederate.

As an Instance of your Lordship's great Worth and Sagacity, you are now listed with a Party, who, you frankly confess, acted, when in Power, as if they had forgot they were Christians; who brow'd the Lord of Hosts, contriv'd at, and encouraged the Children of Darkness, and at last fell by the just Judgment of God. Does your Lordship herd with these, for the same good Reason that Physicians visit the Sick? But have you wrought any Cures? Have you made any Converts? You are not positive; but say, You hope they will repent of

*their Folly* : Since then they are still Impenitent, and indeed their Behaviour gives us no tolerable Prospect of their growing better, permit us to hope in our Turns, that *your Lordship* will be cautious, and call to mind the many sad Examples of very Great Men, who have been Ruin'd by ill Company.

Is it for you, *my Lord*, to say, how ill these Men have been treated by the *Tories*, when even now you are one of them, you cannot forbear the Old Style of calling them *No Christians*, and *Enemies to GOD*? Only your Lordship seems to like them best since their Fall ; which I know not how to account for, whether by charging it on your Wisdom or your Charity.

When we talk of the Pamphler War, it is your Interest to stand Neuter : You have been pelted by both Sides ; and I heartily Condole with your Lordship on the occasion. But you must not be a Judge in a Cause, where you were reckon'd by your present Friends to be so considerable a Party ; especially since you understand the Law no better than to talk of Terms little short of Rebellion ; as if any Terms could be so by the Laws of *England*.

Your Lordship promises not to treat the *Tories* as vilely as they have treated the *Whigs* ; and in that you are right : For tho' you have forsaken them, yet you own, *They are for the Church of England, for Monarchy and Episcopacy*, whereupon you give them your Blessing : And after a smart Remark, *That they would be well pleas'd to see French Wine cheap* ; you add, *That in their Hearts they are against the Pretender* ; All this put together, makes a much better Character than that of being *No Christians*, expos'd by their *Folly* to the just Judgment of *GOD*. Your Lordship therefore might have spar'd the Doctrines of Not Resisting and Not Reviling the Powers ; for by your own Account of both Ministries, the present have much the advantage of the last, not only as better Governors, but  
better

better Men. The Love of Truth as well as of Peace, obliged you to use them with Respect; and accordingly your Lordship's Modesty assigns no other Name to the Faults you find with their Conduct, but that of Apprehensions.

All you charge them with, as the effect of their Council's at least, tho' not of their Intentions, is only the bringing in of Popery and Slavery, and the ruining of their Country, and of all Europe, by an Insecure and Dishonourable Peace: And yet you profess not to accuse them, and to be modest in your Suggestions, as still retaining some regard for the Gospel, which enjoins us *not to speak Evil of Dignities*. I know not how your Lordship can make them amends, but by persisting to oppose them with Vigour, that you may add to their Triumphs and augment their Glory.

These Apprehensions you refer to the Parliament, and at this time very luckily, when you say, *The Peace is in a manner concluded, and the Two Houses are to meet, to offer up their united Gratulations on that occasion*. 'Tis an Undertaking worthy your Lordship, to disturb their Joys, and oppose their Authority.

*The great Reason*, says your Lordship in large Text, *which is GIVEN for making Peace, is the Balance of Power*; but you GIVE another Reason, which I hope will never be TAKEN, for carrying on the War. Your Argument is this; *Because Charles V, was Emperor and King of Spain; and in possession of the Netherlands, Naples, Burgundy, and the West-Indies at the same time, and yet Francis I, kept him at Bay above Thirty Years, therefore we must fight on to procure more Dominions for the present Emperor, than ever Charles V, had (for his Brother, as King of the Romans, had all the Hereditary Countries) only to try if, notwithstanding this Accession, we may not still be able to prevent his Over-running all Europe. But Charles had many more Enemies in Arms against him*  
besides



besides *Francis I.*, and I do not rightly comprehend what your Lordship means by *keeping at Bay* : For *Francis* was taken Prisoner, and the Dutchy of *Milan* wrested from him ; and the War which was entail'd upon *Philip II.*, Son of *Charles V.*, ended in the Battle of *St. Quintin*, when France, says your Lordship, lay wholly at the Mercy of Spain.

If what you suggest be true, that *Henry VIII.*, of *England*, not so Powerful, in your Judgment, as *Queen Anne*, did effectually turn the Balance of *Europe* upon that great Emperor, why may not *Great Britain* turn it upon France, if ever that Crown and Spain should be united under *Philip V.* Especially when She is supported by so many Great Allies ; and *Philip*, with that Accession, cannot be suppos'd to weigh near so much as *Charles V.*

What if the Two Branches of the House of *Bourbon* should not Quarrel, is it any Proof against such an Incident that your Lordship observes, the Two Branches of the House of *Austria* liv'd in perfect Amity ? My Lord, It is our Interest they should not Quarrel ; for then it is probable they will not Usurp upon, or Invade one another, and so France and Spain will be still more divided than ever.

You seem to suspect, that King *Philip* may be under Secret Engagements to his Grand-father : Who probably would not spend such vast Sums of Money in his behalf, for Nothing : But does not your Lordship say, France must support Spain for its own sake ; and its Self-Interest Nothing ?

Your Lordship is so full of Speculations on this Subject, and you represent King *Philip* as so much of a Royal Boy, a Child in Leading-strings, that I begin to think no Accession of Power can make him formidable. To fasten his Attachments more closely upon France, you are raising a Rebellion against him in Spain, where you assure us, That *Aragon and Catalonia* will be disaffected ; That *Flanders* may arise in *Castile* ; but of this you are not certain,

certain; and that Portugal will foment Disturbances, and harbour Malecontents: All this while you forget where the Argument, such as it is, pinches; for you should have made *Philip* a more terrible Youth, if you really intended to obstruct the Peace.

Your Lordship will be ever admired as an exact Stater of Cases: For speaking of the *French King*, you say, *At Sea he is an Over-match for any one of the Maritime Powers, and an equal Match for both.* I must intreat your Lordship to reconcile this with the *Dutch State* of the War for the last Year, in which they are pleas'd to ascribe the Ruin of the *French Power at Sea*, to the Conduct of your old Friend *Sir George Rooke*, in the Fight off *Malaga*.

Your Lordship is under such strange Puxplexities when you begin to form your Apprehensions of the *French King's* Designs, that I hope no Mortal will believe, you or your old Friends were ever in his Interests, or let into his Secrets: In one Place you are enclined to think, That he is grown good, and repents of his former Misdeeds: In another you imagine, He only Treats to gain Time; Which must needs be of great advantage to him, for you make him so Old and Infirm, as if you expected to hear of his Death every Post; though a Prelate of your new Acquaintance, who in a late Pamphlet undertakes to insure for your Lordship's Honesty, threatens us with a Prophecy, *That he is as long-liv'd as himself.*

After these Conjectures about the Old Monarch, your Lordship gives the young *Dauphin* over; not without a Hint at the Methods practis'd to clear the ground of the two last; tho' I dare be positive neither of them was slain your Lordship's way, by Dirt and Poison of Pamphlet: And then you insist, that *King Philip's* Renunciation will be valid no further than it can be supported by Arms. Is not this the Reason of Her Majesty's forming so strong

strong and extensive a Guaranty, for the Performance of that important Contract? Are you such a *Hero* to force us into a War, before the *Dauphin* dies, and King *Philip* breaks his Word, only because one may die, and the other be Perjur'd? Do we hang Men to prevent their Robbing us, or knock all we meet down, for fear they should Pick our Pockets? If the Two Crowns under the direction of *Louis XIV.* have not kept their ground against the Allies, why they should be able to do it under *Philip*, is not easily to be imagin'd; notwithstanding all those things should come to pass which your Lordship apprehends, The Death of the *Dauphin*; the Perjury of King *Philip*; the Acquiescence of the Dukes of *Berry* and *Orleans*; the Rebellion of the *French*, in order to force *Philip* to be their King; the Inclinations of the *Spaniards* to become a Province to *France*, and the Indolence and Unconcernedness of all *Europe* and its Guarantees, to stand by without Interposing. These Apprehensions you, my Lord, may value at what rate you please; but so long as they do not stand us in Six Millions a Year, I am easy.

I wish your Lordship had suffer'd your new Friends to correct what you say Of the validity of indefeasible Allegiance; Of Birthright not to be renounc'd; Of Titles reviving after having lain dormant; and Of preferring the Right Succession to the Cause of Religion; of which you give us an Instance in the Case of *Henry IV.* and the Cardinal of *Bourbon*. I hope you will let them know, you never learn'd some of these things among the *Tories*; and I should be glad to be satisfied, whether such Principles are only Tolerated in new Converts.

What the *French* did at *Lisle* before 1708, to the Prejudice of our Manufactures, which your Lordship undertakes to resent, they will perhaps be so ungracious to justify, because they were at that time our Enemies: But if our Allies the *Dutch*, have

what

used us worse in that Trade since, which neither they nor your Lordship will ever be able to disprove, you are so fond of Proverbs, instead of—*Straining at Gnats and swallowing of Camels*, may put down—*The duce a Barrel the better Herring!*

My Lord, I would not lay Load upon the *Dutch*; tho' the *Examiner* is in their Debt, and owns he has not furnish'd his *Quata*; neither would I lessen the mutual Confidence between Us and the *States*, by your Lordship's Example, who are so forward to furnish them with Suspicious: But you own, *They are our Rivals in Trade*; and do not deny, *But they may have over-reach'd us*. My great Quarrel to them has been on that Head, and in behalf of the Independent Sovereignty of *Great Britain*. I will abate of my Zeal, when their Writers repent of their Insolence. Not that ever I shall be brought to compliment them with all that fine Address of which your Lordship is Master; when you say, That, next under God, *they have been the Preservers of the Protestant Religion*; and, that *Queen Elizabeth could no more stand without them, than they without Her*. I am sorry you cannot afford to put your own Country at the Head of the Protestant Interest: I am sure it might be easily done, if we could once prove, that a *Poor Distressed State* was by no means equal to the *Greatest Princess* in the World.

I am afraid your Lordship has made a false Muster of the Protestant Forces: You say we have lost the *Palatine House* and *Saxony*: That the only two Protestant Powers in *Germany*, are *Hanover* and *Brandenburgh*: So that the burden of the Work must rest upon *England* and *Holland*. Your Lordship does well to forget the Protestant Princes of the *North*; because the Peace you oppose, and the Measures of the present Ministry, are particularly calculated for composing the Differences on that side, and adding a very great force of *Guarantees*

to the Protestant Interest, by their Accession, whose Friendship and Confidence your Lordship's new Favourites so unfortunately neglected.

When this great Work is accomplish'd, we hope to cure your Lordship of your Apprehensions: Certainly they are great Symptoms of the Spleen, since you firmly believe, *That Her Majesty and Her Ministers have the Protestant Interest most at Heart; That the Tories hate the Pretender; That the Parliament are True Britons; and, That the Dutch, for their own sakes, will stand by us.* Whence then can your Fears arise? Must they not come from that Party, *Who, as you say, can forget they are Christians, can countenance Profaneness, Irreligion, and even downright Paganism;* and who are now openly combin'd to obstruct all the good Designs of such a Parliament, such a Ministry, and such a QUEEN?

Your Lordship's Sincerity in the Affair of the *Occasional Bill* may be allow'd; but we cannot so readily Credit you, when you speak for the rest of the *Whigs*. My Lord of S. who always gives a critical Reason for every Change in his Principles, has not yet publish'd the Motives that reconciled him to that once Persecuting Cat-throat A&C, which has done such dreadful Execution: But the best Casuists of your Lordship's old Acquaintance will tell you, *That to do Good that Evil may come of it, is no such Proof of a hearty Affection for the Church.*

You say, *There is a Door open'd on the side of Scotland;* and that way you apprehend the coming of the *Pretender*. For the sake of the Protestant Religion I am inclined to believe, that good part of your Intelligence is not true: I am sure it stands upon the *Scotch* Members to do themselves and their Country Justice: But if, as your Lordship affirms, Whig and Tory, on the other side of the *Tweed*, are Names universally understood to denote Men who are for or against the *Pretender*, these

mistaken

mistaken Sentiments can only be charged upon the Conduct of your new Friends; who by discouraging and suppressing the *Episcopalians*, left that People to the Mercy and Choice of two Tyrants, the *Papist* and *Fanatick*. Your Lordship does therefore, with great Judgment, refer the remedying of this Evil to the *Parliament*: For by shewing the *Scots* the Beauty of the Church of England, tho' but in a Tolerated State, they have interpos'd between that prevailing Distinction; and by a happy *Medium* convinc'd them, That they may be for the Queen and the Protestant Religion, without leaving their Liberties at the Mercy of *Papery*, or the *Presbytery*; which I take to be nobler Management than the famous *Act of Security*, and may perhaps make way for another happy Union.

My Lord, I cannot imagine what other Inducement besides the force of *Genius*, should set you on to publish such violent Apprehensions: You profess to *Reverence the Ministry*; to be *modest in your Suggestions*: You say, *you will not accuse them*: You are content to trust them with the *Publick Interests*, because they certainly know the *State of the Nation*, and the *Condition of our Allies*, better than any private Man; and you thank God for the *Security of a British House of Commons*. My Lord, your Modesty is so great, it leaves us at a Loss to find out your Meaning. Do you write for Profit, and to inform others? But you say, *They know better already*. Do you write for Pleasure, and to divert others? You shall make us as merry as you can, if you will lay aside your Fears and Jealousies.

But, my Lord! was it altogether so *modest a Suggestion* to imagine, that the *House of Commons*, you so highly value, should not stand to their Vote against my Lord T——d, for signing the *Dutch Barrier*? Your Lordship knows he was not censur'd for the *Barrier*, which has been since confirm'd; but, in effect, for signing to the Invasion of his own Country; the Ruin of our Trade, and  
the



the Lessening the Independency of the Crown; and why the Commons should Retract what has produced some Symptoms of *Dutch Modesty*, must be left to your Lordship's great Judgment and Penetration. Was it altogether so *modest a Suggestion*, to call the New-made Lords a *Troop of Peers*, or to insinuate, as if that Act of the Prerogative were an Infringement of our Liberties? Your Lordship has Council near you, and may be informed better: I believe your great Grievance is, that you cannot charge any of that Troop with Desertion.

My Lord! The good old way of Examining any Treaty or Incident in Politicks, is to sift every Article, enquire into the Demands, Concessions, Rights, Powers, Interests, and Inclinations of the States and Princes concern'd, and what Aspect and Influence they have upon our own Country. But the present Peace is attack'd a different way; Your Lordship has marshalled together some Scraps and Parallels from History, and several deep Conjectures of a Prophetick Nature, which, properly speaking, are Remarks upon Futurity: Yet you would fain have them called *Considerations of Weight*. But had the *Privy Seal* been in such Hands, I suppose the Negotiations at *Utrecht* would have gone on heavily; and we might have stay'd for a Peace, till the *French* could have given a good Account of *Philip the Fair* and King *Pepin*, as well as of *Lewis XIV.* Indeed, they are such prodigious Historians, that you are positive, *They take some of their Measures from the two Houses of York and Lancaster.*

My Lord! If the Recital of History, without the Application, can Recommend you, I stand prepared to wish you joy: For whatever Airs of publick Spirit we *Authors* may give our selves, they say, we cannot forbear in some *Page* or other, to drop an unwary Expression, which betrays our whole Design, and discovers the Motive that sets us a Writing. Thus your Lordship is pleased to account for your Conduct in this Business, by say-

ing,

ing, *That you are Amicus Curiae*, which I venture to Translate, *A Friend to the Court*; tho' you were not so happy to be at first Retained. But whether you are at last to be Retained or no, I hope you will go on, and give us a better State of the Nation in March, than you did in January. I am,

MY LORD!

*Your Lordship's great Admirer,  
and Humble Servant,*

*The EXAMINER.*

N<sup>o</sup> 18. *Monday, March 2.*

*Accidit huic, quod cæteris mortalibus, ut inconsideratio in secundâ, quam in adversâ esset Fortunâ.  
C. Nepos in Vitâ Dion.*

THE Great Earl of Clarendon, in his incomparable *History of the Rebellion*, hath displayed Himself in several Excellencies, which seem to give him an Advantage above any the most masterly Genius of the *Augustan Age*.

The two shining Instances are the Liveliness and Propriety of his Characters, which lead us into all the secret Springs and Traces of Action, and his inimitable Way of Marking out the most brittle and surprizing Junctures and Turns of State, where the several contending Interests centre, and upon which the whole Issue and Fate of the War depend: Whence the Noble Historian takes an Opportunity to furnish us with such just Remarks and  
Obser-

Observations upon the Conduct and Consequences of every publick Emergence, as, in Circumstances of the like Nature, may be of immense Use to after-Ages.

The most remarkable *Crisis* is that, which takes up the Seventh Book of his Second Volume, when the Tide of Fortune ran high for the Royal Cause, and a lucid Interval of Success seem'd to promise as joyful a Day of Triumph and Victory to the Crown and the Church. After the Battles of *Stratton*, *Lausdown*, and *Roundway-Down*, and the Taking of *Bristol* and *Exeter*, the King's Friends and Forces were enliven'd with new Spirit and Vigour; the Stream of Providence went smoothly for them, and their Prosperity kept so even a Pace with the Justice of their Arms, that they concluded they were Masters of the War, and all their Care was how they should dispose of a vanquish'd Enemy. On the other Hand, the Rebels were Dispirited; their Cause seem'd to be as Desperate as it was Unjust and Wicked: Distraction and Jealousie raged among them: Their Guilt and their Fears kept them in Suspense, between Risquing all, and Laying themselves at the Feet of the Conqueror. The Moderate Party, who had not run the same Lengths with their Leaders, began to meditate Peace and Accommodation: But the Men of Blood, whose constant Aim was *Root and Branch*, cry'd to *Scotland* for Help, and look'd every Day when their incens'd Monarch should bring Desolation home to them, and appear at their Gates with his Victorious Followers.

It was amazing that all this Sun-shine should be so soon Over-cast, and this Series of Success turn to no Account: That the Royal Conqueror should slip every Opportunity, and fall from all his Glory and Triumph, to be first their Captive, then their Slave, and at last their Victim. A Catastrophe, as little foreseen, as it was without Parallel; the dismal Effects of which we still sensibly feel and labour

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bour under. Here the Noble Author appears like himself; and in the clearest and most pathetick Manner touches upon the many unhappy Measures, the false Steps, and fatal Omissions, that contributed to this dismal Turn, and made way for those Scenes of Horror and Confusion. A Collection of all this Mismanagement, and a full View of the several Counsels that influenced that Juncture, when they are laid together and digested under proper Heads, however Melancholy an Entertainment it may appear, will serve to keep alive the Caution at least, if not to direct the Conduct, of Posterity.

One great Obstruction to the Royal Interest at that time, was, the Prevalence of private Passion, the giving way to Revenge, and the ardent Desire of Chastising some few insolent Subjects, whose Provocations were all Artifice, and intended purely to divert the King's Arms: Whereby he was drawn off from pushing his Success in the right Place, and carrying Terror into the main Body of the Enemy. This occasion'd the Siege of *Gloucester*; and that Incident gave a Turn to the Fate of Three Kingdoms.

Another false Step was, the dilatory Neglect of Time and Opportunity, a headless Course of Procrastination, as Fatal in Politicks as in Religion. That Maxim in *Tacitus*, *Qui deliberant desci-verunt*, is of the utmost Consequence in publick Business, where the Steps to be taken are obvious and uncontested, and nothing is wanting but Activity and Execution. Time is the Measure of our Characters as well as of our Lives; and by the right Use of a few Moments, Men grow to be Immortal.

Perplexity and Confusion in Advice, had the same evil Consequences as Delay. When Men, wanton with Success, and actuated by private Views or Appetites, pull'd a different way from the Patriots and truly Publick-Spirited, there could be no great Prospect of a happy Issue: For, among the  
Rebels,

Rebels, Fear and Guilt produced a stricter Union, than Zeal and Innocence among the Loyalists. Thus whilst the State-Physicians were divided in their Opinions, whether to Cure or Cut off the distemper'd Part, whether to use the Cold, the Hot, or the Temperate Regimen, the poor declining Body Politick, the Patient expired under their Hands.

No less Fatal was that unhappy Temper and Custom of many of the King's Party, who took Measures and Precedents for their Conduct from the Rebels; and thought it not unlawful to use them as they had served others, and to practise their own Arts upon an ungenerous Enemy. Every one, who takes these Advantages, stands Condemn'd in his own Judgment, and levels himself with those whom he is most forward to Censure. This Piece of Management is still more unjustifiable and more ruinous, if it extends to the Violation of any known Laws, or to the Damage and Infringement of the Constitution. A Nation must perish, where One Side is Wicked and Treacherous by Principle, and the Other out of Spite or by Imitation.

The want of Discipline, and a general Licentiousness that spread over the Court and Army, so contrary to the Example and Maxims of the Royal Martyr, gave a considerable Shock to his Interests. There is so close an Analogy between Natural and Moral Corruptions, that a Body Politick can no more outlive the Growth of Vice, than the Body Natural can get over the common Date of Mortality. A Run of Hypocrisy, Cant, Fanaticism, and Villany in Disguise, are a superior Match for Immorality, when they come to join Battle, though they involve a Nation in a much deeper Guilt: Because Interest is the chief End of such a Habit, as Pleasure is of the Other. Vice draws on an Entail of Temporal Curses; but Hypocrisy is often put off to the Judgment of another Life. True Piety is therefore the only Weapon fit to Combat such

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*Black Saints*; it exposes their Designs in a true Light, and raises the Courage to nobler Heights, than *Bigotry* and *Enthusiasm*.

A disregard of the popular Virtues was another failure in the Politicks of that Time. They who would turn Ambition the right way, and aspire to the Hearts of the People, which is the noblest and most stable Empire, must condescend to all their Frailties, humour their prevailing Sentiments, lead them by the Cords of Gentleness and Forbearance, and court them as a Lover addresses to a wayward Mistress, who is conscious of her Power, who prides her self in her Fortune, and whom nothing but a Complaisance, superior to her Vanity, can win to a State of Subjection.

There was also an implacable Spirit in many belonging to the Court of King *Charles*, which plunged him deep in Misfortunes. These Men could not forget Injuries, and pass over Provocations with a Passive Calmness, that surpasses the highest Efforts of *Heroick* Valour. They could not think of Reconciliation with a base ungenerous Foe; and therefore would not stoop to those Arts, so absolutely necessary for the breaking a Faction, by dissolving the Ties of Interest, which is the *Bond of Iniquity*, and dispersing a Confederacy the same way it is form'd and drawn together. On the other Hand the King had many about him, who fell into the contrary Extream, and submitted to any Condescensions, offer'd any Terms to an insolent Party, who knew how to abuse such Lenity to the best Advantage, the enlargement of their Demands, the gaining of Time, and the insuing new jealousies into the People.

Intestine Dissentions prov'd another Incident fatal to the Royal Cause. Men of high Birth, strong Passions, and weighty Pretensions, could not be brought to truckle to those they disliked or distrusted, in Points of Honour, or where Preferment was at Stake. They were apt to find fault with the  
State



State of Affairs, on purpose to render themselves necessary, and to shift off the Imputation of any Miscarriage upon others: They mingled their Family-Quarrels with the Common Cause; and introduced many Fews and Dissentions into the Court and Camp, which weaken'd the King's Interest, lessen'd the numbers of his Friends, and embarrass'd the Publick Affairs. So that whilst the Cause of Anarchy and Confusion prosper'd by the Arts and Power of Love and Unity, that of Monarchy fell to Pieces by Faction and Discord.

Envy had also a great Share in these Misfortunes. King *Charles* had rais'd some Men to the highest Dignities, upon the bare Pretence of Merit, of which he was a good Judge: This proved a Grievance; and some of his Favourites, who mounted *per Saltum*, wanted the extraordinary Gift of Patience, and could not brook to be unjustly Censur'd. Others would not meet or not agree in Council with those they Undervalu'd or were jealous of: Some affected to dictate, others to oppose; and few were Disinterested and Impartial, Condescending or Temperate. Whereas Wisdom, like Beauty, is to be cull'd from many Heads, as one Feature from this Face, and another from that; whilst the Rebels were held together by a due Subornation of their Understandings, and the great End of their Treasons. They had few wise Men among them, whom therefore they implicitly follow'd; and scarce any Good, which made them all of a Piece.

Ambition and Self-Interest were no less prevalent: For when Success had warm'd their Hopes, every Man began to reckon for himself, to magnify his Merit and Services, to muster the number of his Friends, and enforce the Necessity of obliging them; to push his Pretensions, and sometimes to menace Disgust and Retirement from Business. This Spirit of Avarice, and Importunity for Reward, before the Work was finish'd, proved a mighty Disad-

Disadvantage to the Court : For the Contagion was so Universal, that as far as we can gather from my Lord *Clarendon*, few of His Majesty's Followers of any Eminence were uninfected ; and none more so than the great Lord *Hopton*, who, next to the *Royal Martyr*, is apparently the *Hero* of the History.

Another piece of Mismanagement was the exposing of Majesty to too many Condescensions ; for which the necessity of the King's Affairs was the only Pretence. But doubtless the breaking thro' the Forms of Address, and the Difficulties of Approach to the Throne, which are the Outworks of Sovereignty, was a great Inconvenience to the King, render'd his Sacred Character cheap, his Hours of Business uneasy, and made his Goodness subservient to his Ruin.

With these Measures we may reckon the ill Conduct of the Court with respect to *Converts*, who certainly should have been encouraged and retain'd, when they had given Proofs of their Sincerity, had made a sufficient Attonement, and were in despair of regaining the same Interest with the Enemy, especially if they had been in any Secret, or admitted to a more than ordinary Confidence. The neglecting these, or exposing them to private Cabals, and the Frowns of those who had never swerv'd from their Duty, was of fatal Consequence ; as in the Case of the Earls of *Bedford* and *Holland*. Such Management forc'd them Body and Soul into the contrary Service, push'd them upon desperate Enterprizes as Marks of their Reconversion ; whereas if they had been unsuspected, and shelter'd only from Disgrace, they might have continued Faithful, without any other Favour but the Probability of recovering all by an *After-game* of Reputation. There was a contrary Extream to this, which obtain'd at other times, when they were too Easy and Indulgent in admitting Profelytes upon the slenderest Recommendation ; whereby they

brought Spies into their Councils, and Vipers into their Bosom. This was too loose an Exposition of the *Jewish* Proverb, which warns us to have a Care of Profelytes to the Tenth Generation.

Lastly, the Noble Historian complains of the Methods taken to disgust real Merit, the overlooking unfeign'd Loyalty, and a long Course of great and signal Services, and sometimes, instead of a Reward, punishing them with Poverty, Discontent, and Suffering. This drove many into Despair, made them question the Goodness of their Cause, and reconciled them to their Enemies: Whilst others, more Honest, were content to withdraw, went into Exile, or liv'd in a State of Recess and Inactivity. Virtue indeed ought to be always the same, and to subsist upon the Prospect of Futurity. Publick Spiritedness and Passive Obedience are both Duties; but whoever puts them to the severest Trials, fomentis a War between *Nature* and *Grace*, which may prove Fatal in the End, and was perfectly Unnecessary in the Beginning.

N<sup>o</sup> 19.      *Friday, March 6.*

——— *Nævole, dic aliquid.*

Martin.

I Can scarce afford to keep a serious Countenance with those candid Judges, who express their surprize at the great Increase of Controversy; and are apt to pronounce of the Pamphlet War, as they did of the War in *Flanders*. That they are both calculated for Eternity. These Men are so good-natur'd to believe, that as shedding of Blood and expending of Money were heretofore taken for Success, so, by the same Rule, spilling of Ink and consumption

sumption of Words, may pass for Argument and Contutation. According to this Scheme, Writing is only the Exercise of the Pen, and a Mechanical way of running Divisions upon the Alphabet: Reasoning and Debate are the filling up of a void Space between the *Title-Page* and *Finis*, and a *Genius* seems to differ very little from a Ghost: 'tis the Apparition of good Sense murder'd, the Resemblance of Substance copied in Air, that never appears but by a false Light, and only gives Disturbance to weak Heads and guilty Minds.

For my own Part, I think Controversy is at a stand: Within these two Years, I have perused about a Tun and a half of *Pamphlets*; which I can much more properly call in the honest *Stationers* Terms, *Reams of Genoa* and *Foolscap*, than venture to give them the Names of *Answers*, *Replies*, *Arguments*, *Vindications*, or the like, notwithstanding I see they are mark'd with those Appellations by the witty Rogues the Authors; who care not how they impose upon the World in that modish way which they call *Banter*: And yet, after all my Fatigue, I find I have danc'd in a Wheel, have trod a *Labyrinth*, and gone over the same Ground Fifty times; so that it is impossible to express my Satisfaction, when I break Pale, and take a Run in that fine Country which was possess'd by our Ancestors; or range in the open Plains, and entertain my self with all the curious Landskip of Antiquity. After a Jaunt of this sort, to return to a Bundle of modern Pamphlets, is falling from *Cowper's-Hill* into a *Bogg*, or coming down full speed from the *Downs* of *New-Market* into the *Pens* of *Essex*. Here we have neither Fertility nor Beauty: But the whole Intellectual World, as they have moulded it, is like the natural World of *Epicurus*, a System of *Vacancy* and *Confusion*.

The Whig-Authors are the most obliging in giving us some Relief in this Extremity: For finding that Invention is quite lost among them, and be-

cause they despair of making any future Discoveries; except in the Immense *Space* or *Void*, the *Region of Absurdity*; they are now narrowing the Art of Reason, and reducing it into so close a Compass, that whoever reads one of their Books, may be lawfully said to peruse Five hundred. They have got the way of making up Arguments in Packs, like *Cards*; if you buy a Thousand Sets, you will still find the same quantity of *Knaves* and *Clubs* in every one of them. This is done to prevent Nonsense from being too great a Burden to weak Memories, and for the more expeditious way of Confuting and Silencing an Adversary. It is now no strange thing to meet a Writer of that Side, with a Pocket-Book about him, no bigger than a Surgeon's Case of Instruments; in which he carries all the necessary Utensils proper to be employ'd in the Service of the Body Politick, whether for Letting of Blood, Scarification, Incision, Dilatation, Infusion, Ejection, Amputation, Anatomy, or any other safe and salubrious Method of Practice.

I have long waited for a compleat Collection of their Reasons, or an *Epitome* of Whig-Logick; and I believe the only thing that obstructs the Publication of it, is, That there are as many Revolutions in their Rational as their Political Scheme, whereby they are disabled from coming to a Settlement: But this might be remedied by Monthly States, in which the People should be instructed what to Believe and Assent to, till the next Full Moon: Whilst the eternal Truths, the standing Rules and Arguments, which are stamp'd and authoriz'd by their Rabbies, might, if communicated to the World in the mean time, prove a very good Entertainment: And however unqualified I may seem for such a Task, yet I shall attempt something of a Sketch in Imitation of what I long for, and as a Taste of what may be expected from their own Masters. I enter upon this Work more cheerfully,

fully, because I thereby hope to convince the World, by what irresistible Strength and formidable Forces the *Examiner* has been vanquish'd: That he fell with Honour, and had all the Artillery, the whole Host and Flower of the Whigs, drawn down upon him. He sunk beneath those invincible Arguments which tumbled down the Crown, razed the Church to its Foundations, and overturn'd Religion and Government. Indeed, nothing can stand before them: They would have confuted *Euclid* and *Archimedes*. I therefore give fair warning to all, who in After-times shall presume to take up the Pen against them, to learn Instruction by my Fate; and not rashly enter the Lists with those, who are Masters of such a compendious Method of Destruction, and can Rout whole Volumes, by the Demonstration of a few short Paragraphs.

Their first Argument lies in the Power and Energy of a strenuous Negative: They Deny stoutly, and Contradict with Courage. 'Tis pity their Countenances could not be Introduced into every Page, that they might be truly said to *Face a Man down*. This way they answer all Facts and Occurrences, Foreign and Domestick, Antient and Modern; as also all Historical and Traditional Accounts of their own Party. This is an approv'd Method, and valuable for its Brevity: For to give the *Lye* in return for Truth, argues superior Wit in the Person who Over-reaches the other, by parting with a less valuable Consideration for a greater. But there is one Misfortune attends it: For the Dealers this way, tho' they are sure to find Readers who will believe them, yet they are apt to impute to their own Parts and Industry, what is really due to the meritorious Weakness and Credulity of their Followers.

Another excellent Talent is *Assassination* or *Sooth-saying*, ripping their Adversaries open, peeping into their Entrails, and pronouncing upon their



Designs and Intentions, without the least Proof from any outward Indications. This serves to fill up Characters, and give a malicious Turn to the publick Affairs. It Silences and Perplexes all those who would Speak well, Hope well, and Wish well to their Governors. For the Guesses of these Sages are heightened by a brisk Imagination, and the *Self-consciousness* of Villany. Then it is impossible to Reply to them on this Subject; for the Ills they foresee are still to come: So we can only suggest a modest Probability, That no wise or crafty Politician would undertake a compleat Piece of Iniquity, whilst they were out of Power, and render'd incapable of finishing the Contrivance by their Assistance.

If an Author writes Insufferably well, and has more Wit and Sense than ought to be born with in a Free State, especially among Levellers; they never meddle with his Works, but look out for his Person, or, which is all one, chuse a Representative for him: And after having daub'd him all over with Ink, have no more Conscience than to swear to his Complexion, and pronounce it to be Black.

When you Question them upon the Topick of Religion, their Creed and Catechism consist of one Grand Article ——— *We are no Papists* ——— For their Rule in Spirituals is to establish Nothing, but to admit or reject every Sect, according as they are for or against them in Temporals. This makes them the sole Arbitrators of Controversy within their own Pale. They silence the *Low-Church Bishops* by the *Presbyterians*, who reject *Episcopacy*; the *Presbyterians* by the *Independents*, who are against all *Synods*; the *Independents* by the *Quakers*, who hold an *Internal Government*; the *Quakers* by the *Socinians*, who make that *Internal Governor* to be *meer Man*; the *Socinians* by the *Deists*, who deny all *Revelation*; and the *Deists* by the *Free-Thinkers*, who question the very Being of a God.

Thus

Thus they confute their own Sects by one another, whenever they desert them in Seculars; and the True Church, by insulting its Members with the Names of *Tory*, *High-Flyer*, *Jacobite*, *Perkinite*, and the like; which are Marks they carry with them to the Church Door; there thrust them into People's Pockets, and then give out They were found upon them.

All their Warlike Mismanagement, their Plundering, Robbing, and cutting of Throats, they justify by very bold Assertions, *That they have fought, and understand a Sword.* And when they design to pick a Pocket, they pretend to shew Strange Things, and bid the honest By-standers look up to the Roof of Westminster-hall.

They make short Work of the Dispute about Government; For they trace it at once up to a *State of Equality*, older than History is felt: So that any Account so low as *Adam* must give way to it. This is its Beginnings; and the End is their own Good and Welfare: Whatever Changes they get by, are call'd *Revolutions*; and all they lose by, *Rebellions*.

If you argue with them in behalf of *Great Britain*, against any Foreign Power; then they represent to you the heinous Crime and perhaps Danger, of affronting an Ally. If you advance a few unlucky Truths against any of their own Leaders, then they top the *Lord* upon you, and answer as a certain *Bishop* does the Charge of *Heresy*, by an Action of *Scandalum Magnarum*.

When the People are on their Side, then they must be humour'd by the Government, which was ordain'd for their Sakes: Then their Addresses are the Voice of God, and themselves the Magazine of Power: But when the same People declare against them, they are The Mob, The Vulgar, Poor misguided Wretches: A Majority is no longer of force; and they give over the silly Custom of Telling Noses.

If at any time they quote an Author, who writes against them, they do it in imperfect Fragments; and then ungenerously Triumph over his Defects, when they have Maim'd and Dismember'd him. This way of Proceeding in Controversy, however short and effectual, is not entirely their own Invention: For I have seen a Monkey, in less time, confute a Sage of the first Order, by tearing his Works to Pieces.

They are great Boasters of Learning with those of their own Side, who are the only Criticks that will not call it in question. To these they dictate and prescribe, with the most absolute Authority; forestall their Judgment, awe their Senses, and dispose of their Faith at pleasure. But they are no less painful Professors of profound Ignorance in their Dealings with an Adversary: They cannot comprehend a Word he says: His Metaphors they take literally, and his literal Expressions Metaphorically: All Satyr is Menacing, and they always explain a Hint by the Latitude of their own Malice and Barbarity.

Talk to them about the Danger of the Church, and they answer you, *They have made you easie by giving up the Dissenters*: Talk to them about the Toleration, and they can answer the Dissenters, *They will make them easie by giving up the Church, whenever: it is in their Power*. So that it is downright Malice and Scandal to charge them with an Aversion to Religion: For 'tis so indifferent a Thing in their Opinion, that they will not quarrel with their Friends about it.

They lay it down as a Maxim, *That no Faith is to be given to Tories*, and then call upon you to prove your Facts by Witnesses: And they make the Whigs incapable of Lying, and then put us to justify those honest Gentlemen, who have taken them in the very Act. This Piece of Conduct is supported by very good Principles: They call it,

*Trea-*

*Treachery* when they are found out; and No Man Lyes, who is True to their Interest.

Mention Power to them, Honours, Perquisites, and Six Millions a Year; they presently cry, *They are stout as Hercules, and have Fought with Success*: Strip them of these, and then tell them of Religion; they are presently Cowards, struck with a *Panick*, and afraid of *Popery*. They will not let us have a good Bargain cheap; but must be Brib'd to the Defence of our Faith, at the Expence of Thirty Millions, and Another Revolution. So highly they value — *Religion, or Money*!

When you argue for the Landed Interest, they call you an Enemy to Publick Credit: When you Treat for the Advancement of Trade, then our Allies must not be Disgusted.

If an Author attacks them with Vigour, they wave the main Argument, and fall foul on a single Word, or pick a quarrel with some particular Sentence, and Scrap of a Paragraph. As if Reason depended on Forms, and every Controversy were a Law Suit; where a Cause of the first Consequence might be lost by a *Nec non*.

If they are detected in a thousand Fallshoods, they never Retract: and if a Mistake be handsomely acknowledg'd, they never Forget or Forgive it.

When they are in Power, to talk of Fears and jealousies, or to suppose so Inconsiderable a Thing as the Church to be in Danger, is Factions and Criminal: But when they are discarded, to cry *Fire*, or proclaim publicly, *That Popery is coming in like a Flood*, is Justifiable and Meritorious.

Whatever they say, is never to be Answered; because they Print it over and over again, on purpose to have the last Word.

These are the Arts by which they flourish, and carry on the War, to the Confusion of all their Enemies: And Triumph they may, without controul; till some mighty Genius shall arise, with a

Nobler and more modish System of Lyes, Absurdities, and Cross-Purposes; and for ever silence them by dint of superior Dulness and Falshood. For Fops in Learning, like those in Nature, are only to be confuted the *Dramatick* way; by shewing them a Copy, more extravagant than the Original.

N<sup>o</sup> 20.      *Monday, March 9.*

*Nimia Fiducia, quanta Calamitas!*

*C. Nepos in Vita Pelopidi.*

**A**FTER a long Course of Controversie, and a whole Stream of Ink smoothly run down in the Cause of Free-Thinking, when we thought we were sure of the Point, and should never more be Interrupted in our Searches after Truth, or be debarr'd the Liberty of Reasoning, and Right of Judging for our-selves; the Whigs, on a sudden, are degenerated into the most abject Superstition and implicit Credulity, have truckled to the meanest Bigotry, and surrendered the Remains of their Faith, and the few Senses their Rage has left them, into the entire disposal of their petty Tyrants and arbitrary Directors: Who being out of Action, are, on that account, at leisure to employ themselves all together in Noise. They begin a Cry, and then lead the whole Pack with the Eccho. They keep behind the Curtain; and by proper Conveyances, infuse such Sounds into their Puppets, as are convenient to be uttered upon the Stage. These Vocalisations are at length restor'd to their true Meaning: They have left off Gilding the Pill, and give

the Dose plain and undisguised. Their Lyes are no longer Colour'd over, and resemble Truth in nothing but in being Naked. They find Cheating, according to *Hudibras's* Maxim, is *Giving Pleasure*; and therefore Palm their Packets on the World, with all the open Ostentation and Solemnity of a Quack: Because they plainly see, there is nothing so Gross, so Absurd, so Inconsistent; no Poison so rank, no Powders so insipid, but they can find Wretches willing and weak enough to swallow and digest them; and after the Infection breaks out, to recommend them as wholesome Physick to others, only for the sake of having their Company in a Distemper.

The *Grand Epidemical Lye* which they have lately cramm'd down the Throats of their Followers, and which all their Jack-Puddings are so busie in disseminating, is, *That the Tories in Power are about to bring in Popery*: A Suggestion so Monstrous and Absurd, that one would think it were a little unreasonable to oblige us to apply any thing in the way of Cure to a Wretch so far gone, so irreparably lost in the deepest Consumption of common Sense, as to be capable of believing it. Were it possible, that the *Amsterdam Gazetteer*, who writes as if his Correspondents had not sent him an entire Paragraph of Truth these two Years, should in his next Paper positively assert, *That on the 20th Instant, the British Tories did one and all intend to Assemble in a Body, and drink Poison round; or cut one another's Throats, and the Survivor his own*: He might with very near the same reason, deserve as much Credit from the Faction, as the Authors and Propagators of that other extravagant Forgery, which is yet so much more Popular and Current.

The Whigs are in no Pain for the *Dutch*, tho' they are known to Tolerate the *Romish Church* in all their Provinces: Neither can they hinder it from being truly Formidable in those other Count-  
tries.



tries, which are to serve as a Barrier to their State; where it enters so far into the Administration, and in some Places has entire Possession of the Government. The Body of their Divines are not so remarkable for Abilities, nor their Medley of Sects so amiable for the Beauties and Purity of a really Protestant Church, as to make it improbable for the Superstitions of *Rome* to continue their Progress in the Sentiments and Affections of that People. The Whigs are under no Uneasiness for the Protestant Interest in *Germany*, where the Jesuits bear such a large sway, more than becomes a Tolerated Society, have insinuated themselves into the Courts and Cabinets of the Reformed Princes; and very lately gave us Two fatal Instances of their Dexterity, nor without some well-grounded Apprehensions, that they are very near accomplishing a Third, more dangerous than the other Two. For those Subtle Pliers know very well how to improve an Advantage, in a Country, where the most Bigotted Popery is rooted in the Head and Heart, and may thence so easily diffuse it self through the Members and Extream Parts. Indeed the Whigs sent a Missionary of great Abilities into *Germany*; and it is probable, if Mr. Tol—— had been as good a Protestant as he was a Christian, Father *Voca* had not kept his Ground, whilst the other was dismissed with Ignominy. They express no Regard, and of late hardly think it worth their while so much as to mention the State of the Reformed in *Switzerland*: But ever since the *Genevans* thought it their Duty to testify an uncommon Respect for the Church of *England*, they have wholly excluded them the List of their Favourites. For the Protestant Powers in the North, they are still more unconcern'd; and most unaccountably Partial in favour of their truly Christian Allies of *Muscovy*, and those of *Poland*, whose Religion they can Compound for, out of Complaisance to their Republican Principles; in direct opposition to the  
King

King of Sweden, whose Overthrow they expect with Impatience, and give into all the Romantick Reports that anticipate his Destruction: Tho' he seems to be the only Potentate on that side of the World, willing and able to Support the Cause of the Reformed in *Germany*. All their Care, or rather all their Clamour, is confin'd to their own Country, where the Romish Religion is neither Tolerated nor Encouraged: Where the Law and the Establish'd Church are at open Enmity with it; Where the Queen, the Parliament, the Ministry, the Clergy, and People, are united by a Thousand Engagements of Conscience, Honour, Interest, and Self-Preservation, to oppose it; and where there appears an universal Propensity to agree in any Expedients for securing us against it, except that One, which the Whigs propose as the only Remedy, and which all good Men take to be as bad at least as the Disease, the Re-establishing of their own Party in the full Possession of Power, now they have so justly forfeited it; and deserve to have their Dismission confirm'd by as good Securities, as are made to Guard any other Fundamental, necessary to our Repose and Safety. But they find their Account in Spiriting up an imaginary Suspicion of Guilt, and laying the Load upon others; that their own real Enormities may escape unobserv'd and unpunished.

If we lay aside Words and Cant, the Artillery of Parties; upon comparing Facts and Occurrences, it will appear, that, next under God and Her Majesty, the Present Ministry have given all the Demonstrations of their being hearty and strenuous Assertors of the Protestant Cause, that could be expected by rational Men; one only excepted, which perhaps the Whigs might be forward enough to demand, their dying Martyrs in its Defence. They have supported and encouraged the Church of *England*, which is the firmest and most durable Barrier against Superstition and Religious Tyranny:

Whilst

Whilst the Whigs weaken'd and depress'd her, and suffered her to be over-run with Schismaticks and Sectaries; who are little better than the Dog and Bell to that Blind Church, the Cats-Feet and Jackalls of Popery. These Men and their Predecessors preserv'd us from Ruin at the Revolution: Whilst the Whigs basely comply'd with the Measures of the preceding unhappy Reign, and Tack'd to most of the Points of the Catholick Compass. They never came heartily into that single Overture, till they found a few dirty Jobbs cut out for them, and in which they hoped to Shine, like a Buffoon in a Play, who, by topping his Part, may Out-act the Hero. The Tories mean'd it for a Deliverance, and the Whigs would have it to be a Change: For the two First of their Clan who drew a Pen upon the Subject of the Revolution, the one as a Council, and the other as a Casuist, declar'd it to be a Commonwealth, or a Conquest. At the Treaty of *Ryswick*, the Whigs had more at Heart the Establishing of their own Power, than the Security of the Protestant Religion: For they scandalously gave up above Two hundred Reform'd Congregations to the Mercy of the Jesuits; whereby they made the *English* Name odious to the Northern Crowns, and gave the King of *Sweden* a fair opportunity of taking place of us, and appearing in reality at the Head of the Protestant Interest: And at the same time enabled the *French* King to make that fine Compliment to the See of *Rome*, whereby he entirely took off all those Suspicions and Jealousies, which by a course of ractive Conduct he had justly incur'd, and was before look'd on as meditating some further Reformation, to the Prejudice of the *Roman Purple*, and Prerogative of *St. Peter*. The Men who at this very time are applying a Remedy to that Evil, with all the tenderest Care imaginable, are called Papists by those, who committed this flagrant insufferable Blunder, which has been the Jest of the Jesuits these Ten Years. And

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the same Patriots are now removing that Court, who pretend to disturb the Protestant Succession, and were left in the quiet Possession of *St. Germain's* by the Whigs, that they might serve as a Rest for Scandal, and a Fund for Fears and Jealousies. Though 'tis notorious, they never attempted any open Attack upon us, but under their Administration, and in a Country, where they were sure the Church of *England* had not Interest enough to oppose them. If we consider Personal Characters and Suspicions, the Tories have effectually routed the only Family of any Interest among us, who, at least if the Sentiments of *K. W.* have any Weight with the Whigs, were ever detected in taking an Advantage from the Attachments and Foible of Nature, to make their Peace with that Court, and that Person, whose Legitimacy the Whigs have been the forwardest to acknowledge, and no less industrious in representing his Party as Numerous and Formidable. If Treating with *France* be Popery, the Whigs were equally Guilty at *Ryswick* and *Gertruydenburgh*, and much more so in sicken for the aggrandizement of the House of *Austria*, at the Expence of their Country's Ruin: For he must be strangely Ignorant or incurably Prejudic'd in his judgment of the Affairs of *Europe*, who does not see that the House of *Bourbon* have gotten the Start of the First Son of the Church, in receding from the Bigotry and Superstitions of *Rome*: Tho' perhaps we may not be out in imputing this imperfect Reformation, rather to Secular, than Religious Motives.

These Facts and Occurrences are undoubtedly sufficient to take off all Suspicion from the Men now in Power; tho' we set aside the ponderous Considerations of Safety and Interest. I should do my self Wrong, if I compar'd these Evidences with the Fairy Inventions, and Trifling Forgeries of the Whigs: Their Cargo's of Jesuits, and Bales of Popish Trinkets: Their Masquerades and Mummings:

mings : Their Armies in disguise, or in close Cover at *Knights-bridge* : Their little Amusements, calculated for the Meridian of *Grub-street* : The Raw-head and Bloody-bones of the Mob ! Shadows of Proofs ! That make out nothing, but the vast disproportion between the Strength of their Malice, and the Weakness of their Invention. The Scholars of *Paul's* may be Pardon'd for making Ballads of such Stuff : But the Pedant, their Master, deserves the Lash, for reaching them for Truth, any other Fables besides those of *Æsop* and *Phædrus*. So very low are the Whigs reduc'd ! To such a thoughtless Degree of noisie impudent Zeal, and to much at a Loss to find Pretences for Slander, that they expect Her Majesty should dictate to the *French* King in the Government of his own Subjects. We pity those, as becomes Christians and Brethren, who suffer for Conscience sake, and in so good a Cause as the Protestant Religion. We wish we could relieve them, without exposing our selves to the Necessity of granting an Equivalent in Liberty to the Catholicks here at home, and which, after such a Concession, they might in Equity expect. But is it not shocking, that those Refugees, to whom we have open'd our Arms, should give us such unhappy Proofs of a disaffection to their Protestant Protectors, almost equal to that which they pretend to have conceiv'd against their Popish Persecutors ? And I hope it will not be expected, that we should extend our Favours to those Enthusiasts of the *Cevenois*, who are a Scandal to all Religion, as well as to the Protestant Name, which they so unjustly assum'd ; who have justify'd the Rigour of the *French* Government by their appearance here in *Britain*, at that time the only *Bedlam* that would receive them ; nor yet to those numerous Wretches, the Throng and Refuse of *French* Prisons, condemn'd to the Gallies, for the same Crimes that serve to People a Gaol or *Bridewell* here in *England* : Not-

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withstanding the Whigs are so candid to Blend them in the List of Protestants, and with I know not what unlucky Justice, to call them, *Their poor persecuted Brethren.*

I am sensible I shall deserve the tacit Ridicule of the Party, for confusing in a serious manner, what they never intended should be understood according to the common Acceptation of the Words; but mean'd it only as a general Calumny against the Government; and by laying it on thick, resolv'd it should not be easily wip'd off. They often repeat the *Cry of Popery*, that in time they may establish it as a Watch-word for the Party, or form it into a Charm for raising the Devil. But if they mean not what they say; must they therefore be understood to mean nothing? Had they no Meaning when they rais'd the very same Cry in the Reign of King *Charles I*? Most certainly they then intended to shift the Apprehensions of the Government from the right Quarter, and whilst they Bubbled the World with the Danger of Popery, to engross the Ruin of the Nation to themselves. Had they no Meaning when they reviv'd the same Cry in the Reigns of King *Charles II*, King *William III*, and Her present Majesty? Doubtless their Design was to cover their own Hellish *Plots* and *Machinations*, by sounding a false Alarm, to divert and amuse the State, that they might Attack it with a fairer Prospect of Success. But these Stratagems are Stale and Impotent: All the Use we ought to make of this *Feint*, is to be on our *Guard* at each Attack, both on the side of the *Papists* and the *Whigs*; to double our Centries; repair our Breaches, and beware of Deserters. This I can only say for the satisfaction of our Enemies; that if their Delight in War prompts them to go on, and now the *Old One* in *Flanders* is ended, to begin a *New One* nearer home, I know of no General so proper and so likely as the *Common Hangman*, to bring it to a speedy and happy Conclusion.



N<sup>o</sup> 21. Friday, March 13.*Populus per religionem Sacerdotia mandata non poterat.*

Cicero pro Lege Agraria.

O Ur first Reformers distinguish'd very well upon the Primitive unalienable Rights of the Christian Church, and took particular Care to preserve them, when they shook off the Yoke of Rome, and freed the Church of England from the many Encroachments and Oppressions of a Foreign usurped Power; by bringing Her back to the Protection of the Supremacy, and placing Her under the same Guardian Care in all Her external Discipline which Christianity ever acknowledg'd in its purest State, to be so considerable a part of the Office and Authority convey'd and made over by God to Religious Kings and Potentates. They did not intend to divest the Church of Her purely Spiritual Rights, Her Orders and indelible Character; but in all their publick Acts, entered a *Salvo* or *Reservation* for their part of the Ecclesiastical Commission, which was apparently Divine: And tho' that ample Mass of temporal Revenues, Immunities and Jurisdiction, which the Constitution has annex'd to the Spiritual Orders of the Church, may be justly pleaded as a good Reason for that Dependence they are under, with respect to the Crown and the Legislature; yet the Laws were never so far mistaken, as to render this Restraint incompatible with the Internal Rights; but where these are in Question, the Church may be said to be still Independent, unless upon its great Founder in Heaven.

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We had indeed some Time ago a Sett of Men crept into the first Posts of the Church, and the Power of prostituting her best Favours, who not being able to draw their Brethren, by Profession tho' not by Principle, into the same well-laid Design, which was craftily concerted with the *State-Engineers*; were resolved to make a home Push for accomplishing the great Ends they had in View, by generously throwing the whole Collection of Divine Rights, and all the Spirituals they were ever told belong'd to the Church, into the sole disposal of the Court; and leave them in those Hands, with which they were assur'd they should have a constant Fellow-feeling and brotherly Correspondence. The Event has proved, that *the Hand joyned in Band*, this Design could not Prosper; and now the Game has miscarried; none more ready than they to acknowledge those *Independent Divine Rights* they once question'd, and to take shelter under them: As if the Sacred Character, of which they stand possess'd, could give them an Indulgence for Ingratitude; or protect them in their undutiful Carriage towards so good a *Queen*, the *Nursing Mother* of our Church; to whom so many of them owe the Power they enjoy of blackening and disturbing Her gentle Administration; and by whose Care and Piety the Church was rescued from Slavery and Rain. In Her Bosom they have grown warm, and must have sunk whenever She fell to the Ground, if the Measures of those Men, whose Hands they have strengthen'd, and still adhere to their Interest in Opposition to their own and that of their Country, had prevail'd and arriv'd at Success: For, no doubt, when their Votes were become of no more value than their Abilities and Sincerity, they would have been sent back to the *Inferior Clergy*, whence they were taken, only to serve for a Time, as Co-adjutors to the Saints in high Places; who, like Fortune, most commonly *Raise* with design to *Let* again,

If Time and human Infirmities will give them leave, may they long and freely enjoy that *Independence* they formerly ridiculed, and sided with those who called it in question: Let them run the Lengths which the Laws of the Realm and the Rights of the Church allow to those, who will be held by no other Tenure. But since they find *Dependence* is so great an Evil, they ought to encourage every one, who attempts to remove so much of it, as unhappily falls to the Share of the *Inferior Clergy*; which neither the Laws of God or Man have laid on them; which is no part of their Duty to the *Crown*, and a great Obstruction to the due Exercise of their Functions among the People committed to their Care. What I would be understood to point at, is, the prevailing Custom of *Popular Elections to the Preferments of the Church*; which subsist by no other Right than *Custom*, and that too of no very old Date, not yet arrived at *Prescription*: And if we may judge of it by the Abuses lately crept into this way of Presenting, we shall not scruple to call it an intolerable Grievance to the Church.

The *London Clergy* feel this Imposition in the most sensible manner; tho' of all the Divines in the World they best deserve to have it taken off. I verily believe no *Christian Capital* under Heaven is so well supplied with Spiritual Guides, or has the Truths, which concern Eternity, dispensed to them by Men of greater Abilities, more compleatly furnish'd with all the Arts of Persuasion and Arms of Conviction, necessary to qualify either a fine *Orator*, or a powerful *Polemick*; Men so exemplary in their Lives, so indefatigable in the Labour of the Pulpit, so assiduous in the Care of Souls, and whose Learning and Piety render them so justly admired in the Eyes of the *Reformed* abroad, and make them such Ornaments to *Christianity*, as sufficiently expose the Deformities of *Schism*, and the artificial Beauties of *Papery*. But when we consider the weight

weight of these Talents, and how much Power to do harm any one false Brother or rotten Member has within his reach ; and that they are set in the midst of Temptations, placed in the very Heat of the Battle between the two Parties, have the Bait of Interest continually playing before them, are surrounded with Dependences, and exposed to the Frowns and Favours of Great Men, turned loose to a mixture of Conversation, perplex'd and loaded with an immense Quantity of Printing and Preaching ; and amidst all these Difficulties are but Men, and Men of like *Passions with us* ; these Considerations ought, I think, to plead strongly for *Spiritual Freedom* ; and nothing should be neglected, that might take off every Byass from their Minds, exempt them from the Incumbrances of Fear or Partiality, and the Necessity or Advantage of soothing and flattering the Vices, ill Principles, or Persons of the Laity : That they may neither be unwilling or ashamed to speak Truth, seasonably or unseasonably, boldly and without reserve ; but shew every Man his Duty to God and Man, entire and undisguised, and deliver out the *Gospel* to others, as freely as themselves receiv'd it.

They who insist for *Popular Elections* by Precedents from Antiquity, which never obstructed the Right of *Ordination*, as some have weakly or maliciously insinuated, ought to pursue the Argument, and learn from the Conduct and Experience of Antiquity to rectifie that Mistake, and, by the Example of our Forefathers, abolish that pernicious Custom. The Divisions that infested the *Primitive Church* on this account, were many and grievous ; which obliged their Spiritual Governors to limit this Privilege of the People to a *Power of objecting against the Person nominated*, which is still retain'd in our Church. These Dissentions were chiefly occasion'd by the Affection or Dislike of the Candidates : Some were for *Apollo*, some for *Cephas*, some for *Alexander*, and some for *Chrysostome*. Ours are of a different Na-

Nature; we wrangle about Principles, and not about Men; and Principles, I take it, ought not to be decided by the *Poll*, or establish'd by most *Votes*. In the Choice we make of a Preacher, the Question often is, *What Church?* And as the Issue terminates, so we are understood to have carried it either for *God* or for *Baal*. I would not shame my own Church, by drawing a Parallel between our *Presbytery* and the *Primitive Elections* at *Chalcedon* or *Alexandria*: Such Strife and Rage are unaccountable, where the Dispute is, Who shall be the Messenger of our Peace? If the *Porches* and *Avenues* of the Temple were heretofore so justly purged of *Money-changers*, and *those who sold Doves*; I cannot think them a proper Receptacle for those who Trade with the *Rights of Episcopacy*, or for a *Synagogal Mob*; neither do I think, if *Doves* were expelled, that *Lions* and *Bears* should be admitted in their room; and all that Clamour, Violence and Faction, which sometimes attend these Assemblies, be heard so near the Altar, or vex the *Holy Spirit* that inhabits within those Walls. I know there are *Laymen* of good Sense, and great Sobriety, fit to preside in such a Meeting: But what is their single Voice against Noise and Numbers? The *Populace* will have their *Chaplain*: The *Blind* will chuse their *Guide*: And when they have sufficiently detest'd Men of good Learning and obstinate Virtues from stooping to the many Condescensions they expect, they are reduc'd to a Necessity of taking the Tool of a Party, and applying to a Physician of Sore, who is troubled with the same Distemper as his Patients. *Mechanicks* may, for all that I know, be good Judges of Divinity; at least of such Divinity as suits their Palates and Humours: But if a Body of *Cassists* should dictate to them in the Government of a *Precinct*, or the Disposition of a *Manufacture*, which is yet a common Concern as well as Religion, tho' not of the same Importance; they would think it no small Infringement of their Prerogative. It

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was not unusual, till very lately for *Dissenters* to crowd the *Vestry* upon these Occasions, and with audacious Solemnity give their Votes in a Church, they did not belong to: But I hope a *late Trial* has put an effectual Stop to this evil Custom: I shall not examine through what Hands that Issue pass'd, before it came to be unanimously decided in so equitable a manner. I wish those moderate Divines, who lean so much to the Cause of Schism, would try to get into a Conventicle by the Votes of Churchmen: They might doubtless have a Majority, if only for the sake of a fair Riddance. But if this cannot be expected, why the Votes of Dissenters should make a Title to the Church, is, I think, never to be accounted for: And how those *Sects*, who deny the Validity of our *Orders*, and call them *Papish*, can approve the Conduct of their Members, in chusing *Readers of the Liturgy* and *Livery-Men to the Surplice*, I am not moderate enough to imagine. They might perhaps be allow'd to conform for their own Interest; but to conform for the Interest of others, is insupportable, unprofitable Hypocrisy. A strange holy Farce this! Where they who never come to Church, shall impose a *Faster* upon those, who constantly attend it. One might imagine, in the way of *Mythology*, that the *Sheep* met together to chuse their *shepherd*; but it would be ridiculous enough to suppose, that the *Wolves* came also and Voted among them. I am very much mis-inform'd, if the *Jews* have not assum'd and actually exercised this Right in several Parishes; I presume they thought to Shame the *Dissenters*, but their Fate is to be ever disappointed. I know of no Parallel to this Abomination nearer than *Constantinople*: Where the poor persecuted *Greeks* are often oblig'd to accept of a *Christian Teacher*, in vertue of a *Mahometan* Presentation. But suppose the Poll were ever so regular, and none but those of the same Communion admistred to Vote; yet still the Dis-  
tensions



tions that commonly attend the Choice, the Influence and Triumph of those who prevail, and the Resentments of those who miss of their Man, which are sometimes carry'd on to a Disgust and Pique against the Church; the Secret Cabals and Battle of Interests, between Relations and Dependents, the Rich and the Poor, those in Office and those under them, the Traders and their Customers: All together make such a Medley of Carnal Prejudice, by no means a proper Judge in a Spiritual Cause, renders a Resort to some common Umpire very necessary; and such an Umpire the Crown and the Church have provided, who is the immediate Representative of Christ upon Earth: Tho' by the prevalence of Custom, we have almost excluded the Mitre from our Metropolis, and have made many Parishes so far *Extra-Episcopal*, that we seem to be entirely govern'd by Lay-men and Presbyters, which is the exact Reverse of the true Christian Model.

Nor is this the worst of the Case; but there is another Dependence more Mischievous than the former, which presses harder upon the *London Clergy*, and does a greater Injury to their Characters. I mean their *Subsisting on Collection*, a very uncertain and precarious Income. This is the common Lot of *Readers* and *Lecturers*; who are now maintain'd like the *Charity Boys*, and have their stipends gather'd, in the same manner as a Bribe is collected for poor Sufferers by Fire, or for an imported Rabble of foreign Refugees. Hence they are expos'd as Butts for the Complaints of every Pragmatical Mechanick: Some lay it to their Charge, that they are too Hot; others, that they are too Cold; and a third Sort, that they are only Lukewarm: They must object something whenever they part with their Money, that the Congregation may seem the greater. But if Men have no other Ears, and expect a Sermon every Hour, they ought to give the Labourer Security for his Hire.

The unhappy Gentlemen, whenever they come into the Pulpit, dare not venture on some Subjects, tho' never so seasonable; nor appear in their own Churches on some Days, but are forc'd to change with their Neighbours: And at other times, must give a Turn to every Intruder, if a leading Parishoner desires it, when perhaps a hot Head and a factious Spirit are the *Novice's* only Recommendations. How far this wretched Dependence has contributed in particular to several Irregularities in the solemnizing of the *Two Sacraments*, is not so proper for me to enquire: It better becomes me to lament, than publish those Disorders. There are indeed, for the Honour of our Church, great Numbers of perverse good Men, who have stoutly opposed these Innovations; and to their commendable Perseverance, which they ought never to rebate, most of those Clamours owe their Rise, which are at present the Cant of Parties: Tho', if these Champions had been as well seconded by their Brethren, the foul Mouths would have been for ever stop'd, which are now so loudly open'd against them. A hard Fate this, and an ill Return for the Expence of a liberal Education, and the Free-offering of themselves to the Service of God and his Church! Whoever truly loves Religion, must be shock'd at these Things: Permit me to say, with an honest Zeal, now so many new Churches are about to be erected, if some speedy Care be not applied to these Grievances; those holy Seats may in time fall into the Hands of such *Schismaticks*, as, I hear, have already bespoke Possession. But we trust in Her Majesty, who has rescu'd so many of Her Clergy from Poverty, and in the present Ministry, who have raised their Mother, the Church, from the Dust; that they will put away this Sorrow from her, and make her as Glorious, as she is Pure in her Self, and Grateful to her Benefactors.

I would not be misunderstood : I am all along contending for the Rights of the Laity : A stinted Revenue annex'd to a stinted Duty, is the only way to suppress all Ambition, Avarice and arbitrary Designs, in any of the Clergy. Swarms of *Mendicants* were ever most likely to Innovate, and play Tricks with Religion. The *Dissenting Teachers* are an Instance of this kind. 'Tis true, they understand a *Class* and *Synod* too well, to let the People elect their *Presbyters*; and where-ever they settle, they take care to have a constant Provision set apart for them, under good Securities. But their Perquisites and Contributions being altogether precarious, this puts them upon a thousand Artifices and Ways of Insinuation. They creep into Houses and lead silly Women Captive, are frequent in their Visits, assiduous in their Addresses, undertake to compose Differences, are Judges, Almoners, and Administrators to their Followers: They set Marriages on foot, enter into all the Secrets of Families, and by having Mens Trade, Business, Reputation and Repose, in some degree within their Power, they keep fast hold of the Purses and Affections of their People; and then grasp the whole Substance of Spiritual Tyranny, leaving the Shadow of it to the Church of *England*, with which they scare others in publick, and make merry with it in private among themselves.

No 22. Monday, March 16.

*Infans amoribus.* ——— Horace.

——— *Συλῆμονες εἰς Τυτάνες.* Musæus.

WHEN I find my self disposed to give the *Whigs* some good Advice, and to wish they had so much Consideration as might serve to Insure, what I know they have a passionate Regard for, their own Interest; I often reflect, with a good deal of serious Pity for them, how truly Wretched and Forlorn they must of necessity be, if the same causeless Fears and Jealousies, which they are now so busie in Fomenting, and have so unjustly conceiv'd against the Government, were brought home to their own Houses, and carried into all the Circumstances of Domestick Life. They would find trouble enough with those Clamours and Intestine Broils, which their most approved Operators in Mischief have, with so much Malice, promoted in the State, and with so much Pleasure accomplished; by arming a misguided Faction against a mild forbearing Government; to whose Justice they are Debtors, and Reprobates to their Mercy. Had any of them a Child, well Disciplin'd in the Arts of Resistance and Disobedience, and heartily inclin'd to Family Revolutions; or a Wife teeming with Discontent, suspicious and ungovernable, continually tugging for Dominion, loud and petulant, uneasy under the Duty of Subjection, capable of improving the modest Returns of Spleen and Ill-nature into Stragem and Artifice, and who perfectly understood the Advantages that might be made of an honest

Husband's Sincerity, Affection, Indulgence, Truth, and other Conjugal Virtues; it is highly probable a gentle Course of these Oeconomical Amusements would give them such a Diversion, as might in time work a Cure upon the Itch of Parties, the Impertinence of Dabbling in State-Affairs; and entirely draw them off from any Excursions in Politics. The Publick being a large Family, and often represented to us under that lively Image, I think I cannot more justly expose those Suspicions and Jealousies, with which they would Embarrass the Administration, and Poison the Minds of our People, than by borrowing their own noisie Proofs, and windy way of Reasoning, and trying them upon Domestick Affairs: Only to see, whether the same Entercourses which, in the usual Forms of Modern Dialogue between Subjects and Superiors, must pass for the Language of Good-will and Affection, at least on the Subjects side; may not, when put into the Mouth of a Wife, by way of Remonstrance or Complaint, against her Husband, appear to be intolerably Vexatious and Undutiful? The Persons I design to introduce shall bear a considerable Character, that the Extravagance of the Humour may shew the better.

The Reader will only be pleased to imagine, that *Sir Charles* ———, an easy, constant, faithful, discreet Husband, encountered one Evening with his dear *Lady Frances*, a haughty, imperious, restless, jealous, aspiring Wife, in some retired Walk or Solitude, where they entertain'd one another in the following manner; having happily made Choice of a Place, equally fit for Duelling or Love.

*Lady Fr.* Never think to clear your self with me. ——— In short, *Sir Charles*, I'll be fool'd no longer. ——— I know that intolerable Blow, *Lady Termagant*, has your Heart ——— Nothing is reserved for me, but the Bodkin or Pacifier Dose: And then she becomes sole Mistress of your Person and Fortune; whirls her Chariot over my Grave.

Grave; and the Torch, that was lighted at my Funeral, is to guide her to your Embraces.

Sir *Ch.* Oh, my Dear! There are flagrant Proofs, which I know you can produce, of my Passion for that *Romp*. ——— She was the entire Ruin of a near Relation of ours, whom I truly loved; and, as you often tell me, to a degree of Fondness. ——— How many endearing Returns have I since made her for that Favour? ——— I have loath'd her to a Suspicion of my Humanity: ——— Have pursued her with Law Suits through all the Courts these Twenty Years: ——— Have engag'd in about some nine Duels with those who bullied me with her Reputation. ——— I scarce suffer one of her Liveries in my Sight: ——— Give Salaries to People to Lampoon her; and am glad to Tolerate a parcel of Strolling Hags under my Nose, rather than that Overgrown Procureess should have any Business near me.

*L. F.* Meer Grimace and Artifice! ——— Don't I know you are at this very time Kept by her?

Sir *C.* So far from it, Child, that I have spent Thousands to reduce her to Rags and Infamy. ——— I have Mortgaged an Estate, that I won by the Law from her Family, on purpose to accomplish her Ruin. ——— The duce a Piece would she give me, if I wanted it, unless it came convey'd in a Dose of Poison, or could be deliver'd as a Token, by the Hands of a Crew of Russians.

*L. F.* I protest, Sir *Charles*, her Assurance has infected you. ——— Can you deny, that you receive Presents from her? ——— You have at this very time some of her filthy Trinkets about you.

Sir *C.* Really, my Love, the Experiment might be diverting, if the Humour were not so very Stale and Threadbare: ——— Don't you remember, the last time I stood Search, how you mistook a Snuff-Box for a Tweezer-Case, a pair of Shoe-Buckles for a Diamond-Cross; positively told me, that I had stol'n a Handkerchief from her, tho' you saw by the



the Mark it was worn by my Great Grandmother; and had almost perswaded me, that the Letters you snatch'd from me were her Hand-writing, when the Date of them was older than the Register of her Nativity.

L. F. Will you face me down, that you did not lately consent to meet some of her Friends, in order to a Reconciliation?

Sir C. I saw no Body; but a First Cousin of hers, who came about a Reference ——— By the same Token you were at that very time teasing me, to be Bail for her Elder Brother, without any other Security but his Word and Honour.

L. F. This is fine! ——— Instead of justifying yourself, you would accuse me. ——— You know, when she visited in our Family, at the time you Courted me: ——— I did then ———

Sir C. All you could to be well with her: But I bore up against her in her highest Pride; routed her at all the Assemblies and Tea-Tables in Town; exposed her for her Vanity, Affectation, Falshood, and Coquetry; drove her into a necessary Retirement, and thought I had been enough happy, in rescuing you from her pernicious Friendship.

L. F. Sir Charles! You snap one up very oddly! ——— Tell me, has it not been my constant Care these Three Years, to watch you and your Odious Fellows, on purpose to prevent a secret Correspondence? ——— Your Chaplain, your Steward, your Bailiff, your Lawyer, and most of your Tenants, I know, hate me; and expect to find their Account in siding with my Rival.

Sir C. Certainly, my Dear, their Obligations to Lady *Termagant* are infinitely engaging. ——— She Threatens, whenever she comes, to pull my Chaplain's Gown over his Ears; to burn my Steward's Acquittances; indict my Bailiff for Murder; toss my Lawyer over the Bar, and Eject one half of my Tenants. ——— These are winning Endeavours;

ments; and must infallibly advance her Interest among all my Servants.

L. F. I suppose, Sir, I am to be outbrav'd too, in that ugly Business at my Sister's in the North, about Three Years ago; when your Minx sent the Young Rake her Bully, upon an impudent Visit to that Family, only to set us at Variance.

Sir C. Ah, Child, If thou would'st be so good to let me into the Secret? — You and your Missions were deep in that Affair. — Don't you remember, what a vile Crew of People I had then about me? — I am some Hundreds the worse for them. — I kept a Coachman to overturn me, a Bailiff to sell me, a Banker to buy me, and a Porter to keep me in Custody. — My Huntsman was in with all the Poachers and Deer-stealers in the Country: My Clerk gave out Licences for tearing Hedges and stealing Poultry: The Parson of my Parish made Thieving a Scruple of Conscience: My Court-keeper gave Charges against Fealty and Homage: *Sarah* my Chamber-Maid sold my Linnen, before it was made up; and my Steward, upon this occasion, doubled all their Wages for their good Services. — When I began to look about me, then the young Rake was sent for: — You know, the Relations that some of my People had in his Family. — I paid the Charges of his Journey; and when they thought they had frightened me sufficiently with his coming over, they sent him back again at my Expence; having, as they imagin'd, convinc'd me, that they were necessary Evils I could not be without; and that no Body had a Right to govern me, but themselves. — Even Lady *Termagant* pity'd me, and cried for Vexation to see me so accomplished a Bubble, when every Sharper about Town could have a Share in me but her Self.

L. F. Here's my poor Nephew *George*! — I know you design to disinherit him, only because I love him and take his Part.

Sir

Sir C. Have I not put it out of my Power? — I am sure, you tell me so. — I cut off the In-  
tail: Gave you my Will: Left it in the Hands of  
your own Lawyers: Order'd them to draw it as  
firm as they could; and made your old Friend and  
Intimate *Will Squob*, sole Trustee and Executor.

L. F. But would not let him enter upon the Mis-  
takes at Discretion?

Sir C. Right, Child! — *George* will thank  
me for that, when he knows the Law as well as I  
do. — I have no Reason to suspect his Love  
to me. — He'll find I only design to leave  
him the Estate free of all Incumbrances: Nor can  
I doubt his Discretion and good Management. —  
Especially if he happens to marry into your Lady-  
ship's Family.

L. F. I hate your ugly Banter. — *George*  
has Gratitude: — He will know, that all he  
has was a Free-gift, and came by me.

Sir C. I profess, Dearee! You are a profane  
Casuist. — If it be a Free-gift, was it not  
my Goodness to make Over all, without a Power  
to Rescind? — If it be an Inheritance, he  
has it in his own Right, without either of us,  
and may thank my Great Grandfather, whom you  
have often called *Son of a* — I blurt  
Name it.

L. F. I have nothing to say to your Ancestors,  
Sir Charles.

Sir C. I know it very well, Child! —  
You have torn my Pedigree, and disfigur'd almost  
every Picture in my Family; and yet are every  
Day sending me to my Fathers. — When I  
talk of *Dying for you*, don't you seem ready to take  
me at my Word; and can hardly say a civil Thing  
without a little Whine upon Mortality? —  
I am inform'd, at this very time you have help'd  
*Will Squob* for your Second. — You told  
him an Account of my Age every Post, how I felt,  
and what my Physicians say. — There's not

a Fit of the Gout falls on me, of which he has not a full and compleat Journal. ——— I wish his Respect for my Widow and my Affets does not spoil his being a good Guardian to Baby *George*. ——— Pruthee tell me: Would you not be very glad, my Dear, to present him with your Thumb-Ring, and the additional Ornaments of a Lock of my Hair and a Death's Head?

*L. F.* Lord! How you talk, Sir *Charles*! ——— Not but I love Baby *George* very well: ——— I wish you had not the same Passion for Lady *Ternagant*.

Sir *C.* What more of the Jealous Fit still: ——— Hate her.

*L. F.* She says, no.

Sir *C.* Have you not caught her in a thousand Falshoods?

*L. F.* You do see her sometimes?

Sir *C.* Never, but by Proxy; let the Business be never so urgent.

*L. F.* You write to her?

Sir *C.* Yes: Warrants to take her up, or Orders to my Attorney to Prosecute her.

*L. F.* Did you not bow to her once at Church?

Sir *C.* She stands Indicted for never coming near it.

*L. F.* As I live, I saw her there my self, and was a Witness to the Respect you paid her.

Sir *C.* You mistake: ——— 'Twas my Mother in *Disguise*.

*L. F.* I have a hundred Witnesses to prove it upon you. ——— My Man *Gilbert* shall make Oath of it.

Sir *C.* What, without reserve? ——— Those Fellows, when they are out of my Service, and never come near me, pretend to know all my Secrets. ——— Should I take them in again, they'll swear it was a Mistake.

*L. F.* Still I am not satisfy'd.

Sir *C.* And would you have me satisfy you?

L. F. Why not?

Sir C. No: I'll not disoblige you.

L. F. Not disoblige me?

Sir C. Ay: ——— For I know you do not desire to be satisty'd.

L. F. Swear, you'll never see her more.

Sir C. I will. ——— By all ———

L. F. Hold; ——— You shall not. ——— Love has a thousand Indulgencies for Perjury.

Sir C. Do you think them valid?

L. F. Provoking Monster!

Sir C. Of your making! ——— You have set me with my Head downwards.

L. F. You would have me be your Slave.

Sir C. And to prevent me, you'll make your self my Tyrant.

L. F. Nay, if you break your Part of the Contract, ———

Sir C. Which cannot hold a Month, if you are to judge when it is broken.

L. F. I leave the World to Judge.

Sir C. What World? ——— All, who are already on your side?

L. F. Shall Lady *Termagant* be Judge?

Sir C. No: ——— Her first Demand is, to have me part with my Senses.

L. F. You speak Truth; if you knew how to apply it.

Sir C. I apply it to you, who make me the very same Proposal.

L. F. My Honour obliges me to rescue you.

Sir C. And your Interest to suspect me.

L. F. You'd give the World to be reconcil'd to me.

Sir C. Shall I propose an able Go-between?

L. F. Who is it?

Sir C. Your Understanding.

L. F. Do but convince it.

Sir C. Lady *Termagant* shall.

L. F. Intolerable!

Sir C. She has exactly your Humours. — Now judge, if they can Charm me.

L. F. This to a Wife?

Sir C. Why should I wander, when changing won't relieve me?

L. F. I shall hate and loath you, and never more come near your Bed.

Sir C. You ought to keep your Word for your own sake. — The Experiment would clear me to your jealousy.

L. F. How so?

Sir C. Becaus<sup>t</sup> all the Surgeons say, Lady Termagant has never been Sound since she was Fifteen.

L. F. Vices are Charms to a debauch'd Taste.

Sir C. Yours will ever be an Exception to that Maxim.

L. F. My greatest is, Love.

Sir C. And to prove it, you plague me Eternally.

L. F. Make me easie then.

Sir C. I cannot, without your Consent.

L. F. I give it you freely.

Sir C. Then name the Terms.

L. F. Will you grant them?

Sir C. Not before I know them.

L. F. I only desire to take all your Cares and Troubles upon my self. — Will this convince you of my Love?

Sir C. Thou dear Softness! — You are powerfully Engaging.

L. F. Let me but put a new Sett of Servants of my own Chusing, into your Family, and hang up some of the Old Ones: — Receive and Pay all: — Lett your Farms: — Keep your Courts, and have the Kitchen, Cellar, Dairy, Dog-kennel, Stable, Park, Manor and Demesnes, all at my disposal: And if after this you hear the Name of Termagant come from my Lips, I'll be content to send for her my self, and with my own Hands put you to Bed together.

Sir



Sir C. Why then my Dear, you are certainly the most obliging Creature upon Earth. ——— Would you for my sake, undergo all this Trouble? ——— What if I shorten'd the Account, for your own ease; and made but one General Article, without Exception; ——— To let you do whatever you pleas'd? ——— Might I not on this Condition depend on you for leave to Live or Sleep all Day in my great Elbow-Chair?

L. F. Oh for that, Sweet heart, I am not so stubborn, nor adhere so closely to the Letter of a Treaty, but I can listen with Patience to any reasonable Equivalent.

N<sup>o</sup> 23.      Friday, March 20.

*Est aliquid prodire tenus, si non datur ultra.*

Horace.

**W**HEN a Man has been for some time engag'd in the Drudgery of Weeding an immense Field of Corruptions, and Rooting out those Prejudices and popular Mistakes which Education, Interest, Party, and the indefatigable Industry of the Leaders of a Faction, have sown and planted in the Minds of a few misguided Bigots; it is some Satisfaction, and a Reward worthy a generous Temper and publick Spirit, to find, that he has not Toil'd in vain: That he has made some hopeful Advances in the great End he propos'd to accomplish, and can give a tolerable Account of the Patients under his Care. There is a good deal of Energy in Truth, if we will but give it time to work and exert it self; and tho' it be laid deep,

and loaded never so heavily, it will heave and struggle, and in time Overturn those sandy Foundations, that were built over it, and erected on its Ruins. On the other hand, Prejudice is a Chronical Dislemper; all its Fits and Returns are dated: We must Humour the Malady, and watch the favourable *Crisis*, when our Applications may be acceptable and efficacious. Falshood, like one of our late *Projects for improving Money*, may, by the Whindle of the Managers, the Titillation of imaginary Hopes, the Humour of Novelty, or the Contagion of Example, prevail for a time: But for want of a real Fund, when the Run is well spent, and the Cheat begins to shew it self in its proper Colours, the Contributors will leisurely recover their Senses, and draw out of it as fast as they can.

The Cause of the Whigs is a fair Instance of the Truth of these Reflections: Whilst it was high-fied and well-paid, back'd with a Multitude, and, like the Moon in the Classical Accounts of her Eclipses, assisted at every Labour by the approved Midwifery of Din and Clamour, it appear'd with a mighty Blaze, terrible and portentous: The Multitude ran greedily after it, all Eyes were turn'd that way; it tower'd and bore aloft, defied a growling distant Foe, and by being out of reach, seem'd at least to be out of Danger. But now these Props are taken away, the whole Machine totters: As the Charm drew to a conclusion, the *Demon* began to disappear; and when all the gilded Artifices were strip'd from the imaginary Argument, the whole Fallacy shew'd naked and barefaced. We now see through the Mist, and are surpriz'd into a right Understanding by the Discovery: That noisy Tempest, which roar'd so loud, and display'd so much Terror, settles and stagnates into common Air; and we neither see nor feel what lately ruffled and shook, and put us into so much Disorder. We find we were cheated with Words, and tired with Fighting for a Shadow; or if there be any thing real  
to

in Faction, besides the Mischief it does, when all its false Colours and scaly Appearances peel and shed, it is reduced to the miserable State, so pathetically described by the *Romanists* in *Transubstantiation*, of subsisting upon the thin slender Allowance of outward Accidents.

Those among the Whigs, who did not give up all their Senses and Intellectuals to their Party, begin at length to find the Sweetness of that Reserve. It has been my constant Care to co-operate with this dim Light, in order to lead them out of those dark Mazes, in which they have been so long bewildered: And tho' I cannot boast of many entire Converts, such as came over without bringing their valuable Considerations along with them, or without entertaining Views and Prospects of something more resplendent than the Truths reflected from my Papers; yet give me leave to mention a Set of Proficients, just sprung up; for whose Good and Reformation I labour, and who by their towardsy and teachable Dispositions, are a great Joy and Comfort to me. I mean those worthy Gentlemen, who now openly declare, *That they are Tories in the Church, but Whigs in the State*: These Prethens, *by the Mother*, are come half way towards us; and as a mark of their Affection, have made a Present to us of their Better Part. The Proof which some of them produce for this half Share and equal Dividend in our Principles, is, That they gave up the Dissenters, and made the Church easy by the *Occasional Bill*: By this Attonement they would patch up a Reconciliation with the Clergy; and they venture so far, as not only to like the Church, but in Fact to frequent it; tho' whether out of leisure or inclination, or only for Novelty's sake, I cannot presume to say. Others, who are one remove further off, think to make their Court, by a voluntary Surrender of several unnecessary Heresies, as *Socinianism*, *Deism*, and the like, reserving the Dissenters still *in petto*: For not above  
three

three Nights ago, News was brought to the *Grecian*, That a certain noble Author had relapsed into Christianity : And another of his Acquaintance at the *Smyrna*, was heard to drop several suspicious Words in favour of *Moses*, and to say abundance of civil Things of one or two of the Apostles. A Pastor of the West has left off all Thoughts of modern Policy, on purpose to dust over his old Papers ; whereby he hopes to convince the World, he had once some religious Notions in his Possession : And it is expected he will shortly revise his *Aberdeen* and *Glasgow* Sentiments of *Obedience*, with a *Preface suitable to the present Times* ; there being no Time like the Time present, either for *Doctrine* or *Use*. A third Sort of *Proficients* will come no nearer the *Topics* than the *Font* : They are willing to give them up that once controverted Point of Christianity, and that is all : They are contented to allow, That there is really something in Revelation, and to make a Separate Peace exclusive only of a small Body of their Allies, and would sacrifice the Free-Thinkers to the Church : Not unlike some jaded Rakes of the Town, whom a little Virtue and many sufferings have reduced to a good Opinion of Marriage ; the first Compliment they usually make an honourable Mistress, is, That they will turn off a Stale Whore they have been long tir'd with.

Whatever the more rigid *Disciplinarians* may think of these *Demi-Profelites*, they ought certainly, to be entertained and encouraged, as Babes of Grace, who in time may grow to a perfect Manhood. If they will modestly own, that they have but just begun to study the Merits of the Cause, abstracted from the Appendix of Profit and Interest, which formerly took up all their Thoughts and Actions ; and that, with great Judgment, they entered upon the most material Part of the Subject first, which is the Church, and have happily gone thro' it, to their Satisfaction and Amendment ; the Secular Topicks being at present under Debate, and  
upon

upon which they are not yet come to any Resolutions; this is so plausible a Plea, that, in Candour, I think, we ought to admit it; and after so plain a Declaration of Deficiency, to accept of Half in part of Payment, till they are in a condition to clear Accounts with us.

The Progress which they have already made, affords us many useful and seasonable Speculations. It may serve to convince that Party, what great Reason they have to be diffident and distrustful of their Cause; and not to assume and take upon them, as if they were Infallible, and incapable of being in the Wrong; since they plainly see, that after a few Months perusal, one Half of their Principles are unsound, that they have been blind of one Eye, and tainted in their better Part: Which Consideration alone is sufficient to give them Scruples, that their other Part, by far the most liable to Corruption, may, in all probability, be touched a little, and stand in need of a Cure. It also confirms us in a Notion, which has formerly cost us some trouble to make out, That *the Church is not a meer Creature of the State, nor wholly Dependent on it*: Since so many Whigs can openly profess their Conformity to One, at the same time that they Dissent from the Other. And perhaps our Moderation may take this Hint to suggest to us, that there may be some real Defects in the State, which obstruct their coming over entirely, and joining with the Tories in Temporals as well as Spirituals: It is possible they may have some other Bills upon the Anvil, besides that of Conformity; and are disposed to express their Zeal as well as Good-liking for the Church, by making her not only Easy and Flourishing: For new Converts, like Pendulums, are apt to sway as much one way as t'other. Or, it may be, they wait for the *Peace*, as a lasting Security of our Constitution, Laws, and Religion. If it be so, the Government would do well to forward so useful and pious a Work, and to hasten the

Bless-

Blessing, whence they are to Date their entire Reformation.

Give me leave, in the mean time, to offer a Word or two by way of Caution. It is natural to suspect Converts, to watch them closely, and sift them narrowly : But Persons only half Converted, must expect more severe Trials ; and therefore I would put it to their Consciences, weak and rickety as they are, whether they can be really sure of their own Sincerity. In this Case, it is not unlikely, but what they call Conversion, may be only a Political Feint, in order to recover a bad Game : And because they find, or at least imagine, that they fell by making the Attack in the wrong Place ; and that, however the Populace might be Lured to their Side in State-Projects, they would never be brought to back them in open Efforts against the Church, or lend their Shoulders to the Overturning it ; therefore they think it necessary to drop one Half of their Character, and declare loudly for the Church, rather than suffer the Flower of their Forces to Desert. But this, if it be the Case, is so far from a real Conversion, that 'tis, in effect, rather a Refining upon their Old Whig Principles : They are the same Men, only they would willingly be more successful. Besides these, there may be other worldly Reasons assign'd for this Religious Turn : It is probable they Dream of a Coalition, and, whilst the Government is so much diverted, fancy that they purposely overlook the Home-Interest ; and are for splitting the Civil List, and letting in such cool temperate Gentlemen, as are willing to bate Half, rather than not to close with a good Offer. If so, the Change they pretend to have made, must be imputed to Ambition, Avarice, or other sordid Motives : and by *coming to Church*, they mean no more than *going to Market*. They ought to consider further, whether the whole be not Farce and Banter ; for too many of them have Talk'd and Wrote of the Church, as of a meer Political



Political Invention, a State-Engine, a Trifle, an Amusement, not worth a Gentleman's Quarrelling about, whose Education is above Prejudice or Custom, and his *Genius* far removed from the Caprice of the Mob. Suppose this to be Fact, and they joining with the Tories in the Church-Interest, is joining with them in Nothing, in a Word, a Term of State-craft, the Chimes of the Day: And this Mock-Conversion is only to set themselves right again with the People, upon easy Conditions; at the same time avoiding all Offence with their former Friends, from whom they are not to be parted by Trifles: Since, in vertue of such Nicknacks, they can be introduced, where they may be understood able to do them so much Service; when, like Lovers, they find the Nymph so very Easy and Conquering, as to re-admit a Banish'd Inconstant, upon the Recommendation of a few Toys, a *Fan*, a *Ring*, or a *Smuff-Box*.

But leaving their Integrity to their own Hearts; they can never be very Sanguine in their Expectations of a too favourable Treatment from the Party to whom they have made these Advances. Such of them, as are already in the Service, if they will do but Half-Duty, can in Justice demand no more than Half-Pay; or, to bring things to a more equitable Balance, their Places ought to be split, and some able and full-grown State-Tory, who can make up the remainder of Honesty that is wanting in them, be admitted into a Dividend of their Salaries and Perquisites, as their Assistant and Coadjutor, for a *Roman Reason*, *Ne quid detrimenti capiat Respublica*; that when the Government comes upon that Office, they may find an Incumbent in it, completely qualify'd for his Business, tho' that Qualification be set out in Parts, and to patch up the Degeneracy of the Times, two Partners in an Office must go to one honest Man. After all, it must be remembered, that the Whigs were so far from indulging tender Consciences and Converts by halves,

or allowing their Subalterns to dispute the Orders of a commanding Officer; they were such rigid Casuists, such strenuous Maintainers of Perfection, and exacted such an entire Obedience from all under them, that none were admitted upon their Lists, who could not come as roundly into their Principles. Even they, who bought their Places, were not suffer'd to commute for their Loyalty: Every Candidate must be a try'd Whig; and if his Zeal carry'd him as far as *Deism* or *Free-thinking*, it was plac'd to his Account as a Work of *Supererogation*. They had *Tallies* for Men as well as for Money; and when the wooden Thing came to their Hands, and did not answer exactly, it was rejected as Counterfeit. Whether the good Nature of the Government will permit them to take advantage of the known Measures of a subtle Enemy, and to turn their Stratagems upon them, is not for me to determine. These Spiritual Tories are certainly not to be neglected, when they would make their way to us by so commodious a Thoroughtfare as the Church. But since their Conversion respects those Articles only, which are purely Ghostly and Religious, they cannot take it amiss if they are put off to another World, where they may be preferr'd and rewarded in their kind. What the Church will do for them in this military State, in which they have formerly sufficiently exercised her, must be left to its Governors; but whilst the State is Tory, its Favours and Temporalities ought to be confined to those within the Pale: For we might be justly charged with Popish Principles, if we any ways encouraged Half-Communion.

N<sup>o</sup> 24. *Monday, March 23.*

*Hocine credibile est, aut memorabile,  
Tanta vecordia imata cuiquam ut fiet,  
Ut malis gaudeant !* Terentius in Andria.

I Had drawn up several Projects of Accommodation, and prepared some composing Sentiments for the use of the Publick, in order to allay those Feverish Heats which reign in the Body Politick: And as there is a Fermentation to Corruption, as well as to Perfection, I had proper Remedies to communicate, for preventing the Distempers rising to a dangerous Crisis, and for cooling the Spirits, and divert them to the Uses for which they were intended, the Support of Life, and the Regularity and Vigour of the Constitution: But the Whigs have Whil'd away all my Measures, and put me by these temperate Resolutions. Every Day brings me an account of some new studied Provocations; and Complaints flow in so thick upon me from all Parts, that, I find, they are confirm'd Reprobates, past Cure; and Dieting and gentle Physick are but lost upon them. The Disease is got into the Head, and breaks out in a desperate Frenzy: Their Wits and their Places are gone together. Purging, I perceive, is absolutely necessary; and the Patients themselves, when the Fit is strong upon them, cry out for Bleeding. 'Tis unluckily done, to put us in mind of that Operation; but Nature, they say, in the greatest Disorder, often makes Demands for the Only Thing that can work a perfect Cure. I know by Experience, I shall be thought to point at Massacres, and cutting of Throats; but, I profess, I mean to muster no other Dragoons, than the common

mon Officers of Justice. What shall we say, when one Day produces Sedition, another Calumny, a third an Assassination, a fourth Murder, a fifth Heresy, a sixth Rebellion, and the remainder of the Week proves a Glorious Sabbath indeed, if upon that Day they so far cease from their Labours, as to do no Mischief? Must we tamely bear all this, and not so much as mention it, for the poor Revenge of Robbing these Industrious Creatures of the Renown and Glory, they have so justly purchased by their Iniquities?

That the Reader may be convinced I do not wrong them, I shall here present him with a small Collection of Letters from my Correspondents, which contain the freshest Memoirs of their Achievements. If they go on at this rate, I shall never be able to come up with them, tho' I wrote Six *Examiners* a Week, and kept a small Intelligencer besides, to come out every Evening, with a *Postscript, Supplement, or Appendix*, upon extraordinary Occasions.

But before I open my Packet, since I find they are so busy, and have a *Genius* for Action rather than Words, I shall at once ease them of a great deal of Guilt, as well as Impertinence, by putting a final Stop to some of their daily Clamours, and for ever shutting up one of their most liberal Sluices of Scandal. They have been a long time laying Load upon a Gentleman of the first Character for Learning, good Sense, Wit, and more Virtues than even they can set off and Illustrate, by all the Opposition and Extrems of Vice, which are the Compounds of their Party. He is indeed fully accomplish'd to be mortally Hated by them; and they needed not to charge Him with Writing the *Examiner*, as if that were a sufficient Revenge; in which they shew as little Judgment as Truth. I here pronounce Him clear of the Imputation; and out of pure regard to Justice, strip my self of all that Honour that lucky Untruth did this Paper; reserving to my self the entertaining Reflection, That I was  
once

once taken for a Man, who has a Thousand other Recommendations, besides the Malice of the worst Men, to make him lov'd and esteem'd by the Best. This is the second Time I have humour'd that Party, by publicly declaring who is not the Author of the *Examiner*: I will lend them no more Light, because they do not love it. I could only wish, that their Invectives against that Gentleman had been considerable enough to call forth his publick Resentments; and I stand amaz'd at their Folly, in provoking so much Ruin to their Party: Their Intellectuals must be as stupid as their Consciences, not to dread the Terrors of his Pen, tho' they met Him with all that Spite to his *Person*, which they ever expressed against his *Order*.

After detecting this stale, this supernumerary Lye, and shewing them how much Truth there is in their Words, I shall now exhibit my *Letters*, and display the Counterpart of their Character, in the goodness of their Actions.

### To the EXAMINER of Great Britain.

Sir!

Paris, Feb. 26. N. S.

I Came hither out of Curiosity, and because I would not pass by so considerable a Stage in the *Tour of Europe*: But I heartily wish I had taken another *Route*. The Civilities paid to the People of our Nation in this Country, make me very uneasy, and shock my Temper with the most sensible Confusion. Every Post from *London* brings us some fresh Account of the Indignities offer'd to the Ambassador of this Crown, by a *Faction*, whom want of Power to ruin their own Government, has made Savages at large, and declared Enemies to human Society. Some of these Affronts are of a barbarous Nature, and by the Monumental Ruins they leave behind them, carry the Marks of an infernal Spite, and derive

the Blemish to our Posterity. Others are shamefully Little; and by the meanness of the Injury, demonstrate the eagerness of that Party to express their Inveteracy, upon every the minutest Occasion. When we find those, who would be thought Men of Honour, or who expect to be mentioned by their Titles, not only Abetting, but personally engaging in such villainous Frolicks, and rivalling the Objects of the Mob in their Adventures, we, at this distance, are heartily ashamed for them, and blush in so deep a Red, that I with the Reflection could reach cross the Water. Would I were not in *France*, to bear Witness to a Treatment, so contrary to the least shadow of a Reprizal! *Roman* Liberty never spoke any such Language to a conquer'd Enemy. These are the boasted Followers of Nature, who act in open defiance to its fundamental Laws. For *Britain's* sake, when they are weary of hallooing the imaginary Design to bring in Popery, let them say something to the more necessary and speedy Importation of a little good Manners. I wonder who are their Allies in this new Confederacy against the common Enemy, at the expence of common Humanity? This is but an odd way of wiping out the Stains, that were contracted at *Gertruydenberg*. It is well these *Rechterens* of our Country are laid aside, and out of Power. Why should we suffer the *French* to subdue us any way; and, according to some Whig-Prophecies, gain by Treating what they lost in the Field? Good Breeding and Clemency are the true Badges and Trophies of a Conqueror. A Column erected in *Ormond-street*, or a dry'd Cat and a tatter'd Set of Harness hung up in the *Town-house* of *Paris*, would fix a more lasting Disgrace upon the Commanders of the Whigs, than the Rags in *Westminster-hall* can do them Honour. 'Tis a Work worthy your Pen, to vindicate our Country from this heavy Scandal; and pin it down upon the few  
guilty



guilty Wretches, whose Infamy is their Triumph.  
 I could only wish, that our Soil were of so happy  
 a Nature, that none of these venomous Animals  
 could live a Moment among us. But does any  
 one reflect upon *Ireland*, because it has bred  
 Wolves, or wild Creatures in the Shape of Men?  
 I must intreat you not to Law of Nations, or  
*Great Britain*, the auspicious Guardian of that  
 Law, to suffer any detriment from the professed  
 Enemies of Both; and should be glad to return  
 you my Thanks, for an *Essay*, beginning in Terms  
 like these; ——— *That Posterity may not be de-*  
*ceived, by the prosperous Wickedness of those Times*  
*of which I write, into an Opinion, that nothing*  
*less than a general Combination and universal Ap-*  
*plause of the whole Nation, &c.* I am, Sir, with  
 entire respect,

Your, &c.

### To the EXAMINER.

Mr. Examiner!

Cambridge, March 20.

YOUR late Paper upon Foreign Education  
 gave me abundance of Satisfaction: You  
 would entirely reconcile the Men of Birth and  
 Fortune to our *English* Universities, if you con-  
 tributed your Labours to the Cure of some grow-  
 ing Evils, which are now making Head among  
 us. Want of Discipline need not now be com-  
 plain'd of: Idleness and Loundging are Merito-  
 rious, when *Sedition* and *Heresy* are crept into our  
 Studies, and make a part of the liberal Sciences.  
 We have Tutors here, whose Classics are *Mal-*  
 and *Buchanan*; and who recommend *Sidney* and  
*Harrington* to their Pupils, as proper Entertain-  
 ments for young Gentlemen, ordain'd to the pub-  
 lick Service, and mark'd out by their Parents, to  
 adorn the *Pulpit*, *Bar* and *Senate*, and to govern  
 and refine our Posterity. *Logick* and *Disputing*

are at the height : For we have a numerous Body of strenuous Opponents, who dispute, in contradiction to establish'd Truths, not only for Form's sake, but out of a Principle of Conscience. One of our Professors, who writes himself *Regius*, and is the most Reverend Wit of his Age, maintain'd not long ago this Question in the Schools, which he decided in the *Negative* ; *Au una Ecclesiastici regiminis forma sit necessaria ad Unitatem Ecclesiae ?* He speaks *Terence's Latin* to admiration. — Where there are so many pure Lights, these Spots and Foils shew more remarkable and more odious. — The Fault is, we have too many Strollers; and *New-Market* is the common Rendezvous. — I wish the *Proffers* had the Power to haunt the Cabals there, during the Season of Diversion. — The Horses run for Her M——y's Plate, and the Jockies wrangle for Her Crown. — We read you here with Pleasure : And you are entred at two or three of our Houses, on purpose to Note some of the *Doctors*, who hold on t'other side of the *Question*.

Sir, Yours, &c.

*POSTSCRIPT.* We had a Charge at our last *Affizes*, full of Suspicions and Jealousies about *Popery*, and an elaborate Parallel between the present Reign and that of the late King *James*. — You may measure the Elegance and Reason of the Discourse, by the Capacity of our Brother L——l. — But no Whig, who has Zeal, must be thought inclin'd to *Non compos*. — Had a Bill of Indictment been preparing against the present Ministry, he could not have directed the *Jury* more pathetically. — Pray resolve us, who are no Lawyers, whether any Commissions for wearing Red of either sort, run in the Style of — *Quam diu se insolenter gesserint ?*

## To the EXAMINER.

S I R !

*Great Queen-street, March 13.*

' T Here happened some Days ago an Adventure  
 ' near this Place, worthy, at least of your  
 ' Notice, if of no higher and more publick Re-  
 ' sentment. A Gentleman, who has the *Glorious*  
 ' Misfortune of wearing the Honourable Name of  
 ' Har--y, was Assassinated in the Dark by a Crew  
 ' of Ruffians, and treated in the most barbarous  
 ' Manner. ——— He is but just now in a way of  
 ' Recovery. ——— The Villains, at every Blow,  
 ' wounded him more sensibly, by their horrid Exe-  
 ' crations, on account of his being for the *Peace*  
 ' and owning a Name they detested. ——— 'Tis  
 ' amazing to think, that when no Respect and  
 ' Veneration can be too much for any one, who  
 ' has the Honour to bear the least Relation, tho' it  
 ' be no more than of a few *Letters*, to the *Great*  
 ' Instrument of so much Good to our Nation, there  
 ' should yet arise a Species of Monsters, capable of  
 ' expresting their inveterate Malice at so remote a  
 ' Distance from the Object, and running such  
 ' Lengths in Villany. ——— Will these little *Guis-*  
 ' *cards* never give over thirsting for the best Blood,  
 ' when they plainly see Heaven seems resolved to  
 ' Protect the very Shadow of the Honest Breast they  
 ' aim at? ——— It is ill done to offer at a Rupture  
 ' by so many Acts of Hostility, when opposing  
 ' them, and meeting their Rage, appears to be so  
 ' good a Cause, that 'tis as *hard* to Die in it, as  
 ' it would be *Glorious*.

I am, S I R, &amp;c.

To the EXAMINER in Great Britain.

SIR!

*Brussels, March 4. N. S.*

BY this you will find, that I am the same Person, who not long ago sent you the *Brussels Journal, or, Memoirs and Travels of the Two Illustrious Itinerants*, now happily arrived on this side the Channel. — I see your Prints take notice, that the *First and Only* Visit Her Gra—— made in this City, was to the Dutcheſs of *Auremberg*. But I could not forbear acquainting you with a Remark I made, that perhaps felt not the same Impressions on our Friends in *England*, how unfortunately the same Papers, not above a Week after, take care to place the Duke of *Auremberg* at the Head of those *Malecontents*, who appear'd in open Defiance to the Authority of *Her Britannick Majesty* and the *Dutch*, in the Administration of the *Low-Countries*, and the Government of this Place: To which they have a Right by Treaty, and some Claim by Gratitude. — This odd Step surprises us: But *that* Lady has the Happiness not to be much known in these Parts. — We only venture to say, that if Her Gra—— and Her Spouse are as well paid beyond Sea, for opposing their Sovereign, as they were at Home, they will be the Richest Pair in Christendom.

*Worthy Sir! I am, &c.*

N<sup>o</sup> 25. Friday, March 27.

*Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,  
Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat armis.* Hor.

THE two *Sister Factions*, in Britain and Holland, finding their Military Scheme approach the Period of its Mortality, and hovering upon the very Point of a final Dissolution; not tired with blowing the Trumpet, and sounding a Charge to all Europe, have only given their *Heroick* Dispositions another Turn, and changed their Battery, where they imagine they shall make the Attack with a fairer Prospect of Success. War is their Profession still, and Confusion the Drift of their Wishes: But now their *Martial* Harangues, to induce the *Christian* World to cut one anothers Throats out of a Principle of Valour, have had no other effect, they would persuade them to go together by the Ear, out of a Principle of Cowardice: And therefore all their aim is, to fill the *High Allies*, and especially the Subjects of the *Two Maritime Powers*, with Suspicions and Jealousies, and to make them afraid of one another.

When they Clamour'd for continuing the War, France was a poor, exhausted, dispirited Nation reduced to the last Gasps, and her *Destruction* was limited to no longer a Dare than the *next Campaign*: But now they find a *Peace* is unavoidable, the *Grand Monarch* is become able on the sudden, to bribe half the World; and before he expires, designs to take two swindling Gulps; at the *first* he is to swallow *Seven* large Provinces, and at the *second*, *Two* substantial plentiful *Islands*. If Lyes would do it, the *Whigs* are the greatest Supporters of the *French* Power,

Power, of any People in *Europe*. This Terror, which they have dress'd up in the most formidable affrighting Circumstances, by false *Musters* of the *French King's Forces*, Mock *Audits* of his *Revenues*, Imaginary *Lists* of his *People*, Fairy *Maps* of his *Country*, and Idle *Dreams* of his *Intentions*, has been the Scare-crow of *Utrecht* ever since the Congress commenc'd. Now that Noise is pretty well hush'd by a General Peace, which seems to want nothing but a fair *Wind* to bring the certain Blessing home to us, and when all the *Allies* shall have owned, in the Face of *Europe*, the Justice and Equity of *Her Britannick Majesty's Measures*, and the Reasonableness of those Securities She has obtained for them, by *Her Arms* and *Her Councils*; the *Whigs* will be so far from joining with the *Dutch* or the House of *Austria* in these Sentiments, or from taking Shame to themselves, for the ungrateful and base Treatment their own Country has met with at their Hands, that I expect, in a few Days, their Malice should break out against the *Emp'or* and the *States*; in Terms quite different from those, in which we, who dared acknowledge a firm Adherence to the Interest of *Great Britain*, have all along oppos'd the sinister Motions of those *Two Powers*. But I am prepar'd to stand that *Rebuff*, and to vindicate them in so just Cause, as their Gratitude and Integrity to a Great and Good *QUEEN*; which is the only Provocation that can engage *That Party* in a War against them, at the same Time that their own Country enjoys a profound Peace. The *Whigs* are for any Potentate, in Opposition to their Rightful Sovereign; I for my own Sovereign, against any other Nation whatever. This is our mutual Difference, and my peculiar Glory. I need not talk in a Prophetick Style of their Behaviour towards our Allies: For when I foretold the near approach of their Ruin by the Peace, they cry'd out *Murder*, and said I mean'd a General Massacre: Which may serve to convince the World,



that whilst they live, they will be Factionous and Troublesome; since Quieting them, which I ventured to call their *Civil Death*, they are pleased to interpret as the same thing with their *Natural Death*.

But their staple Clamour, which they think they shall be able to keep up, and carry it on to a more distant and busie Period, is, *the Danger of the Protestant Religion*. Indeed it is time of Day they should begin to take care of that grand Article, which they have not only neglected, but basely betrayed and exposed to so many Hazards. Let them produce their Models and Projects in this Affair, which is dear to us as the Apple of our Eye, and we will undertake to prove, either that they are impracticable in their own Nature, or prejudicial to the *Church of England*; and what we cannot Answer, we will readily Subscribe to, and come in with our heartiest Endeavours to accomplish. But they are resolved to explain Nothing, because they really mean *Nothing*. All they pretend to advance is *Noise*: Mulick for the Mob: A Shout, a Din; the *Prelude* to Confusion. They *Shreek* and *Cry out*, when no Body hurts them, and raise a false Alarm, tho' the Enemy remain in their old Quarters. They are the *Cuckoos* of *Popery*, and by repeating the Sound, would make it habitual to the Mouths of the Multitude. It is a *Rattle* for Fools and Children: A Vocal Engine, animated with the Breath of Discord: A *Voluntary* for the Vulgar, a *Rebel-call* for a scatter'd Party: The Sound of a *Warning-Pan*, to encourage the Hive to swarm. Ten thousand of those Loud Throats, that *Echo* this Cry, ought to be stopped, rather than the same *Dance* should Dance again, which was once raised by this Infernal *Jargon* of Magick. It has a double Use: It serves for a *Watch-word* and a *Blind* at the same time. The Report of it is like the Sound of one of those *Horns* described in *Romances*: At the first *Eccho*, the *armed Knights* issue forth to the Com-

bat;

bat; and then it stills and drowns whatever can be said on the Adverse Side, forecloses any Accusation or Reply, tho' never so reasonable, and puts to Silence all Enquiries and Accounts of the Conduct of these *Political Drummers*.

The *Whigs*, for their Mortification, know the Day is coming, when all their Deeds of Darkness shall be hawl'd into broad Light, and set up as the Mark of Wonder and Merriment. The *Peace*, which renews the Friendship between the *Grand Allies*, will leave them the *Common Enemy*. *Holland, Germany, Prussia, Hanover, &c.* shall all give up the Lyes, Insinuations, Allurements, Menaces, Tricks, and Artifices of that abandon'd Party; which they have so freely scatter'd over Europe, to the Prejudice of their own Country. *A compleat History of the Secret Transactions at Utrecht* will strip them of their Fig-leaves, the *Patch-work* of their *Fall*, and expose them *naked*, at least, tho' without any disposition to be *ashamed*. This they foresee and dread; and therefore to prevent the Exclamations of others, begin the Cry first: Only I am glad to find, that *Papery* is the only Thing they can pick out, as most capable of giving Terror, and of drowning those better-grounded Apprehensions, which the Growth and Prevalence of their own *Faction* ought to give us.

Till these crowded Scenes of Mischief and Treachery can be display'd in full Proportion to the Publick, I shall content my self to mention only *Three* of their *late Projects* in the Affair of *Peace*, which will shew us how unfermountable their Rancour is; when no Disappointments can quell it. Their Malice is indsed in its Dorage, and run down to its last Druggs: But tho' its Efforts are weak and impotent, yet by repeating the Struggle, they prove a most inveterate Spirit still remaining in the Lees, not quite exhausted, and full of raging Desire, tho' vastly unequal to its Power and executive Faculties. There is something so little in their Designs, so

unlike their former Handy-work, such bungling Mischief; that 'tis unaccountable they should lose the receiv'd Character of their Understanding, only to give a Proof of their more strenuous Zeal in the Cause of Civil Dissention: When no Mortal, who can look back upon past Experiments, has the least reason to undervalue or call in question their Parts and Proficiency in that *noble Science*.

Their *first* adventurous Undertaking was, to prevail upon the *Dutch* not to *Sign* the *Peace*, but after the *Emperor*. This Point they labour'd for some Months at the *Hague*, as a Matter of extraordinary Importance. Tho' all they can be suppos'd to drive at, was only a reserve for Calumny and Defamation: They wanted a *Hint* to cry down their own Country, and represent the *Emperor* as a better *Advocate* to *Holland* than *Her Majesty*; in direct Opposition to clear Fact, and the Observation of all *Europe*. Even the grossest *German* Stupidity could never have digested this Crude, Ill-seasoned Untruth, which, had it prevail'd, would have serv'd to fill a *Ream* or two of *Whig-Pamphlets*, and supply their *Hawkers* by *Words of Mouth* with Cant and Clamour, when every other Refuge fail'd them, and they were miserably reduced to the fatal Choice of *Silence* or *Acknowledgement*.

After they were beaten from this Hold, they redoubled their Importunities with their *Dutch* Friends upon a new Proposal; and rather than give out in the glorious Enterprize of disgracing their own Country, as if Penitence had been the same thing with Guilt, they would have compounded for the bare Merit of their *First* Undertaking, by ensuring the Success of the *Second*: And therefore press'd the *Dutch* not to Sign the same Day with *Her Majesty*, but to defer their concurrence for some time: And here they fell in their Demands, to the poor Prolongance of four Days only: To such Misery was their *Faction* reduced, for an Expedient to make a short-lived Difference between the *Allies*, and express their

their own rebellious Resolutions to go on, in thwarting the Measures of their natural Sovereign ! The Intention of this wretched Project was, to establish another *Fund* for Clamour, and open a new Source of Scandal. We should then have been told, in the usual Language of their *Underlings*, That the *Dutch* were *betray'd*, and *forc'd* to come in upon at *solene necessity* : That the *Peace* was *Separate*, as they had *Prophested* ; and that our *best Allies* were at last obliged to take up with only a *Saving Game*. Their *Engineers in Parl—* would have been full charg'd on this occasion, and disgorg'd their Vellies of Complaints and Grievances against the *Crown* and *Ministry* : The *Priss* would have answer'd with its *Small-shot* ; and the *Peace* had been disrob'd of one half of its Glory, only because the *Whigs* were improv'd in successful Wickedness.

I am in some Doubt with my self, whether the Illustrious Person residing at *Aix la Chappelle*, whom the Whigs, in Justice to his Merit, are pleas'd to call Exile, ought to be robb'd of his Share of the Glory in negotiating these important Articles. Such a paltry Piece of Revenge upon his Queen, bears a nice proportion to his boasted Services. He and his Faction have conspired to load Her with the whole Burden of the Treaty, as well as of the War ; and whilst he assum'd the Glory of the Field, he made a handsome return, by leaving Her all the Dishonour that his vast Foresight had affixed to the conclusion of the Peace. When I see the Prince prove as Grateful to the House of *Austria*, as the Duke has been to the Family of the *Stuarts*, I shall conclude his Character to be at the height, and incapable of receiving any aggravations of Honour, from the Blazonry of my Pen.

Their other well-laid Contrivance was, to hurry the Preparations for War, and push the opening of the Campaign ; in hopes, that the French would be victorious, and so far distress the Grand Alliance, as to oblige *Great Brita'n*, when the Cessation ex-

pir'd, to bring back her victorious Troops to their Assistance: Or, if that Project fail'd, they had a Handle for fomenting Divisions at home, and throwing all things into Confusion, which is the Season and Harvest of their Wishes. Hence their News-writers so often alarm'd us with the coming of the Prince of Sa—y, and the Motion of the French Troops, for attempting, as they call'd it, a *Coup d'Eclat*. If the Affair of *Dénain* were sifted to the bottom, I believe it would be found to have run'd upon the same wretched Self-denying Principle in Politicks: For tho' the false Steps were notorious and undisguis'd, yet the Earl of Al—le never wrote to the *Hague* to excuse Prince Eug—, in return for the Prince's so generous excusing his Lordship. These desperate Measures, which carry with them so many Images of Horror, the real aggrandizement of the French, the slaughter of our Allies, and the immediate Ruin of the Liberties of *Europe*, look rather like Starts of Frenzy, than the settled Resolves of reasonable Creatures: And are a full Conviction to satisfy us, at whose Expence they are willing to allay their Thirst of Vengeance; and on how large a heap of Ruins they would rebuild the *Babel* of their Pride.

When the Peace has dissipated these vain unnatural Efforts, such of our *Allies*, as have been allur'd or terrified by this insolent Crew, once Formidable and ever Treacherous, into an Opinion of their Power, and the Necessity of obliging them, will then be delivered from that mistake, will shake off the Viper, and leave them to the Justice of History, and, a Fate they may very well compound for, the Contempt of Posterity. After such a Desertion, it will be time for them to disband: They may talk perhaps of keeping up their Old Alliances, tho' the War be at End: But some stirring Potentate must open a new Scene of Mischief, before we shall have an opportunity of recommending them, in the way of Loan, as a Body of very able and useful Mercenaries.

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N<sup>o</sup> 26.      *Monday, March 30.*

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*Fam jam tacturum Sidera summa putes:  
Fam jam tecturum Tartara nigra putes.*      Ovid.

I Have so passionate a Regard for Truth, such an impartial Eagerness in the pursuit after it, and such Pleasure in the Possession; that I am content to hazard, and entirely give up, all the Reputation my honest Labours have heap'd together, for the single Satisfaction of retracting a Mistake, whenever I fairly detect it, and openly chastising it with a Mark of Dislike. I am persuaded, no Man can be a severer Critick upon the *Examiner* than my self, or peruse him with more Phlegm and cool Resentment; not excepting the hearty Endeavours of such of my Adversaries, who do me Honour by their Remarks; which only serve to confirm the World in the Judgment I have made of their Understanding, and who are under a fatal Necessity of Answering the *Examiner*, whether they can or no.

I do not design, by this Preamble, to recommend the same candid Method to the Whigs, or to insist on it as an indispensable Duty in their Writers: For if they were obliged to atone for their Mistakes, every other Sheet must do Penance for the preceding; and they might fairly divide their Time, between Sinning and Repenting. But where Error is the Support of a Cause, to *Retract* would be the same thing as *Apostacy*.

There is a Case now before me, which gives me some Pleasure in being Fallible, by affording me so handsome an Opportunity of acknowledging it. About a Month ago, a Pamphlet peep'd abroad, under



der this Title, — *Observations upon the State of the Nation in January 1712-13.* — Being at that time in a Course of low Subjects, this little Piece unhappily fell in my way ; and I ran carelessly enough into the common Vogue of the Town, and laid it at the Door of a Noble Author, who being out of Action, and having lost the use of his Speech, was supposed to be reduced to the Necessity of Explaining himself in Writing. I was betrayed into this Mistake, by several unlucky Symptoms and Resemblances in the Product, which drew me with more ease, than usually consists with my Caution, into the general prevailing Opinion. The Style was grave, and somewhat heavy ; the Periods long and not well buttoned together ; the Fragments from History imperfect and ill-apply'd, and the Sentiments full of an affected Sourness and Singularity, becoming a cast Courtier, whose Principles were as much out of the way as his Cloaths. But upon recollection, and a more close perusal (for I own I read it twice) I freely confess my Error ; and absolve that honourable Person from having the least hand in it. I therefore heartily ask Pardon both of the World and his Lordship, without being induced to it by any other Motive, but pure Justice ; and am willing this much injur'd Statesman should make use of my Example, to support him under the Indignity of having a spurious Paper-Offspring father'd upon him.

When I have acquainted the Reader with those Reasons, which moved me to alter my Opinion, and wipe off that Blemish from this Tall, Aspiring, Slender Patriot ; he will be in danger, by the Discovery, of running over into a very agreeable Surprise, and wonder how either I or his Lordship came to write so, or the World to believe us.

The Observer for *January* boasts of his Zeal for the Revolution ; his Aversion to the *French* ; his Friendship for the *Dutch*, and his Enmity to the *Pretender*, and the *Fus Sacrum*, or Natural Right ;  
insisting

insisting with a very commendable Warmth, *That the Pretender, under any Disguise, and British Liberty, are inconsistent Things.* But the noble Person, nam'd for the Author of this Pamphlet, cannot be suspected of entertaining any such Sentiments: Because he oppos'd King *William's* accession to the Throne, and the famous Act for making it High Treason to come from *France*, or hold a Correspondence with the Court of *St. Germain's*. And when an Association was propos'd and handed about, he first insert'd his weighty Name, and then struck it out again; to convince Mankind, that the tallest Politicians, like the tallest Trees, are soonest ruffled with the least Gale, and tossed to and fro with every Wind of Doctrine. If what he says of himself be true, *That he has not changed his Principles since the Revolution*; and if what the Whigs, who are now his greatest Acquaintance, always said of him, be true, his Principles are so very bad, that nothing but his being of that Party could add to the Perfection of his Character.

This paultry Pamphleteer. (I speak of him in the Whig Dialect) is guilty of several Blunders in History. He draws a Parallel between the Branches of the House of *Austria*, and those of the House of *Bourbon*; and because the First never quarrel'd, at the distance of several Kingdoms; the other must never be jealous, or entertain mutual Suspicions, tho' they are bordering and contiguous. He argues besides, that because *Henry VIII.* of *England*, turn'd the Ballance of Power which way he would, when *Charles V.* was Master of the better Half of *Europe*: therefore *Queen Anne*, a more Powerful Monarch than *Henry VIII.*, must be so far from turning the Ballance, if *France* and *Spain* should be united, that in such a Case, he makes Her unable to defend Her own Territories. These silly Slips could never fall from the Pen of so great an Historian, as that noble Patriot, who is so violent a Proficient in this Science, that he cannot forbear spouting out his  
Frag-

Fragments upon all occasions, whether they are to the Purpose or no.

The *Observer* professes to write by the sole Instigation of a Publick Spirit, and to Publish his Apprehensions, out of pure regard to the Constitution, and for the Good and Welfare of the State. It is true, Letters can be produced, of a Date just preceding the late happy Revolution in the Ministry, sign'd by a noble Writer, at that time a Well-wisher to the Change then in Agitation, in which he professed to have no View of Interest for himself or his Family, further than the bare Honour of having a Hand in that glorious Turn: But notwithstanding those relign'd Sentiments, a Man must be supposed to have a very mean Opinion of British Grandeur, not to set an adequate Value upon the Privy Seal, and a Lord High Admiral's Trident, and resent the Loss of them accordingly. Had this Pamphleteer met with so aggravated a Disaster, it is possible his Intellects would have received some unlook'd for Emotions, and his Wit been animated with a more sprightly Bitterness.

But his Disaffection moves so very regularly, that he undertakes to shew Causes for his Complaints. He says, *He has no Design to Accuse the Ministry*; and gives this humble Character of himself, *That he does not pretend to be wiser than his Government*. This is so disagreeable to the Spirit and Behaviour of our Man of Quality, that he takes all Opportunities of launching out into the contrary Extremes; is the forwardest of any to concert Measures for perplexing the Administration, and making us a Prey to the first Set of Foreigners, that will accept of our Country for a Present. In all his publick Harangues and private Conversation, he represents the Ministry in such black Colours, as if he sincerely designed to be one of the Number.

The real Pamphleteer would persuade us, *That he only differed from the Tories in a single Point*: But the supposed Author has run several other Lengths,

and particularly opposed, with an extraordinary Zeal, a late Project to turn out such of the Church-Party as had Places under the Government, or reasonable Hopes of coming into Employment. In this he went from his Old Sentiments, to oblige his New Friends; as if contradicting the Ministry were equally Meritorious with contradicting himself.

The *Observer* would play a double Game upon his *Readers*, by expressing his Concern, in pag. 2. for that ill Treatment which the Whig-Ministry met with from the Tories, in their Sermons and Memorials: Tho' at pag. 24. he takes some of the bitterest Complaints out of the Mouths of these very Tories, and represents the Whigs, as *Enemies to God and his Church*, for countenancing *Pestilent, Heathenish Books*, and promoting the Cause of *Irreligion*: On which account, he makes it a Question, *Whether they were really Christians*, and supposes their Fall to be a *just Judgment from Heaven*. Would the noble Person, who stands accus'd of Writing by the Town, involve himself in the Guilt of such a flagrant Inconsistency? He Patroniz'd the only remarkable Tract that ever appear'd under the Title of *A Memorial*; and cabals at this very time, with those Men, whom our Author calls *Heathens and Wretches exposed to the Divine Vengeance*. As a Statesman, he may be allow'd to change once in Three Years; but as a *Writer*, he would not surely do it twice in Twenty Pages. Were *Peol*—y and *Dr*—e, and his Old Prompters to rise from the Dead, and see him in Consult with the *Junta*, they would hardly be credited at their Return; though *Han*—a, *Wal*—e and *Le*—e went along with them, to acquaint the Infernal Saints with the surprizing News of his Conversion.

Had our Pamphleteer been a Man of the First Rank, he would not have used his own Order with so much Disregard and Contempt. He talks of *Bodies of new Lords pour'd into the Upper-House*, as  
it

it gained Quality; and of *Troops of Peers raised by the Ministry*: And when he reckons up the Publick Securities of our Constitution, he mentions only the Q—n and House of Com—ns; as if the Lords were no part of the Legislature, and in a fit Condition to be voted Useless. Would a Peer, a Member of that House, talk thus? And such a Member, who has reason enough to value Himself upon His Titles, if ever He really intends to be valued at all?

The *Observer* is as great a Casuist as a Statesman. At *Pag. 27.* he talks of *Imposing Oaths, for no other Reason but to see how a Nation stands affected.* Certainly the Pious Person, already hinted at, understands *Sanderfon* better, than to make an Oath a Political Touchstone, instead of a Case of Conscience.

Our Author goes on, and affirms, *Pag. 31.* That the Whigs, by giving readily into the Occasional Bill, made the Church easie, and shew'd themselves *not to be her Enemies*; tho' he had proved a little before, that they were Heathenishly inclined, and Favourers of Irreligion. This insufferable Blunder could never come from a Noble Churchman, who understands his Catechism too well, to believe, that Answering in the Affirmative to a Bill against the single Sin of Hypocrisie, is a full Confession of the Faith of a True Christian.

In the 25th Page, this Stater of National Cases complains of the *Rage that follow'd upon Dr. S—'s Impeachment, and the dire Effects it produced.* Who can imagine, that a zealous Patron and Defender of the Doctor, should drop such an unwary Expression, and cool all on the sudden? If he calls this *Backing of his Friends*, I must say with *Jack Falstaff*,——*A Plague upon such Backing.*

The Pamphleteer seems concern'd for the Honour of the English Navy, and *that France should be an Overmatch at Sea for any one of the Maritime Powers, and an equal Match for both.* Our Noble Patriot would certainly have wav'd this ticklish Subject: For the English and Dutch were never beaten by the French.

at Sea, but in that favourable Juncture, when he was Sec<sup>y</sup> of State. And we know my Lord Torr<sup>n</sup> has given too good an Account of that Affair, to admit of the least Suspicion, that he acted contrary to Orders.

Lastly, our Author professes a hearty Respect for Her Maj<sup>y</sup>, whom he calls, *A Princess of incomparable Virtues, and a steady Lover of Her People.* How different are these Sentiments from those of a Tall Orator, who made a Speech, on purpose to call that Sacred Person the Woman of *Samaria*; and concluded his Parallel with some Quotations out of a Chapter in *Leviticus*, which contains the chief Arcana of *Mosaical* Midwifery.

But not to detain the Reader any longer; upon a stricter Enquiry it appears; that this little Piece was written by one *Dismal*; and is an exact Sample both of his Parts and Principles. Under what Influences, either of Fancy or Fortune, this Bantling stole into the World, none of his Dry Nurses can inform us. Such merry Whines ought to give us no manner of Disquiet; since it is confidently averr'd, that, for a valuable Consideration, the Author will Answer it himself. I am told, the Criticks of his own Party are as severe upon it as the Tories: For which reason, he has promised to make them amends in his next Speech. If Writing and Speaking are Issues of the same Fund of Thinking, he does well to make his Pen the Forerunner of his Lips, that we might not be quite killed with Apprehensions, should the Fright come upon us by Surprise: For if he Talks as he Writes, I know not what will become of the Tories. When the State wants something new and diverting, *Dismal* shall go to work again; and if he gets by it, shall grow better and better: For where an Author has lost himself with one Party, by a few bad Principles, and with the other, by a few good ones; it is high time for him to Reform, either his Conscience, or his Understanding.



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N<sup>o</sup> 27. *Friday, April 3.*

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— Πυθαγόρας δ' ἦν πέρ τε λέγῃται  
 Πηγὸς ἰχ ————— Pythagoras.

**T**HE Moral Virtue of Fortitude, which enters so very far into the Composition both of a Military and Civil Hero, may be divided into Offensive and Defensive: The last of these is not only most difficult to attain, but most useful and serviceable; as well in the Conduct of common Life, as in the highest Stations of Business and Honour. It consists in sustaining any Evils or Misfortunes that may befall a Great Man, in the Course of publick Affairs, with a calm resigned Temper, free from Passion or private Revenge, and without being put by his necessary Guard, intimidated with imaginary Dangers, or called off from pursuing those great Ends, which a Patriot has undertaken for the Good of his Country. Of these Evils, the most provoking are Calumny and Detraction: To be set up as the Mark of Envy, made the Aim, the Butt and Lodgment of Scandal; to be Suspected by some, Buffoon'd by others, Menaced and Insulted by many, and secretly Caw'd at and Defam'd by more; to be made the Subject of Pamphlets, Libels, Letters, Fables, Ballads, Paragraphs, and other depraved Productions, engendred by Malice, and falsely fathered upon Wit; to stand exposed to a Legion of Porcupines, mal-treated by every Wretch, who can abuse Liberty and Great Men, can make a black Mark with a Pen, or open a foul Mouth to let a little stinking Breath out: These are Indignities sufficient

sufficient to shock the Patience and Resolution of One, who is conscious of deserving a quite contrary Return from his Inferiors. The Ingratitude of those he has served, is apt to stagger his publick Spirit: He falters under the double Load of Business and Calumny; and the daring Attempt to overcome Envy and Clamour in this Life, appears upon a nearer View to be Rash and Desperate. He looks down the Precipice, and sees the Skulls and Bones of those who have perish'd before him; and perhaps may begin to suspect Virtue itself, when he finds it thus rewarded; and leave a mad World, to rowl on unguided, whilst his watchful Eyes are bent forward to impartial Futurity. He turns with Contempt from an Iron Age, from a Race of degenerate Moderns, and appeals to the more generous *Greeks and Romans*. Glory is a quick Pulse, a noble Spring to Action; but when the highest Merit pleads its Claim, to be disappointed, to find opposition in bestowing the Crown, on a barking Crew among the Populace, set on to Decry and Vilify an auspicious Name; this is such a Tryal, that tho' every great Man ought to undergo with Courage, yet few can shew a masterly Temper in supporting it, which is certainly the Perfection of Heroick Virtue; and makes the happy Genius, that has attain'd it, equal to every thing that humane Nature can aspire to. He is truly qualified to be Pilot in a Storm, and to take the Reins from *Phaeton*. Doing of Good is a general Duty; but suffering Evil for it, and enduring the Tortures of Reproach and Calumny, this was ever thought a very exalted Character, and a degree of Martyrdom.

When Faction, like Poetry, tho' with a different design, calls for her Brazen Lungs, her Hundred Mouths, and as many Tongues, to assault those who stand in her way, we know not, since all Goodness as well as Greatness is finite, how many sincere and worthy Friends to the State may be aw'd into servile

servile Compliances, terrified with the united Forces of Noise and Numbers, grow impatient under the pressure of Reputation unjustly overwhelmed, or withdraw from the Tempest, to enjoy the ill-timed Blessing of a retired Integrity. It is therefore very necessary to keep alive this useful Virtue, by applying such seasonable Considerations, as may serve to quicken and refresh it. For I think it is on all hands allow'd, that the present Age affords many noble Opportunities of exerting this Heroick Quality in its highest Perfection.

The Schoolmen, who are often too Speculative in handling such Religious Points as have passed through their Hands, observe with great Nicety, in drawing the Comparison between God's Creating and his Preserving Power, that the last is the more Noble of the Two, because the Chaos, or Mass of Atoms, which he moulded into that beautiful Frame now before us, was Passive, Inanimate, and incapable of resisting the Directions of its Almighty Artificer. But after he had mingled together such variety of opposite Seeds and Elements, continually contesting and waging War with each other, and produced an immense Number of Free-Agents, endowed with a Power to move Counter to his Will, and fill the Universe with Discord and Contention, this signal Difference adds to the Glory of his Providence over Mankind; when by an overruling Nod and Influence, notwithstanding the unwearied Struggle of perverse and corrupt Nature, he makes all his Creatures conspire to magnify and serve him, without depriving them of their Natural Courses and Original Freedom. In imitation of this great Example, allowing for the vast distance between Finite and Infinite Beings, his Vicegerents and Subordinate Governors of the World below, receive more true Glory, tho' acquir'd with more Difficulty, from the manage of a Free People, whose Liberties they have preserved and established, at the same time that they take Advantage of  
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that very Blessing, to vilifie and oppose their Benefactors, than in the arbitrary Dominion and Government of a Nation of Slaves and Vassals, who are deprived not only of the Principle, but the possibility of Resisting them. The old Patriots of *Greece* and *Rome* did therefore carry it with the most resigned Temper imaginable, whenever they were Suspected, or openly Accused and Traduced by their Countrymen; and comforted themselves under the Oppression of publick Calumny, with the Satisfaction of having secured that very Freedom to the State, by which themselves were become Sufferers. A Great Man must know, that in a Nation crumbled into Parties, and replete with the Seeds and Principles of Dissention, there is a Fatality in Scandal; and an exalted Character can no more exempt the Person, who bears it, from this necessary Evil, than from the unavoidable Curse of Mortality. To Die, and be Ill-spoken of, are the common Conditions of Grandeur and Goodness. The same Stock of Philosophy will serve to buoy up a Statesman above the Fear of Death and Detraction; will support him under the melancholy Reflection, that his Name as well as Body is liable to Corruption; and that he must be Provinder for Malice, and Food for Worms.

There is a Character, which, if it be attainable under the Dominion of Parties, does upon the first Report sound very agreeably; and we esteem Him truly Happy, whom all Mankind speaks well of. But then we know, that the Holy Scriptures denounce a Curse against this happy Man; and that Curse being particularly directed to Men in a publick Station, it will not be difficult to assign the rational Causes, for making a good Name, in such a Case, highly Criminal. They, who bear this Character, must be supposed to be Men of sleepy, indolent Virtues, servile and complaisant to a degenerate Age; Men who dare not stem the Torrent and appear bravely Good in ill Times; who are  
weak

weak enough to desert a Cause in a dangerous Crisis, and reject the Merit of Reproach by an exemplary and uncommon Honesty. The worst of Men will speak well of these, for fear of spoiling their peaceable Dispositions, or provoking them to intermeddle and cross their Designs. But such Reputation is Infamy; and Christianity, by branding it with a Penalty, has surpassed all the boasted Strains of *Grecian* and *Roman* Honour. There never was a great Man, or a God upon Earth, who had not his Share of Reproach; and whoever would avoid it, must be one of the Blanks in low Life, and pass his Time in Obscurity. A Genius for Platonism or Poetry, a *Cowley* or a *Norris*, might be allow'd to argue for Retirement, a Grotto, a Cottage, free from Noise and Strife, and below the reach of an envious detracting World; but to hear Sir *William Temple* give into the same Monastick Resolutions, is a Crime not easily to be Pardoned by Mankind. It is Robbing the Publick of its best Treasure, and consuming a valuable Life in the habitual Practice of the worst of Vices, Self-Idolatry.

In a time of Plenty for Scandal, a great Man need not give himself too much Trouble to avoid it, for that is impossible: He must as certainly expect sometimes to meet it, as to be incommoded with the Wind, the Rain, the Dust, or the Sun. His only Care, when others speak ill of him, is that he may not be able to speak any ill, in secret, of himself. A Monthly or Yearly Catalogue of Reproaches will, by the help of *Antithesis*, serve to put him in mind of every part of his Duty. He ought to consult those, who are his Political Friends, ally'd to him by the same Virtues, and united in the same Undertaking: If they approve his Conduct, the Malice of those, who hate him, is Honour. Should his Enemies stigmatize him with a good Word, or leave him out of their Black Lists and Proscriptions, it might prove his Ruin: As *Hannibal*, by sparing *Scipio's* Villa and Gardens,

made

made him suspected by the *Romans*, and disabled him for the Publick Service. Some have been fond of being Ill-spoken of by those, whom they know to be equally Enemies to the State, and the Persons presiding in its Affairs, that they have solicited and provoked them to Rail, and laid Snares for Detraction: And if it may be lawful to mention my own Affairs on this occasion, I have some Letters now by me, wherein I am charg'd with setting several Puny Writers to Work, on purpose to recommend me by their Scurrilities. By these Maxims I would lessen no Man's Care of his Reputation, nor shew my self so rigid a Stoick, as to embrace the humourfome Opinion of *Seneca*, That *a wise Man is capable of receiving any Injury this way*. Nothing ought to be neglected, that may take of a popular Delusion, or set a reasonable Enquirer right, in his Sentiments of those above him. But when Ill Men speak Ill of the Good, where is the Wonder, or who can help it? They pursue and utter the Dictates of their Wickedness, and not of their Judgment. They speak themselves and not others. It is their Vice, their Custom, their constant Practice; they consider no Man's Merit, but follow the impulse of their own corrupt Thoughts. Government must be revers'd, if the greatest Criminals were to give Sentence against the Innocent. They are under a necessity, they must defame and vilify, or they would not be the Wretches they are, unsuspected of any Design to grow better. When a Dog Barks, or an Ass Brays, a Man must be very Superstitious indeed, to turn *Augur* on these Occasions, or imagine they mean any thing more, than to notify their Species, and express their own Nature. The tainted Hackney Breath of the Vulgar is equally nauseous and despicable: It blows Hot and Cold in a moment, and depends upon such slender Trifles, is so unaccountable in its Rise, and so uncertain in its Issues, that we may well compare it to the Wind, since we

*know*



*know not whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth*: And therefore a wise Man need never fear losing it, or despair of getting it again. But the last Refuge against a prevailing Scandal, is *Posterity*, which has none of our present Piques, and personal Prejudices, but will certainly do Justice to injured Virtue. Nor is it improper to refer a Cause of Importance to so remote a Judicature: For the Reputation of a great Man is not worth contending for, unless it survives to appear before that impartial Tribunal. Even in this Life, whilst Parties are in Motion, let a Hero bear up bravely against Faction, and found his Grandeur upon no other Basis than the honest Cause he is engag'd in, and the Clamours of his Enemies will call forth a thousand Thanks and Panegyricks from his and the Nation's Friends, will inflame their Zeal, and warm their Affections. In time his Honour will prevail, in company with Truth; and his Character and Reputation remain deeply engrav'd upon the Pillar of the State, not to be eras'd till that falls, or to decay. By these genuine Proofs of a publick Spirit, he will triumph over Legion, and by treading Envy at his Feet, tame a Monster, that, as *Horace* tells us, was too hard for *Hercules*.

Whatever I have said on this Subject, I would not have the Reader apply to that Insolent Party now among us, which has been allow'd to strut its Hour upon the Stage, and seems resolv'd to go off in a Kant. Their Invention for Scandal is so awkward, and their Forgeries and Calumnies so absurd and ridiculous, that they are equally incapable of fixing either Honour or Disgrace, upon a great Man or a little. If they Spawn Three Lyes a Day, 'tis odds but Two of them are Monsters. They are become the Fools of the Court (the only Place which is fit for them) dress'd up in a Cap and Bells, suffer'd to go about Tame, and play over a thousand little Extravagances to make their Betters merry. Whoever is capable of believing their Le-

gen.

gends, forfeits his Right to Truth : And I would no more seriously set my self to confute a right natural Whig-Lye, of the common Run, than I would put *Quere's* to a Child's Rattle, or call a Mag-pye to account for Ill-Language.

N<sup>o</sup> 28. Monday, April 6.

*Et cantare pares, & respondere parati.  
Non Nostrum inser vos tantas componere lites;  
Et Vitulâ Tu dignus, & Hæc.*————— Virgil.

*A Dialogue between Mrs Eleanor James, Mr. Squash,  
and Don Dismallo.*

Mrs J. **N**OW, good Dear Don, be not so Ob-  
stinate ; but listen to me, who Watch  
Day and Night for the Nation's Profit. When I  
put on this Nightrail, and You those long Pockers,  
we were never to leave them off, until there should  
be Peace in *Britain* ; until the Antichrist of the  
Whigs should be swallow'd up, and until the Man  
of Blood, who followeth the Scarlet Whore, should  
leave vexing the Womaa, and take Shelter under  
the Wings of the *Eagle*. ——— Then I Pray'd and  
Fasted ; I desired and intreated a Vision ; and be-  
hold, I was shew'd the King, whom I loved when I  
was Young. He sat upon a Throne, with his No-  
bles about him. ——— I saw your Father among  
them. ——— He was a Sober Personage, and Grave  
of Speech. *Eleanor*, says he, *when thou seest of my  
Children turning from the right Way, go and ad-  
monish them.* ——— Shall the F——hes flock with  
the Ravens, and Jack-daws, the Kites and Buz-  
zards ?

zards? — Warn them to mind the Nation's Peace. They are not of the Number of those who handle the Bow or the Shield. I charge them upon my Blessing, and as they hope to Set the Seal, and Handle the Pen of the Writer, that they follow such as make for Peace. — Then said I, Thy Son is a good Man; I admonish'd him, and he was for the Doctor. — Yea, quoth he, I know he is High-Church; and yet he is out of the way. — He is for a Church too High; for a Church upon a Hill; and he will take to Reading of Romances, and Books of Knight-Erantry, and will talk of Dragons and Giants, and will not mind Peace. — Then the Vision ceased, and lo I am come unto thee. —

Don Dis. Be gone, thou Woman of Samaria! — Must I be Tutor'd and Instructed by thy unclean Sex! — I have read of you somewhere in Leviticus.

Mrs. J. And why may not the Women of Samaria be as Wise as those of Italy, tho' they cannot Sing as sweetly? — If thou hast any Vision or Word, declare it unto me.

Mr. Sq. Lookyc, Mrs. What'd'ycallum! You are not to talk to Dons in this manner. The Noble Mandarin has Reasons for what he does, d'ye see: And therefore Hear him! Hear him!

Don Dis. I would have all honest Gentlewomen take this along with them, That the K—— of F—— is Old, and may die. His Son and his Grandson did die, I know not how; and his Great Grandson may also die, in like manner. It is true, he has made a Will, and Don P——p has renounced: But what then? His Younger Brother may be out of the way, and his Cousin of O——s may ride out a Hunting, whilst P——p enters upon the Estate: And then where is your Peace?

Mr. Sq. Right! — Well urg'd! — She can never answer it: That's Poz.

Mrs. J. Alas for my People, must they never be at Rest? Must the devouring Sword pass through

the Land? Must our Sons be sold and knock'd on the Head? Shall Aliens and Strangers make a Prey of them? Must the Country Freeholders pass one seven times more through the *Exchequer*? Shall our Maidens and Widows mourn together, and You grow thin with *Politicks*, and I with Fasting, until the K—— of F——, with his whole House, become as Immortal as those false Diviners, his Priests, have made him believe? — Are not He, and the King of the *South*, and all the Kings of the Earth, even as the Grass that withereth, and the Flower that fadeth? — If the young Man, even P——p, hath sold his Birthright, and after repenteth him, and would have it again, then is the Time to make ready the Chariots and Horsemen. — No Man goeth to War without a Cause, whether it be a good Cause or a bad One. — But ye would have us Fight, before the Promise is broken, and the Agreement set at nought. — Ye have those, who will stand by you in that Day: But till that Day cometh, let my People have rest.

Mr. Sq. By this Truncheon, the Woman talks smartly! — For observe me, that is, — In our Country, where I lived before I was caught, we never eat People raw, unless we are very hungry, or till they first do us some Mischief.

Don Dis. I care not whether Don P——p seizes both the Inheritances or no: I am sure he, and his Brother or Nephew, for their own Sakes, must stand by and uphold one another; and then it is the same thing as if those Bawbles, their Crowns, were both upon one Head.

Mrs. J. But the Vision hath said unto me. — As how they may both Quarrel as well as both Die. — Thine is a Lying Spirit, that haunteth the Sons of *Belial*: For wilt thou say, thou canst Dream a Dream with me, who never deserted the Right and the Truth, as thou hast done? — Wilt thou therefore go out, and make War upon

the young Men, because they may live in Unity :  
 ————Halt thou dealt with thine own People thus,  
 and shall the armed Man come upon us, because  
*We* and the *Hollanders* are Friends? ————Do we  
 Treat for War or for Peace? Or thinkest thou,  
 that we will set the Battle in array against the  
 young Men, even against *Philip*, because he will  
 not agree to be at variance with his Brother? If  
 they both take what is their Due, and go their  
 ways contented, it is as we have order'd it ; and we  
 may all have Peace, if *Thou* and *Jezabel* will not  
 disturb it.

Mr. *Sq.* Why ay, Goodee ! ———— You say well,  
 ———— For here now at our House, *Tompson* and I are  
 Sworn Brothers. ———— And what if he makes over  
 a Share of his Vails to me? Shall *Dick* or *Harry*  
 trouble their Heads, because we won't go to Log-  
 gerheads about it? ———— 'Tis *Bamm* all over.

Don *Dis.* I know we have been spent by the  
 War, and are not able of our selves, or strong enough  
 to keep out the *Pretender* : But yet we are stronger  
 than we were in *Harry* the VIII's Time, who was a  
 Match for the better half of *Europe* ; whereas only  
 the *Franks* and *Dons*, put together, will be more  
 than a Match for us, when once they are united  
 under *P——p* : Though he is a Child in Leading-  
 strings, and cannot keep factions out of *Castile*,  
 or prevent *Arragon* and *Catalonia* from being dis-  
 gusted. ———— Ought we not then to Fight on, till  
 we have got fast hold of the Balance of Power ?

Mr. *Sq.* Well, I'll say that for my *Don*, no Man  
 handles a Debate cleaner. ———— There's Depth, there's  
 Reason in what he says. ———— He shall speak a Speech  
 with e'er a Justice within the Liberties. ———— *First*.  
 He shews you, Madam *James*, how that we are  
 Weak : Then, that we are as Strong as when we  
 managed half *Europe*. By and by he makes it out,  
 that Two Enemies are more than Ten : After this,  
 that *Philip* is a Driv'ler : And in a Moment, that  
 he shall Box with all the Gamesters near him :  
 And

And lastly, when we have spent *All*, he would have us spend the *Remainder* to keep the Balance even; without staying till one of the Scales gets more Weight, and proves too heavy for the other. — Here's Eloquence! Here's Sham, and Bite, and Fun! — I wish, when his Hand's in, I could get my Noble Master to prove my Complexion to be as lovely as Madam *Margarita's*.

Mrs. *J.* Come, Come! Ye are all weigh'd in the Balance, and are found wanting. — Ye may say unto this King, *Here is thy Portion, take it and go thy way!* And unto that Prince, *Thy Scepter shall reach thus far and no farther:* And they may answer, *We are agreed: Let it be so.* But if either of them waxeth Fat, and kicketh against his Neighbours: If *Phillip* shall say, *My Scale is too light, I will go out and encompass such a Land, because it is pleasant and convenient for me:* Then is the Season for you to rise as one Man, when ye are in Heart, not spent with War; when there is no Discord nor Contention in your Streets, and ye may hold the Balance with a steady Hand. — Then ye may say unto him, *Wherefore hast thou done this?* And let your young Men chastize him with a Rod of Iron.

Don *D's.* What shall we do in the mean time? The Succession is at Stake. — Our Brethren of the North are disgusted. — They will not Swear, and they are shut out of their Birth-right by the Union, and enrag'd against their Countrymen of the South. Here is a wide Door open'd, at which the Pretender may enter.

Mr. *Sq.* The Pretender! — Have I waited so often, within these Two Years, at the *Calves Head* Tavern, to suffer this? — Ill go immediately, and buy up all the Oaken Sticks at *Westminster-Hall* Gate. — Pray, Noble Don, which way does he come? Will the *Kirkmen* bring him in, or the Papishes? Or will they join their Forces upon this occasion? For I have often heard you say, the



Churchmen never intended any such Matter.

Mrs. J. Friend Squash! Thou may'st keep thy Courage till thy Face and my Apron are both of a Colour. Thy Master here hath indeed said, That no King can Renounce or Abdicate but for himself: That Titles have lain dormant for a Generation or two, and afterwards broke out again, when an Opportunity offered: That Subjects have an Indefeasible Right to their Natural Sovereign: That Henry IV. was supported in his Succession, notwithstanding the Difference of Religion; and, That the Gentry love French Wine. ——— Thus he hath said, and the Lord rebuke him: But I have a great many good Bishops and Dukes and Lords, who never said half as much, and yet the Wicked call them *Perkinists*. And now he cries, we are in Danger from the North: But when the Church was in Danger from the South, they Voted it out of Danger, and so we were to hold our Tongues, though it was Pain and Grief to us. ——— When my Old Lord Tr—— and my Lord M——, for whom I Fasted often, left the Door in the North open, the Pretender came; and they shut the Back-Door, and yet he ran away again. ——— The Churchmen were then Down, and yet they were against Confusion: And now they are Up, they will not alter nor overturn the State, nor break their White Staves, to make Hobby-Horses for *Perkin*. ——— If the Union hath disgusted the Lads, was it not the Handy-work of the Whigs? ——— But art thou not mistaken? Hast thou not a Lying Spirit in thee? For the Lads have Addressed; and when ye gave out, that they were up in Arms, was there a Bow or a Spear found among Ten thousand? ——— Out of thine own Mouth will I condemn thee, O thou Dreamer of Dreams! Hast thou not said, That the Tories, in their Hearts, are against the Pretender: That the Ministry, for their own sakes, will not attempt to alter the Establishment; unless they can be backed by the Parliament: And that the Parliament will

*not bring him in, because they are Britons, Protestants, and Men of Estates, who love their Wives and Children? Thou dost therefore Fear, where no Fear is; and thou art a sounding Brass and a tinkling Cymbal, appointed to be carried forth, and beat upon by others, that the Swarm may issue from the Hive, and cover the Earth like Locusts.*

*Don Dis.* I beseech you, Mrs James, spare me in that Article. I am *Bulfinch* in the Play, I only Apprehend; I do not pretend to find fault. — It is true, I charge the Ministry, and their Troop of Peers, with Betraying the Liberties of Europe, with Selling us to France, and paving a Way for the Pretender. — But then, to make them amends, I positively affirm, *I have no design to Accuse them.* I say, *It is possible, they may mean us no foul Play underhand.* I profess not to be wanting in my Resistance for them; and I own, *I am commanded not only not to resist them, but to aid them with my Hands, my Purse, and my Prayers, and to exhort and encourage others to do so too.*

Mrs. J. Thy Words are the Words of the Upright, if thou couldst get them to hang together: But thy Actions shew thee to be one of the Synagogue of Satan. — In many things thou art right; but thou hast a little Leaven in thee, whereby the whole Lump is Leavened: And just so it fared with my Old Friends, my Lord M, and Lord G. They said they were for the Church, and I Fasted for them: But when the *Junta* shew'd them their Pumps and Vanities, and made them fall down to *Mammon*, they could never more turn into the right way. — Evil Communication was their Bane; and yet thou, who art in the same Snare, who followest the same Steps, hast not the Grace to consider their Latter End.

*Don Dis.* I tell thee, Woman, I consider not my self, but the Cause. — *I speak not only my own Apprehensions, but the Apprehensions of many honest*

*Men, who are zealous Friends to the Constitution both in Church and State.*

Mrs. J. Now let me intreat thee to leave the Church and State to other Hands ——— Thou hast said, *Thou art not wiser than thy Governors*; and I believe thee. But canst thou deny, that with great Joy of Heart, thou wouldst have been one of the Number? And did I not speak? Did I not solicit? Was it my fault thou wert not thought worthy? ——— Because thou couldst not Command at Sea, wilt thou therefore turn *Leviathan*, and trouble the Deep? Because thou couldst not get the Sun from a *Good Bishop*, wilt thou therefore set thy Face against the Church? ——— I know thy Pride, and the naughtiness of thine Heart. ——— Thou art framing a Speech, which shall not be Heard: Nay, I will answer it, before it leaveth the Door of thy Lips. For thou hast a double Tongue, and a hollow Heart: Thou art hired to curse *Israel*, as was *Balaam*; but thou shalt lose both thy Labour and thy Wages, and the Beasts of the People shall rebuke thee.

Mr. Sq. My Lord and Madam, *Toby* just now whisper'd me, and says the Peace is come. ——— Here whilst you have been wrangling about it, the Allies have gone and Sign'd, without acquainting either of you ——— Who the dace would imagine, that this Old *Beldame* should be so much of a Witch and a Politician? ——— I see there are wiser Folks in the World than my Master. ——— After all, I must grow Honest again and leave him. ——— I'll this Moment to the Bonfire; Drink, Hurra, and be Loyal. ——— I'll shake off the Whig in a better time than He did the Tory; and carry no Marks of the Party about me, but my Complexion.

No 29. Friday, April 10.

—Immo id genus est hominum pessimum,  
In denegando modo quis pudor est paululum ;  
Post ubi jam tempus est promissa perfici,  
Tunc coacti necessario se aperiant, & timent,  
Et tamen res cogit eos denegare : ibi  
Tum impudentissima eorum oratio est. Terence.

REServing the Tribute of dutiful Joy, and my humble Congratulations for the Peace, to a more solemn Occasion, when all the yet undiscover'd Blessings of that wonderful Occurrence shall be display'd in full Light to the Publick, who, I find, have already forestalled me by the Excesses of their Satisfaction, and loudly rung the Prelude to a general Thanksgiving, I shall, in the mean time, recommend the Jewel, by shewing the Foil first, and prepare the Festival, by an Eve of Fasting, Mourning and Humiliation. Allow me but the same Authority to appoint the Day, which the Whigs have assum'd in altering the Calendar ; and I will order their *Lent* to begin, just as that of the Church ends, and in the midst of our *Easter* they shall lament in Sackcloth and Ashes.

They can plead no Title to the Happiness which they have so often Post-pon'd, and so vigorously obstructed. The Old Romans introduc'd a Solemn Rejoicing with Purging their Altars and Temples ; and before the Sacred Procession moved forward, or the People paid their Vows, a Voice of Authority cry'd, *Hence ye Profane !* The same Decency may very well become a Secular Triumph, a Tri-

umph after Peace; where War it self is subdued, where the two Sister Furies, *Rapine* and *Faction*, are led in Couples to the Temple of *Janus*, confin'd to everlasting Chains and Darkneſs, and left to howl by themſelves, and pine at the publick Welfare and Tranquillity.

When I foretold the Ruin of the Whigs, and its near approach; whatever Fears their Senſe or Guilt might naturally ſuggeſt to them, I meant them no more Harm than is now accompliſh'd and brought down upon their Heads. I could only wiſh they had prevented their Ruin by their Converſion. For I am ſo Moderate, that I had rather ſay, they are No more, than that they are Fallen and Vanquiſh'd. The Faſt I have proclaim'd for them, does indeed call for many Acts of Mortification, a ſevere Penance, and a thorough Reformation. Even the Reprobates of their Party, thoſe among them, who have Trefpaſſed beyond the Hope of Reconciliation, who are reſolved to Perſiſt and to Deſpair, their *Don John's*, their *Impenitents*, ought however to quit old Scores with us, before they begin anew. They ſhould uſe a little Order and Decency in their Wickedneſs, and give us up the laſt Year's Lyes, Legends, and Forgeries, with a handſome Acknowledgment, and ſome ſmall Atonement for them, before they open a freſh Parcel, and advance any further Demands upon the implicit Credulity of their Followers. Let them oblige us with one Inſtance, at leaſt, to ſatiſfy the World, that there are yet ſome Remains among them of the only Confuſion, of which they are not Maſters, I mean that of the Face. Let them convince us, That they have not entirely forgot what it is to Bluſh; and, That they ſtill retain ſome faint *Speculative Ideas* of Truth, tho' the Practical Part of it is utterly vaniſh'd from among them. Their Lyes of the next Year, which are yet Unborn, or only in Embryo, and (for the Honour of their Invention) perhaps unimagined and unthought of, will thrive the

the better for a little of this Ingenuity. In time they may arrive at a tolerable Conjecture, or come up to a Probability, if they will fairly disown what was Monstrous and Absurd. But whatever they are pleased to do with their own Faults, Invincible Ignorance shall not be one of them. I am resolved to hold the Glass to them, whether they dare stand the Reflection of their own Similitude or no. I will at least touch their Memories, if not their Consciences. Let them, if they please, repent of their Follies at leisure; but they shall not forget them in haste. Not that I pretend to reckon every Particular, or to be a Master of the Arithmetick of *Infinities*: Their *Genius* for Sins, and mine for Discoveries, are vastly disproportion'd: But when they are as quick at an Amendment, as I am at a Recital, I shall soon make additions to the *Beadroll*, and not be discouraged with the Task of reviving an Age of Wonders.

How often, and how positively, did they assert and maintain, that the Peace was concluded between Us and *France* many Months ago? And is not this a rank, a naked, forlorn, inexcusable Lye, now fully excluded the possibility of being palliated or pleaded for? What amends, what atonement can they make, for all the Fears, Jealousies, Repinings, Curles, Menaces and Ravings, which usually attended the dismal Repetition of this villainous Untruth? Do they yet confess? Do they recant? How will they redress the Wrongs of Injured Majesty, and revenge their base ungrateful Usage of a mild indulgent Ministry upon themselves? What Stings and Scorpions must their Consciences feel, if they were not Sear'd? What deep Vermillion would stain their Cheeks, if they did not lie so very near and contiguous to their Foreheads? Let their own Confessors tell me, such as know how to compound for Repentance, such as can carve out a Commandment into subtle Distinctions, and tie a knot of Words upon the plainest Duty, whether there



here be any *Salvo* in this Case, any thing to relieve them from the irksome Duties of Acknowledgment and Reparation? If there be no Refuge, no Shelter from a positive Duty, let them order their Disciples to use as much rains, and consume as much Time and Paper, in retracting this abominable Falshood, as they did in promoting it; and we will then compile *A strange and wonderful Chronicle of six Months*: In which the Whigs shall be proved not to have done any Mischief during that tedious Interval, provided Posterity will be so kind to believe the Tradition.

With the same daring Malice and Effrontery, they endeavour'd to persuade the People, That the Peace would be Separate, and that our Allies were to be Betray'd, Deserted, and Delivered up as a Prey to *France*. The Issue is directly against them: All the Allies, the Emperor only excepted, who did not Protest, as at *Ryswick*, but deferred his Concurrence for want of adjusting some Forms, Signed their several Treaties in order, so soon as the Instruments could be read and carefully collected; the Monarchical Powers first, and the *Dutch* last: And yet, though this Suggestion was of the most dangerous Consequence (if any thing could be Dangerous, out of the Mouths of such Fumblers in Iniquity) tho' it tended to create a general Distrust, and push things to an open Rupture between the Confederates, and breath'd nothing but Ruin and Confusion; now that black Suspicion is blown over, now the Scandal has miscarry'd, are they Shock'd, Touch'd or Alter'd? Do they own the Mistake? Do they say, they were misinform'd, and are sorry for it? Are they not still the same harden'd Wretches they were before? Who shall overturn this Monumental Brass, this *Colossus of Corinth*? A Nation may suffer, and all *Europe* be filled with Fears and Alarms, whilst the Authors of the intended Mischief must not be called to an Account for unsuccessful Impieties; must be under

no Obligations from Religion, Morality, or good Manners, to do Justice to those they have wrong'd. They have a Right to be the Original of Falshood, just as they had to be the Original of Government, for no other reason but because they find it is in their Power, as Free Agents, to Lye and to Rebel.

Whilst the Treaty depended, how often did they amuse us with the News of its being broken off? And not many Weeks before it was concluded, stoutly asserted, That several new unsurmountable Difficulties were started; That some of the Ministers were preparing to be gone; That the *French* chican'd; That the Cessations would not be prolong'd; and, That the Campaign would open before the several Interests of the Parties could be adjusted. They knew how much their own Countrymen long'd for Peace, and therefore very piously resolved to add to their Uneasiness. But notwithstanding all their secret and avow'd Opposition, notwithstanding the various Pretensions of the greatest Body of Potentates that perhaps ever compos'd a Congress of this nature, the Treaty of *Utrecht* has been compleated in less time, than those of *Munster*, *Aix la Chapelle*, *Nimeguen*, and *Ryswick*. The Whigs, tho' they have outliv'd their Prophecies, tho' all their dilatory Computations are cut short, tho' their wicked hopes of an Aftergame of Mischief are dissipated, their Air-Castles demolish'd, and their principal *Demon*, their *Lying-Spirit*, exorciz'd; yet they are resolv'd not to desist, and are contracting with Seven other Spirits, if possible, more troublesome than the former. No Satisfaction, no Retribution is due to their much injur'd Country. But all the Penance they are to do for having Lyed so often, and been so very Treacherous and Ungrateful, is like that prescribed by an experienced *Confessor* in the Case of *Drunkenness*, free liberty and permission to Lye, be Treacherous, and Ungrateful again.

Whilst they were upon the Hunt for Asperision, they did not want a Sett of able Correspondents on  
t'other

't'other side of the Water, who having tried the Gauge of their Stomachs, never left cramming them with such crude, nauseous Diet, as the most *Canine* Appetite would have boggled at. The pretended Danger of the Protestant Religion furnish'd them with a noble Opportunity of being Clamorous, ever since that Religion was secured, by their loss of Power to corrupt it. Popery, as they gave out, was to come in with every Mail. The Revocation of the Old Barrier-Treaty was represented as a Contrivance to set aside the Protestant Succession; and the *New* one, as they had worded it, was made to speak of that Establishment in very loose and ambiguous Terms. What a perishable short-liv'd Lye was this? The Jesuits would have been ashamed of promoting the Cause of their Church by such Pious Frauds, so ridiculously little, and so easily detected. But now they are beaten from this Falshood, are they Dispirited and cast down with Modesty? Do they ask Quarter, and Submit? Do they not retrench themselves in new-raised Calumnies, and play upon us from another Battery of Fiction? Undaunted with Guilt, they persist to Lye on with Vigour for the Protestant Religion, to dispute its Safety with their Words, whilst the only Proof of its being in any Peril, is from their Actions; and to attack *Popery*, by going over as an Ally, and borrowing the Arms of that ungenerous Enemy. They have not a Sense about them, which does not loudly confute and contradict them every Day, and secretly own the Care of the Government to secure to us this invaluable Blessing, even in spite of the fatal Blunders of those very Creatures who raise this Clamour: And yet their Tongues, which move by habitual Instinct, and are Mechanically set to Untruth, run on without ceasing to redouble the same senseless *Eccho*. They seem, by the Date and Duration of their Principles, to have something Great and Considerable in their Existence: Their Shame has no Beginning, and their Iniquity no End.

They

They have infected me with one of their Vices, Ambition: I would fain undertake some daring Enterprize, and my Aim is at nothing less than a Prodigy. When shall I be able to make them Blush and Repent, tho' they Relapse into Whiggism the next Moment? Is it not possible but they may alter their Nature with the Climate, and be willing to pass for Saints in *Holland*, tho' they Despair of acting any such Masquerade here at home with Success? I know not under what Regulations the mutual Commerce for Political Lyes is settled; but certainly such of the Sort as are Imported hither, to the Prejudice of their Old Friends and Allies, should seem to come under the Denomination of Contraband Goods. Will they Retract these? Shall the *Dutch* have the Honour of prescribing Truth to them, when the Applications of their own Country have been to no purpose? How boldly did they affirm, in behalf of the States, That they would carry on the War without us, and, in spite of *Providence* and *Great Britain*, adhere to that presumptuous Maxim, of *No Peace, unless Spain were restored to the House of Austria*? At whose Door must the Miscarriage of this hopeful Untruth be laid? Will they at length give up this doughty *Rhodomontade*? Will they be good as *Amsterdam*, and ask Pardon there, tho' they are Reprobates every where else? Have they not basely bely'd the *Dutch*; and, after this, who can depend upon their Veracity? It is not Impossible, but after such an Instance of their wayward Dispositions, they may be brought to do wrong to the *Kit-Cat* and *Junta*. Here they cannot blame me, since their Confutation comes from the *Hague*. *The Dutch hath spoke Truth, and shamed the Whigs!*

These are some of the crying Enormities, which that perverse Party are to reflect on with a serious Sorrow, and as heartily resolve to amend, before they

they ought to be admitted to the full Enjoyment of the coming Festival. When the Marks of Penitence are upon them, and they have given good Security for promoting *Peace at Home*, they shall be heartily Welcome to *That Abroad*.

N<sup>o</sup> 30. *Monday, April 13.*

— *Nec Vox hominem sonat ; O Dea, certè ! Vix.*

**A** Midst all that Party-Rage which rends and distracts us, those Fears, Jealousies, and unnatural Contentions, the Engines and Utensils of Faction, the Seeds and Elements of Confusion, which reign in the Body Politick, which drain it of so much Health, Vigour and Beauty, I am pleas'd with observing, That our Condition is not quite hopeless and desperate, nor the Evils we labour under altogether Incurable ; since the generality of our People are already arriv'd at a true Sense of their Misfortunes, and directed by a Loyal Impulse to look up to Her Majesty for Relief. Let no Secular Sceptrick question Her undoubted Title, as She is the Sole and Immediate Vicegerent of Heaven, when he sees a Distress'd Nation throw it self at Her Feet, as the last Refuge and Resort, for Help against all its intestine Wants and Annoyances. Full of this Persuasion, our People long'd with a painful Impatience for the opening of this Session of Parliament, to hear their Happiness confirm'd by those Sacred Lips, and drink in the Balm their Wounds gap'd for. Never was the Senate so croud'd before ; nor could any Tidings from the Guardian Angel of our Island be so greedily attend'd to, or so swiftly dispers'd, as was Her Majesty's  
most

most Gracious Speech: Which yet has outgone our most Sanguine Hopes, and raised our real Happiness above what our Imagination had painted, in the gayest Scenes and brightest Images. Such a QUEEN truly deserves an Obedient and United People, who with the Words of Her Mouth can heal the Wounds of the State, as with the Touch of Her Hand she cures those of the Body! How unhappy, how imperfect, in their Constitution, were the old Republicks of *Greece*, who amidst their Civil Dissensions, had no common Umpire in the Throne, no such unerring Oracle to resort to; that might prescribe the Method for securing their Liberties, and in unambiguous Terms, direct them in the way to Victory and Peace, Unity, Plenty and Tranquility! How wretchedly mistaken are those Eastern Monarchs, who are never heard but in distant Thunder, the Bolts of Tyranny: Who pass away their Reigns in a sullen majestick Silence; and often expire in a Storm, for want of allaying it with a gentle Breeze of Royal Breath, and a little condescending Conversation with their Subjects!

Good Princes, like Gods, whenever they utter themselves to those beneath them, make a clear discovery of their own Perfections, at the same time that they teach others their Duty. What Her Majesty has delivered, contains the indelible Records of Her Wisdom, how Great, how Extensive! Her Vigilance, how Constant and Indefatigable! Her Justice, how Unshaken and Inviolable! Her Clemency, how Diffusive and Engaging! Her unwearyed Care and Love of Her People, Her Allies, and all *Europe*! She is so very Good, so abstracted from Her Self, and so firmly wedded to the Publick, that but to doubt of the returns of Gratitude, or to delay paying them, were a Crime that need not make us apprehend any greater Punishment than what attends the Commission of it. Had any of those States or Powers, whose Ambition we dread,



dread, or whose Favour we court, whilst we neglect or distrust our own Country, such a Monarch, such a Queen at their Head; *Great Britain* might be excus'd from taking such Pains to lessen Her Self, and undervalue the Glory of giving Laws to *Europe*. Her Majesty has spoken; and shall we then suffer Faction to be heard any more? Shall the Blasphemer, the Murmurer, the Trumpeter of War and Sedition, the Rebel in Masquerade, the disappointed Plunderer, the Whisperer of Treason, the Seducer of the Mob, the premeditating Liar, the wilful Slanderer, and all the whole Herd of clamorous Animals, the Swarm of Pamphleteers, that Consort of Buzzing Insects, that Train of Rattle-Snakes, who exhibit Noise and Poison at the same time: Shall these win any longer upon our Attention, betray us into the Guile of Listening, or the Infirmary of approving and believing those wild Suspicions and monstrous Absurdities, which are the Dictates and Language of *Faction*; whilst we enjoy the gracious Opportunity of being charmed into Happiness by the Voice of Majesty, and the prevailing Eloquence of Wisdom, Virtue and Goodness? Why should we Ruin our selves, when our Queen assures us, none but our selves can accomplish it? Why should we Fear, since She, who is all Tenderness for Her People, breathes a Bravery as great as that which animated Her famed Predecessor *Elizabeth*, and speaks a Resignation to Providence, such as shines out as conspicuous in Her Successes, as ever it did in the Misfortunes of Her Royal Grandfather; and which can have no other solid Foundation but true Honour and consummate Piety? Why should we be jealous, since She has satisfied us, That She can have no other, no second Love, but Her People? Why should we be divided, separated, and rent from our Fellow-Subjects, when there is no other Power in being, upon which to place our Affections, that can so well and so amply deserve them? I should therefore think, that *Faction*,

tion, in Justice to it self, ought to retire a while, and be silent. How can it hope to succeed in a Reign like this? Were it not advisable to give over the Game, and defer its future Designs to a more favourable Juncture? We have been too long cheated with Words, ruffled with empty Wind gather'd into a Storm. What has been Poison to the State, may prove as effectual an Antidote; and they, who have been corrupted by the Incantations of Sorcerers, deluded by Words without Weight, without Meaning but Mischief, may take in the Remedy at the same Sense, and be convinced and reformed by the Words of their Sovereign, full of Authentick Virtue, Sincerity and Truth.

That single Leaf, which this Great, this Auspicious Sybil of our Country has unfolded before the Representative Wisdom of the most knowing People in the World, contains a full State of all our Wants and Misfortunes, and applies the wholesome Method that can give us Ease in Both. All the Yearly Poison that has been dispers'd in Paper, and all the projected Politicks, which have so long burden'd the Press and the Minds of a misguided Party, should now lose their Energy, and, in pity to the Authors, be delivered up to Oblivion.

Can we any longer doubt of the Security of the Protestant Religion and Succession, when they who wickedly charg'd their Fellow Subjects with the anticipated Guilt of Perjury and Apostacy, who accused the Church of *England* of a ridiculous absurd Conspiracy against her self, and branded the House of *Hanover* with a Disaffection to *Great Britain*, such as betray'd a Weakness, that perfectly defeated the Scandal, may now be convinced; that all their Attempts to Divide that Illustrious Family from Her Majesty, and to make a Merit by separating their Interests, are vain and ineffectual; and that the wretched Contrivers of that inhuman Machination shall never attain their ill Ends.

Our most Excellent Queen, whose Words as well as Actions, every good Subject may apply to themselves, and enjoy the Blessings they derive to us, disdains the mean Arts of burdening Her People, in order to secure their Allegiance, or fixing Her Crown by loading it with the additional Weight of a Yoke: And therefore generously leaves the *Quota* of future Supplies to Her Faithful Commons, and makes their Judgment of their own Safety the Measure of Her Demands. She disdains the Project of a Standing Army: And tho' She has neglected none of those Securities which arise from Foreign Alliances, and which all *Europe* owes Her by a thousand Engagements, yet, next to the Divine Providence, She professes to rely entirely on the *Affection and Loyalty of Her People*: For Her Piety claims a Title to the first, and her Goodness to the second. 'Tis therefore a Noble, a Generous, and a Rational Conclusion, when She says, *I want no other Guaranty.*

By recommending a speedy and effectual Remedy for the Impious Practice of *Duelling*, Her Majesty ties up the Hands of a Blood-thirsty Faction, and prevents our Civil Discontent from rising to an open Rupture. By expressing Her displeasure at the unparallell'd Licentiousness, in publishing seditious and scandalous Libels, She disarms the more secret, but not less fatal Fury of the clandestine Murderer; sets a Mark of Infamy upon the *Duel* of the Quill: And when She complains of the Impunity of those who Blaspheme every Thing Sacred, and Propagate Opinions tending to the Overthrow of all Religion and Government, the honest Zeal of Her August Senate receives a double Warmth, and is animated to vindicate the injuries done to an indulgent State, to support the Honour of Christ and his Church, and rescue the God-like Name of *Liberty* from being prostituted, and made a Shelter for the most daring and hellish Impieties.

Let those, who have opposed Her Majesty's generous Designs (now happily accomplish'd) to procure for Her own Subjects such *Advantages by the Peace, as may, by degrees, repair what they have suffered during so long and burdensome a War*, blush for their Ingratitude and base Treachery, when they come to taste the Sweets of being made Happy by Compulsion, and to give their Avarice a more excusable Turn, that it may prey upon Foreigners, and fatten upon the Welfare and not the Ruin of their Country. Nor could Her Majesty more effectually restore and establish Publick Credit, than by recommending the *easing of our Foreign Trade*, and the *encouraging and improving our Manufactures at Home*, as the only way to make Plenty a more diffusive Blessing, and take the Wealth of the Nation out of the Hands of a Set of Men, who have Two private Interests to serve, their Personal Interest, and the Interest of their Party, in opposition to the single Interest of the Publick: Who divide their Devotions between *Faction and Mammon*; tho' the Whig often gets the better of the Miser; and they are not such Bigots to Avarice, but they can occasionally prefer the Service of the *Fury* to that of the *Idol*.

How generously does the good Queen express Her Concern for *Those brave Men, who have serv'd well by Sea or Land, this War*, and engage Her Parliament to *take Care of them*? The truly Brave, who know for whom they have Fought, and consider Loyalty and Gratitude, as Virtues equally Heroick with Conduct and Courage, will be sensibly affected with this endearing Act of Royal Condescension. After such an Obligation to Duty and Fidelity, if any of them should be found in the Service of a Faction, I know not how they can expect to be treated but as the vilest Mercenaries, and worst of *Deserters*.

But the most glorious and most reviving Tidings, whose solemn Confirmation merits no less a Conveyance

veyance than the Throne, are that joyful *Proeme*, in which the Royal Orator discloses the happy Consummation of all Her Wisdom, Care, and Constancy, by the conclusion of a General Peace. What She tells with Pleasure, every good Subject must hear with Ecstasy, when the Happiness discover'd to us, and brought down to our Embraces, is such, as one half of the present Generation have had but a transient Glimpse of, a short interval of Enjoyment. When all the bright Parts and Circumstances of this long-expected Blessing shall be laid open to the wishing Eyes of a thankful People, where will those Wretches appear, who have so long deprived us of what alone could make us truly Great and Happy? How can they atone for their barbarous Usage of those glorious Names, to whose unwearied Industry and surprizing Conduct we owe the Completion of our Hopes and Prayers, but by appearing the first and most forward to adorn them with the Publick Thanks, for accomplishing this great Work, and by delivering up the misguided Crouds who follow them, to common Honesty and common Sense, to Unity and Obedience? For in our present Excesses of Joy, we can assign them no other Punishment, but the Performance of their Duty. How great was their Vanity, and how insupportable their present Mortification, who contriv'd to obstruct the common Felicity, at a time, when the Care of *Great Britain* was entrusted to such Ministers, to whose Glory even their strongest and most exalted Malice cannot, by its defeat, make any Addition? Whilst *O——d* is at the Right Hand of the Throne, and *B——ke* at the Left, whoever approaches as an Enemy, must come no nearer than the Ascent, and lie there fast bound in Fetters, with a Look of Horror and Despair; admitted only to make a Part of the Triumphal Scene, and furnish Poets and Painters with the proper Emblems and Garniture of Victory.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS Subscriptions have been lately taken at the *Hague*, towards carrying on a certain great Work, which hath met with good Encouragement from several Persons of Quality and others: Notice is hereby given, That the Undertakers have at present laid aside that Design for Another, more beneficial to the Publick: But to do their Friends all the Honour they now are able, they intend shortly to publish the said Subscriptions at large, with a generous Offer, That those who have subscribed to the First Undertaking, shall be admitted into the Second, *gratis*: And if any of them die, the Survivor is entituled to the same Advantage.

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N<sup>o</sup> 31. Friday, April 17.

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*I, sequere Italiana ventis, pete regna per undas,*  
Virgil.

AFTER the tedious Toil of disputing with Reprobates, and unfolding the dark Schemes of detected Plunderers, and disappointed Usurpers: After the insipid, unnecessary Labour of proving the Justice of their Fall, and confuting the Heresie of *Origin*, who imagined that when a certain Period of Time was expired, *Satan* himself would be restored to Paradise; I find a great deal of Satisfaction in being reliev'd from an ungrateful detail of Complaints and Grievances, and gladly quit an inexhaustible Subject, to partake of the Pleasure which a generous Correspondent has given me, by drawing a Scene of Delight and Happiness to gay  
and



and transporting, that he is oblig'd, by way of Premise, to introduce it with very strong Assertions of its reality: Lest to us, who are unacquainted with such Enjoyments, it might appear altogether *Fairy* and *Utopian*. The following Letter contains a Description I did not expect; because I had always this pardonable Partiality, to think my own Country the best in the World.

*To the EXAMINER.*

SIR!

*Ham—r, March 29.*

“ **O** Ur pretended Friends with you, give us such  
 “ dismal Accounts of the State of your Coun-  
 “ try, that they seem resolv'd to persuade every ra-  
 “ tional Creature here, who can distinguish Good  
 “ from Evil, never to think of Transplanting.  
 “ Some of your Papers have, by great Fortune, es-  
 “ cap'd safe through *Holland*; but they are not suf-  
 “ ficient to undeceive us: You may vindicate the  
 “ Government, and extol the Ministry as much as  
 “ you please; we can only say, you mean well.  
 “ But our other Correspondents give such a Repre-  
 “ sentation of you, that they do not stick to tell us,  
 “ we ought to seize the next Stray Briton, who ar-  
 “ rives upon our Borders without their Passport,  
 “ and search him for a Tail and a Cloven Foot, or  
 “ oblige him to perform *Quarentine*. It is indeed  
 “ whisper'd, that the Court has another Account of  
 “ you, and that we shall all in good time be let into  
 “ the Secret; But a Prince must proceed by very  
 “ easie Steps, who is engag'd to make Head against  
 “ popular Delusions. For my own part, I wonder  
 “ what your People think of themselves, since they  
 “ would have others believe so much Ill of them.  
 “ But this is a Secret in Politicks, which I do not  
 “ comprehend; and till you explain it to me, you  
 “ must excuse me, if the following State of this  
 “ Elec—te, which you say you expect from me,  
 “ should

should have nothing in it of the Wretched and Deplorable.

When we contemplate the Illustrious Person, who makes us happy under his Government, his high Virtues and eminent Goodness command so much of our Affection as well as Duty, that, like true Lovers, we would fain overlook Mortality, and cannot think of any Second Flame, whilst the First is burning. And therefore, though all his Royal Accomplishments are happily transcribed in a Son, yet no one makes Court to him, but as a great and virtuous Prince, without once naming him for a Successor. That Title seems to imply the Death of the Father, which is Treason in the Imagination. The Pious Monarch, who often meditates on his Heavenly Crown, may as often speak of bequeathing his Earthly: But since we have none of those Monsters among us, who dare make a Jest of the Right of Inheritance, such a Compliment, in our Mouths, would sound like the Sarcasm of the Roman Slaves, who upon a Day of Triumph, rode behind their Conquerors, only to put them in mind of their Funeral.

When an Heir has all the Virtues of his Father, we think it an unnatural Piece of Injustice to load the Inheritance with Incumbrances, to Harass, Impoverish, and Mortgage the Estate, and to clog the Title and Remainder with premeditated Covenants of Restriction, on purpose to make the Successor, who is equally good, not half so great as his Predecessor. After such Usage, the most solemn Instances of Friendship, and repeated Invitations, must with great difficulty entice a Governor from his natural Subjects: Especially when they, to whom he design'd the Visit, enter into an Engagement not to let his own Country have him again, without their particular Leave and Permission.

' The Protestant Interest is so little divided here,  
 ' receives so bright a Lustre from the Life and  
 ' Example of our El——r, and is so closely en-  
 ' dear'd to us by the Memory of former Sufferings,  
 ' that though by the Laws of the Empire, Popery,  
 ' and its worst Professors the Jesuits, have some  
 ' Footing amongst us; yet we are not so ridicu-  
 ' lously weak, as to question our own Sincerity;  
 ' or so transcendently unjust, as to suspect the Go-  
 ' vernment of a Design to introduce that unreason-  
 ' able System; that Yoke, which *neither We nor*  
 ' *our Fathers were able to bear.*

' Our Military Discipline is at the height. As  
 ' War is the most eminent Service to one's Coun-  
 ' try, Care is taken to make Merit the only Pur-  
 ' chase of Commissions: Nor have we any Instance  
 ' of an Over-grown Soldier's engrossing all that  
 ' Power and Profit to himself, which should be  
 ' handsomely distributed in making the Fortunes  
 ' of Thousands, equally Brave and Deserving.  
 ' We do not entertain any great Number of Mer-  
 ' cenaries, especially in a Cause of Liberty and Re-  
 ' ligion. All our Troops are so well Train'd and  
 ' Commanded, that not the least Desertion or Re-  
 ' volt has been heard of in our Armies.

' Our Leagues and Alliances have been form'd  
 ' by the exactest Rules of Honour and Equity, and  
 ' always with a particular regard to the Advantage  
 ' of this State. We proportion our Quota's to the  
 ' Dangers with which we are threatn'd; nor did  
 ' we ever engage to aggrandize a Crafty Neigh-  
 ' bour at our own Expence, or bear a Humourfome  
 ' Confederate company in any Romantick Enter-  
 ' prizes. We have neither sunk the Sinews of War,  
 ' nor over-strain'd them. We never boasted of the  
 ' Length of the Sword, in prejudice to the Depth  
 ' of the Purse; and are still well enough provided  
 ' to talk with our Old Enemy in the Gate, or meet  
 ' a new One in the Field: For when we begin a  
 ' War

‘ War, we usually take care to manage it so, that it  
‘ may have an end.

‘ Our Courts of Justice are conducted with sin-  
‘ gular Uprightness; with an impartial Regard to  
‘ the El——l Dignity, as well as to the Rights  
‘ and Properties of every private Subject. The Ci-  
‘ vil Law has no Form, that I know of, in favour  
‘ of a Publick Plunderer, nor any dextrous Expo-  
‘ sitors here, to make *Justinian* the Patron of Trai-  
‘ tors and Libellers. It would be difficult to name  
‘ a Judge in this State, who ever question’d the  
‘ El——r’s Title, or appeared openly against his  
‘ Honour and Dignity, by Vertue of his Commis-  
‘ sion.

‘ We are extreamly jealous of the El——l Pre-  
‘ rogative, and cannot think so good a Prince ought  
‘ to have his rightful Power diminished, when he  
‘ uses it so well. With great Satisfaction we be-  
‘ held him exerting himself, in putting a Stop to  
‘ some of our Dissentions, as in the Case of a  
‘ neighbouring Chapter; and in preventing a Ge-  
‘ neral Infection, when the Plague was breaking  
‘ in upon us.

‘ His Prudence and Conduct are remarkably con-  
‘ spicuous in the Choice of his Counsellors and Mi-  
‘ nisters: And tho’ perhaps Foreign Courts may  
‘ have censured an Envoy or Resident from *Han——r*,  
‘ yet no State was ever so Insolent as to Dictate to  
‘ our Court, in the Nomination of its Domesticks.  
‘ In return for the Justice we receive from others,  
‘ we understand the Nature of Sovereignty too well,  
‘ to countenance a Party in Opposition to their  
‘ Prince: And our El——r has the most exalted Sen-  
‘ timents of Honour imaginable; no Ally, who has  
‘ obliged him with particular Marks of a Cordial  
‘ Esteem, assisted him in the Acquisition of Power,  
‘ or endeared him by a future Prospect of greater  
‘ Titles and larger Dominions, need to question be-  
‘ ing repaid with the most generous Returns of  
‘ Friendship and Gratitude.

‘ When the Dutchies of Z——l and Han——r  
‘ were happily United, we did not think it our Du-  
‘ ty, as good Subjects, to improve any the least Dis-  
‘ ference in the Laws and Customs of either of those  
‘ Countries, or in the Manners and Inclinations of  
‘ the People, to the widening of our Breaches, and  
‘ increase of our Divisions; but to the Support of  
‘ the whole, and the mutual Strength and Advan-  
‘ tage of the United Ele——te.

‘ We are blest’d with so good a Clergy here, that  
‘ the Neighbourhood of the Jesuits puts us in no  
‘ manner of Pain; and they are freely permitted to  
‘ preach the oldest Gospel extant, without any  
‘ Danger to the Church. Nay, tho’ the Court has  
‘ had frequent Information from very good Hands,  
‘ that they insist on Obedience to Princes, as an in-  
‘ dispensible Duty of Religion, not the least pub-  
‘ lick Step has been yet taken towards their utter  
‘ Extirpation.

‘ The sole Right of making Peace and War is in  
‘ our El——r. I do not know a single Colonel  
‘ who does not hold his Commission immediately  
‘ from him. Several Wills are made here, without  
‘ resorting to *Hol——d* for Executors: Because, up-  
‘ on a Demise, they are particularly Dilatory in an  
‘ Affair of this Nature; Letters from *Berlin* inform-  
‘ ing us, that the Differences, relating to some Le-  
‘ gacies of the late Immortal *K. W.*, are not yet ad-  
‘ justed.

‘ As this Country is justly reckon’d among the  
‘ Civilized and Polite, we are supposed to abound  
‘ with Men of Abilities for Mischief: But Opposi-  
‘ tion to the Government being no Qualification  
‘ for a Place at Court, and the pretty Contrivances  
‘ of Hush-Money and a Pension to retire not yet  
‘ introduced among us, therefore those great *Geni*  
‘ are perfectly lost and buried in Obscurity; under  
‘ no other Discouragement, but the Penalty of ex-  
‘ erting themselves. I wish you knew by what  
‘ strange Management those in the highest Places  
‘ come

' come to be all of one Religion, and those under  
' them to be all of one Mind. I cannot name an  
' Office in the Civil List, where the Subalterns were  
' ever yet suspected of Wishing or Contriving the  
' Destruction of their Superiors.

' We are great Promoters of Trade: And yet nei-  
' ther the Figure nor Interest of those, who have no  
' other Estate but Moveables, can wean us of this  
' very odd Notion, That the Freeholders of a Coun-  
' try are really its Inhabitants.

' The Talking of Treason, either Directly, or by  
' Innuendo, Allegory, Quotation, Foreign Corres-  
' pondence, or otherwise, is not very Fashionable  
' among the Learned in these Parts: Because our  
' Government, to encourage useful Knowledge, is  
' at the Charge of maintaining several eminent  
' Casuists, on purpose to Confute all such Political  
' Hereticks, in the most effectual manner.

' Charity and Moderation are allow'd to be Chri-  
' stian Virtues with us: And yet we keep up our  
' Courts of Justice, and do sometimes permit our  
' Fellow-Subjects to come to an untimely End.

' We are not much troubled in this Country with  
' Ballad-singers: But our travell'd Gentlemen tell  
' us, that where they have been, instead of cele-  
' brating the Amours of Shepherds, Milkmaids, and  
' Hay-makers, this melodious Fraternity can now  
' entertain you with the Intrigues of Persons of the  
' First Quality.

' The Air is extreemly wholesome; the Soil  
' sweet and fruitful; and we are apt to prefer the  
' natural genuine Produce to what is Exotick and  
' Transplanted.

' Our Houses are regularly Built; our Towns and  
' Cities uniform. The Sovereign's Palace is by far  
' the best and finest in the Country. He is so uni-  
' versally beloved, that I do not remember, in the  
' whole Course of his Reign, he was ever reported  
' to be dangerously Ill.



‘ Our Language is refined and tuneable, and our Alphabet very good-natured and peaceable: But Monsieur *Scholtz*, of the Academy, shew’d me a Vocabulary, with Dutch Notes, in which some of the Words had been Guilty of Robbery and Murder; and others, by frequent Use and Repetition, especially when pronounced in a Tone somewhat louder than ordinary, were become perfectly Obscure and Enigmatical.

‘ We are tolerably *Orthodox*, and agree in Fundamentals with most of the Protestant Churches in *Europe*: Only it is said we are too Primitive in the Article of Curses and Beatitudes. Among the first we reckon War, Famine, Poverty, Civil Discord, and Frequent Changes in Government; and among the last, Peace, Plenty, Unity and Concord: But this Account, we are since told, has been much scrupled by some weak Brethren of the Reformed.

‘ I will not enlarge the Narrative of our Happiness, that I may neither stir your Envy, nor shock your Belief. I am only surprized to think there should be any among you weak enough to believe, that by changing our Clime we should forego our Manners and Principles, or cease to esteem those as our best Friends and Allies, whose Measures nearest resemble our own.

‘ I have done tiring you, when I have told you, that I should be very glad to be rightly inform’d in the Particulars of some Dispatches, lately arrived here by the Way of *Holland*. Do the Whigs hold out still, now the *Dutch* are come in? Will they separate from their best Allies? Have any of the Six thousand Jesuits, lately landed, made their Appearance yet in the Dissenting Congregations? Some Account of these Important Matters is impatiently expected by,

Sir,

*Your most humble Servant, &c.*

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N<sup>o</sup> 32.      *Monday, April 21.*

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——— *E cælo descendit γυνῆσι σεαυτῶν.*  
 Juvenal.

**I**N a former Paper I touch'd upon the *Art of Preferring*: I shall now try to regulate the several Claims and Pretensions of *Merit*, and administer some consolatory Remedies to it, under the critical Circumstances of Delay and Disappointment.

*Merit* is of two Sorts, *Active* and *Passive*: By *Passive Merit* I mean little more than an Ability or Capacity to serve the Publick; which either coldness of Inclination, love of Solitude, aversion to Parties, excess of Modesty, or want of a thorough Knowledge of a Man's Self, and of being known to others, hath secluded from the Hurry of Affairs, and buried in Obscurity and Retirement. Whoever is Master of this sort of *Merit*, can make out but a slender Title for himself to the Favours of the Government, under which he lives. He has very little reason to complain of having no Call; and the Pride of a retired Virtue, or the Pleasure he may take in hoarding his Talents, and hiding them under Ground, ought not to betray him into a splenatick Uneasiness, or furnish him with severe Reflections on the State, when he sees not so deserving a Man preferr'd before him; much less should it take him off from doing his Duty in a private Station, when he may shine in common Life, and, that way, serve his Country, by being true to its Interests, tho' not acquainted with its Secrets. It is with the Body Politick, as with the Body Natural; those Members which are farthest

from the Head, are not the least Useful and Necessary. Instead of repining, because he is not in favour, he should rather look upon himself as a Criminal, and an Offender against the Publick, by neglecting to exert himself, when he might be serviceable; whereby a Weight is secretly convey'd out of the right Scale, and a good Cause made weaker than otherwise it would have been.

By *Active Merit* I understand, not only the Power and Ability to serve, but, the *actual Exercise* of any one or more Virtues, for promoting the Good of one's Country, and a long and steady Course of real Endeavours to appear Useful in a Government; or where a Person, eminently qualified for Publick Affairs, distinguishes himself in some critical Juncture, and at the Expence of his Ease and Fortune, or with the hazard of his Person, exposes himself to the Malice of a designing Faction, by thwarting their wicked Purposes, and contributing to the Safety, Repose and Welfare of a People. Such a Character pleads the strongest Claim to the Favours of the Government; and no wise State will withhold the Reward, because the Obligations of Duty are valid without it. The greatest Men in all Ages, who have been entrusted with the Care of the Publick, owe their Honours, Fortunes, and deathless Reputation, to that Justice, which Mankind are naturally inclined to do their high Virtues, and signal Services; and, in return, they should imitate the same generous Temper, in doing Justice to those, who come nearest to their own Characters, by any subordinate Virtue, and accordingly rank them nearest themselves in Station and Employment. If they are not knowing enough to discover, or not grateful enough to acknowledge true Merit, they thereby invalidate their own Title, weaken the good Cause they are engaged in, encourage Faction and Sedition, betray a Weakness inconsistent with Wisdom, render their Integrity suspected, and strike away the Props which support their own Grandeur and Renown. But

But however just and equitable the Pretensions of Merit may be, yet since the Reward is a Matter of *Grace*, and not of *Right*, at least with regard to the Person, it cannot be expected that a State should wholly part with its Prerogative, in the choice of those who are to wear its Favours. It ought not to prefer Vice to Virtue, Infamy to Honour, but yet is Absolute and Supreme in its Judgment of the several Candidates; and among many virtuous and deserving, may bestow the Prize where-ever it pleases. We must not repine at such a Disappointment, nor complain of any Hardships in a Case, of which we are by no means proper Judges. We may be partial to our selves, and over-rate our own Performances, or look upon the Partners of our Labours to be now the Rivals of our Ambition, and treat them accordingly: But when those above us have pronounc'd the Difference, we ought to acquiesce: And so long as Men, of the same honest Principles with our selves, have the Management of Affairs, we should make our selves easy; and tho' they march before us, go on chearfully in pursuing the true Interest of our Country.

Whoever has a Claim of *Merit*, ought to be heard with Patience, whilst he pleads it in the Language of Duty, and in Terms becoming a good Subject: But where the *Candidate* deviates into a Den and Bully, and insults his Superiors, with Romantick Accounts of his own Services, with false Musters of his Dependents, and boasted Representations of his Power; not without some Hints of Desertion, or downright Menaces of Disgust, and a Resolution (in case of a Repulse) to go over to the Enemy: Such a Pretender to *Merit*, which he has not, forfeits all that he had, and the Reward that was due to him for it. He ought to be artfully mortified and disappointed, in order to be obliged with the Knowledge of himself: For no False Balance is so great an Abomination, as that in

which a Man weighs his own Merit; and imposes himself as a bad Bargain upon the Publick.

A Man of true Merit ought rather to recommend himself by the Opinion and good Words of others, than by his own: And indeed, without this Testimony, they who have an Eye to the Revenue, and not to the Employment, or want to be In, before they Qualify themselves, may be apt to mistake the veriest Trifles in the World for *Merit*, and to imagine, that haunting of *Leveries*, and making of *Bows*, are extraordinary Services to a State. Hence I have known a worthless Wretch urge it as a Matter of publick Concern and Consequence, that he had followed a Noble Lord two whole Years, and never got any thing. But where the concurrent Voice of many good Men can attest the Virtues, the Sufferings, or Services of an absent Candidate, this Recommendation surpasses the Rhetorick of the most artful Address, and the high Flights of a thousand Humble Petitions.

We must not mingle private Pique with true Merit, nor make Malice the foundation of our Claim, and measure of our Pretensions. Suppose we could, with a reasonable Assurance, point out a Man in publick Posts, not so constant in his Principles, nor so eminent for his Abilities and Services, as our selves; yet this gives us no Title to his Preferments, nor warrants our Designs to supplant him: Or suppose we could prove, where the publick Favours had been bestow'd as an Equivalent for changing Sides, or as a valuable Consideration to pervert a dangerous Statesman to Honesty: These Suggestions are a bold Venture, and may be ill-grounded, and then our Plea becomes a Libel upon the Government. For the Man who is retained, as we suppose, by Bribery, may be a real Convert; and He, whom in comparison with our selves we are so ready to undervalue, may be better known to others than we are, and weigh'd more  
impar-

impartially by the proper Judges of another's Merit, than we can be, whilst we determine in favour of our own. So that by this way of arguing, we accuse the State instead of recommending our selves, and lose all the Merit of real Services, by making Reflections instead of Addresses, disclosing the Nakedness of our Political Parents. But we must not make our way to Court by juggling every Body who stands before us, or imagine we shall be able to add any thing to the Strength of our own Title, by finding a Flaw in that of others. Nor can there be any one more unpardonable Crime, in the way of Insolence, than for us to entertain such high Thoughts of our selves, as to suppose that the Government is defective, till we are taken care of.

*Merit* degenerates into a Nuisance; and may be justly look'd upon as dangerous to a State, when it is permitted to Carve for itself, and to be its own *Paymaster*. We must distinguish between a Demand and a Petition; must be modest in our Expectations, and frugal in our Appetites. The Necessities of the Publick are to be consider'd; and we should have a care how we expose our selves, by aspiring to more than is consistent with the Claims of others, equally deserving and worthy the Notice and Favour of the Government. We ought entirely to submit our selves to the Judgment of those above us, for the adjusting our several Pretensions, and settling the Proportion between the Merit and the Reward. No Creature, of ever so small a Value and Consequence to the Publick, need despair of a reception suitable to its Merits, from those, whose Honours and high Stations are a clear Proof, that whenever the Choice of the Crown is Free, it is at the same time equally Upright and Unerring: Nor can we suppose, that they, who find their Interest in so bright an Example, will decline to follow it.

A Master of true *Merit* will not presume to affix a Date to his Promotion, nor murmur and repine  
at



at any Delays and Disappointments; many of which are sometimes unforeseen and unavoidable; and others depend on Reasons of State, not so proper to be communicated. *Procrastination* in any Point of Duty, or in the execution of any good Purpose and Design, absolutely necessary in its present Circumstances, is Criminal and of fatal Consequence: But the setting of the Reward at some distance from the Service, may be as agreeable to Human, as it is to Divine Wisdom and Conduct. Perhaps we do not distrust our selves, because we do not know our selves; but others, who know us better, may think it for our own, as well as for the publick Good, to tempt us yet further, and put our Integrity to the last and severest Tryal. He, who gives soonest, may make a Merit by redoubling his Favours: But he, who with-holds them, till every Doubt and Caution is satisfy'd, runs the least hazard of being mistaken in his Man, or of making that Man mistake himself: And therefore we should not complain of a Delay, which by rendering our Merit most durable, affords the best Reason in the World for making our Preferment so too.

But whatever be the Issue of our Hopes and Endeavours, whatever Success attends our Services and Fidelity to the Publick, we must never forgo our Virtue, for the sake of any Misfortunes or Disappointments in this Life. When we have made sure of one World, we ought not to forfeit our Interest in both, by attempting to make our Court after so awkward a manner to the most Contemptible of the Two. There breathes not a Creature so despicable, as is that Wretch, who Sacrifices his Principles to private Pique, to Revenge and Disappointment, or the *Caprice* of his Fortune. Where-ever *Satire* finds this Mark, she need not brand the Guilty Head with any other. There is a wicked Bravery of Soul even among the most harden'd Villains, which disdains such Cowardice and Weakness. Virtue must be an empty Name indeed, when

its Professors shall be allow'd to set up their Votes to Auction, and dispose of their Consciences by Inch of Candle. But this is a trite Subject, and every *Pagan* Writer, however otherwise Ignorant and Immoral, could find common Sense enough to furnish him with Invectives against Apostacy from Truth, upon the Motives of Interest and Advantage: Of which whoever can be guilty, and own it, need have no other *Devil* to attend and tempt him for the future, but himself;

*Whilst Honesty is still the same,  
Whether it win or lose the Game;  
True as the Dial to the Sun,  
Altho' it be not shin'd upon.*

Before I leave this Subject, I cannot but take notice of a *late Promotion* in the Church, which was bestow'd with such peculiar Marks of Royal Favour, and so much to the Satisfaction of all those, who consider'd the Person prefer'd, as a Sufferer in company with the Church and Prerogative; and who may now be convinc'd, that an honest Zeal for Religion, and an unsurmountable Courage in opposing the Innovations of a few Bigots to *Anarchy*, who would have removed the old Landmark between Religion and Policy, Supremacy and Subjection, shall not pass unrewarded. It is to be hop'd, that the Publishers of New Homilies will meet with a worse Fate than the Defender of the Old ones: Or, that all those Sons of Clamour and Confusion, who pour forth the Venom of their foul Mouths upon *this Gentleman*, because he furnish'd a happy Incident in the wonderful Progress of a good Cause, were as well prepared to repent, as every true Churchman is to pray, that *God may forgive them.*

N<sup>o</sup> 33.

Friday, April 24.

*Gravioribus pœnis affici, qui Religionem minuerint,  
quàm qui Fana spoliarent.*

C. Nepos in Vitâ Pelop.

THE Late and Present Ministry differ'd very much from one another in their Care and Concern for the Protestant Religion. I lay it down as a Fundamental Maxim, That *Great Britain* can secure and propagate the True Reformed Church by no wiser and safer Measures, than by preserving the Rights and keeping up the external Honours of the Church of *England* at home; and by supporting, with its Friendship and good Offices, the Reformed Churches abroad, according to their first Model: Till a favourable Opportunity can be had for removing those Corruptions, under which their best Professors assure us, They have long Labour'd; and for restoring them to the Perfection of Primitive Christianity, and forming them into one Grand Alliance of Religion, or Protestant Union: A Work, still wanting to render us compleatly Happy, and which seems reserv'd for Those who now preside in our National Councils, as the only Glorious Instruments, under God, able to accomplish it.

The Whigs, as if the Name of *Protestant* were of no further Use to them than as it serv'd for a Party-Word, neglected and discountenanc'd the Church of *England*; which, both by Reason and Experience, appear'd to be the Strongest, and at one Time, the only Barrier against Popery. When they undertook to Treat for Her with those Sects  
and

and Schisms, which, whilst she slept, had sowed Tares in great plenty, and by taking advantage of some Political Incidents, and waving the mutual Enmity and Opposition that was between their own particular Schemes, had now muster'd together a considerable Force, and were become Formidable, or at least Represented as such, by those who made use of their Numbers and Interests in every Political Undertaking, they did not use her as a Superior to the Tolerated Sects that were under her, nor regard her so much as their Equal : But instead of bringing them into her Bosom, as they had all along promised, when a pretended Moderation was the Virtue in fashion, they try'd to melt down her Doctrines and Discipline into their Plan ; and she must part with every thing, whilst they were Supported and Encouraged in all their Extravagances. No Check, no Restraint was thought adviseable, for fear of disgusting Tender Consciences. The *Societians* and *Deists* were of more Value, than either a *Saviour* or a *Providence* : Even the *Free-thinkers* became the Objects, first of their Charity, and then of their Favour ; and the Church was taught to be Civil towards those who believed no God. Thus the Protestant Religion was to be secur'd by a General Comprehension of all Parties, who embrac'd the grand Negative Article, and could say they were *No Papists* ; without any further Enquiry, whether they were of any Religion at all. Thus Right and Wrong, Light and Darknesh, were to live together like good Neighbours ; and all the old Differences between Good and Evil were fairly and amicably adjusted. With what colour of common Sense, could this Scheme be called *Securing the Protestant Interest*, when Nine Parts in Ten of such a Motly Church stood condemn'd by the unanimous Voice of the Three First Centuries, and by that Apostolical Primitive Christianity, in conformity with which every Reformation ought to be regulated : Whence every true Protestant Church  
derives

derives her Orders, Creeds, and Sacraments, and by that only Rule, as the best Expositor of Holy Scripture, justifies her Separation from the Church of *Rome*? Had this *Babel* been erected, it must have been peopled with a Medley of all Nations and Languages; and instead of a Protestant Church, we had been made a Colony of Hereticks, an Asylum and Refuge, a Sink and Canal for the Outcasts of every Church, where Ecclesiastical Discipline was in any degree kept up and executed. Such a Religious Chaos and Fardle of Discord, if it can deserve the Name of a Church, would have prov'd not very stable and durable. Could the God of *Unity* be suppos'd to take care of it, yet even Miracles, in that State, must be thought unable to save it, whilst it was compounded of all those contrary Qualities, which are the Symptoms of a Dissolution, the Seeds and Elements of Mortality. These Divisions were a rich Harvest for the *Jesuits* to work in: They formerly had such another Opportunity, and to our Cost, we found they improved it all they could in favour of the *Romish* Superstitions. Had this Grand Dance went on, they would have made an easy Prey of a Distracted Kingdom; and when all our Regular Forces were broken, dispers'd, and engag'd against each other; what remained for them but to come over with the first fair Wind and take Possession, lest *Judaism* or *Mahometanism* should perhaps get the start, and step to our Relief before them?

Our Blessed Managers enlarged their Views of Glorious Mischief, and pursued the Protestant Religion into Foreign Countries, with the same tender Care with which they had treated her at home: A Care, as tender as is that of a Nurse, who hugs the Child so very close, till at last she Overlays it. The Time had been, when the Reformed of other Nations look'd on the Church of *England*, as their Head and Leader in the Protestant Cause. They own'd her Perfections and primitive Purity; and  
where

where they were obliged to differ from her, they bewailed their Misfortune, because they could not come up to her Standard; and charged those Defects, either upon the Awe of a Temporal Power, or the wayward Disposition of their People. But when our new *Lay-Elders* had usurp'd the Chair, they soon undeceiv'd their Foreign Correspondents, and gave them a quite different Account of our Church: They let them know, that the Defects they complain'd of were real Beauties, and that our Church, instead of being as Pure as they had represented her, should apply to them for a further Reformation. Accordingly whatever Tracts had been Publish'd beyond Sea against her Doctrines and Worship, were Reprinted here, and usher'd into Vogue with pompous Accounts of the Learning and Piety of the Authors, which every ordinary Reader, who was not prejudiced before-hand, could readily disprove by perusing the doughty Performance. The Oppugners of Ecclesiastical Discipline, where-ever dispers'd in remote Parts, and the Renegadoes of the several National Churches in *Europe*, were Shelter'd and Supported by their Brethren of *Great Britain*; whilst the excellent Apologies for our Religion, written by those of the Clergy, who are the Ornaments of it, were thrown by, to make way for the silly Projects of Foreign Professors, who had their Pupils here among us, ready to swallow whatever insipid Diet they set before them. The Reformed of the *North*, where Episcopacy was maintain'd in any tolerable degree of Lustre, were left out of the Protestant List, and not only slighted and disregarded, but Traduc'd and Vilify'd in foolish Libels and Pamphlets, as Popishly affected, and encouragers of Spiritual Tyranny. All the Cry ran for the *Dutch* or *Genevan* Model; tho' in their present State *Calvin* himself would have disown'd the one, and *Beza* been ashamed of the other. But as they advanced every Day, and gained ground of Religion, even the *Dutch*  
and



and *Genevan* Churches were at last not Corrupt enough for their purpose. The moment the *Divines* of *Geneva* appear'd in behalf of the *English Hierarchy*, they incurr'd their mortal Displeasure: And *Lymborche*, *Bayle*, and *Le Clerc*, were much more in their Favour, than all the whole Body of Professors within the *Seven Provinces*, who did not yet relish the noble Undertaking of abolishing Christianity. *Luther's* Scheme, for known Reasons, was as much their Aversion as *Popery*; and therefore they pester'd *Germany*, especially the Court of *Hanover*, with the *Free-thinking Missionaries*, whose Treatment was such as became the Piety of that *Illustrious House*: And this Disappointment, next to their secret Affection and Zeal for the House of *Ch——ll*, contributed not a little to that rude Indifferency, which they express'd towards that Princely Family in the Decline of their Party, and which, with great Justice, was a leading Symptom of their Ruin. If any Atheist, Infidel, or Scoffer at Religion, had deservedly suffer'd for his Impieties any where abroad, his History and Works were glean'd up with great Care, and printed here, under the highest Patronages. Even *Bruno's* Book, however Dull and Senseless, is now got loose from the Noble Patriot's Study, who was at such Expence to purchase it, publish'd without a Title, and encouraged by large Subscriptions from the Party. Nay, they went so far, as to father spurious Heresies upon Foreign Names, rather than lose any Opportunity of making a Merit by corrupting Religion. Even *Popery* was the worse for them; and we find the *Jesuits* at *Paris*, and their younger Brothers here, agreeing in the same Principles, which *Allan*, *Saunders* and *Parsons*, delivered down to their Successors, *Harrington*, *Milton* and *Sydney*; and of which their modern Disciples, in conjunction, gave us such a famous practical Instance, when *Odischalchi* was in the Chair. For the Honour of our *English Clergy*, *Heterodoxy* ran  
but

but very low at home, notwithstanding the Support and Encouragement it met with; tho' no Candidate was more favourably receiv'd, or more lustily promis'd, than the Wretch that could distinguish away his Oaths and Subscriptions, or who had some modish Scruples relating to the Doctrines and Discipline of the Church, or some Particularities and *Nostrums* in Divinity. The general and more vulgar Recommendation, was to rail at the rest of the Order, or at least to give in to a mistaken Moderation, a Spiritual Indolence and Lukewarmness, which might oblige the Owners, when in possession, to sit tamely down, and leave the Rights of the Church to be insulted and trod under Foot, by their enterprizing Patrons. But amidst this glorious Prospect of a flourishing Iron Age, and the coming of the Kingdom of *Antichrist*, when, to their Mortification, domestick Heresy and Infidelity did not abound, and answer their Expectations, yet they were not disheartned; but look'd out for all the great *Genii* beyond Sea, who had distinguish'd themselves by opposing Church-Discipline and Creed-making, and reach'd out their Arms to all those, who had been spew'd out of every Church that call'd it self Protestant. Their General Naturalization had open'd a wide Door for these unconverted Gentiles; and in a little time, the Deluge must have over-run us. Some Hints of this Project may be seen in *Lock's Letters*; and, as if *Great Britain* had wanted Men of Learning sufficient for a *Library Keeper*, that of *St. James's*, immediately belonging to Her Majesty, was to have been put into the Hands of *Monfieur Le Clerc*, who, next to *Bayle*, was the most approv'd *Sceptick* and *Infidel* in all *Europe*.

No wonder such a Ministry should not keep their Ground, when the great Founder of our Church had promis'd, *That the Gates of Hell should not prevail against it*. Even *Dissmat*, since his Apostacy, owns that *their Fall was the just Judgment*

ment of God. Happy was it for the Church, that after so long a Captivity, she should be rescued by those Men, who had kept her Company in all her Dangers, who best knew her Wants, were Witnesses to the Wrongs she receiv'd, and well understood where to apply the Remedy. Their Conduct, with regard to this Branch of the Constitution, has been One continued Act of Labour and Kindness in behalf of the Church of *England*, whom they consider as the Bulwark of the Reformation, and an Irreconcilable Foe to *Rome*. They have purg'd her *Altars* of Hypocrites, have enlarg'd her Revenues, and are laying new Foundations for her Glory and Interest, in that *Metropolis*, where she already shines with so bright a Lustre : They have fix'd the due Bounds to Schism, and remov'd that Cloud which hung between the Court and Church.

If we look abroad, their Care of the Protestant Interest stands attested by many Recent and Glaring Instances. The Reformed in the *North* are perfectly reconciled to us ; those of *Germany* are made Easy, by removing a wretched Blunder, that brought a lasting Stain upon the Treaty of *Ryswick* ; and those of *France*, who had been Condemn'd or Imprison'd for the True Protestant Faith, are, by Her Majesty's Great Goodness, Piety and auspicious Influence, released from the Miseries they labour'd under, and taken out of the Croud of Common Rogues and Galley-Slaves, with whom the Whigs, in their Legendary Accounts, had most unmercifully blended them. After curing Two such Desperate Evils, *One* of which the Whigs occasion'd by their Mismanagement, and wholly overlook'd the *Other* ; what will become of their horrid Insults, and unmannerly Clamours against Her Majesty and the Present Administration ? By what Submissions they will atone for this flagrant Iniquity, or how they will be able to make a sufficient Recompence to those they have Injur'd, must be left to Themselves, who are Masters of all the use-  
ful

ful Talents and Refinements, necessary to bear Men out, upon these nice and difficult Occasions.

It is with a great deal of Pleasure and Assurance of Victory, that I lay at them in a Discourse of Religion, where every Blow tells them to the Ground: In truth, whoever turns Stanch Whig, will soon be brought to use Religion only as a Party-Note, not unlike a Huntsman's Halloo, which has no other meaning but Noise, and is made to call the Pack together. This Remark would appear to be of large Extent, if we were to carry it into Private History, and try it upon all the Ring-leaders of the Faction; who usually begin their Conversion from the Church, by some sprightly attack upon Religion in general, or by spreading the Contagion of their Apostacy.

N<sup>o</sup> 34. Monday, April 27.

*Sic canibus catulos similes, sic matribus hædos  
Niræm.* Virgil.

I Formerly promised the Publick an *Essay* on the *Popery* of the *Whigs*, and I now intend to be as good as my Word. This Enquiry will be managed with Moderation, because it does not affect the whole Body: For I am obliged to set aside a very considerable Detachment, I mean those who are of no Religion at all. As the Expressions of Desire are more Feeling and Regular than those of Aversion, I consider the present Cry of Popery, which is now the Language of the whole Pack, as proceeding rather from their Hopes, than Fears: For a *Panick* would soon be over, but violent Longings

ings never cease their Raptures, till they arrive at Enjoyment. It is true, this Cry is attended with many eager Protestations: But we know the Power of Banter, and Force of an *Irony*; a Figure, which the Party have been known of late to carry about them, and which has done them signal Service more than once. They find by Experience, that their *Panegyrics* have brought a Scandal upon several Great Men, and this taught them the Trick of Railing, in order to Recommend. It is no new thing to hear Papist rave against Papist. They have their Schisms and Subdivisions: There is great Animosity between their several Orders; and I look upon the *Whigs* to be a sort of *Molinists* in that Church, or rather a new Order of *Jesuits*, who, tho' they bear a remote Allegiance to the Papal See, are yet more immediately govern'd by a *General* of their own. Their own *News-Papers* do not pretend to deny, what has been lately charged upon them, that there is now residing at *Rome* the great *Camilla*, who is known to have had a more than ordinary Familiarity with some late Men in Power. This Correspondence she is said to have communicated to his Holiness, and that in her Packets came over those ingenious *Manifesto's* from *Pasquin* and *Morphorio*, which were suffered to appear in Publick here, in open Defiance to the Authority of the *Examiner*. Nor is it doubted but the next Advices will bring us a full Account of that *Lady's* assuming her publick Character as Ambassadrix Extraordinary and First Plenipotentiary, during the Absence of another great Person now on her way thither: And then I shall not fail of giving the Publick some Light from time to time into what passes between the said *Plenipo* and *Marguarita*, by the assistance of my worthy Friend Mr. *Squash*, together with the several publick and private Audiences which this Paragon of the late *Ministry* may probably have with the *Whore* of *Babylon*.

But

But to return from this Digression : The Conformity of the Whigs, in their Doctrines, Discipline, and way of Worship, to the *Papists*, is too notorious to be denied. The *Trentine* Innovations, which quite alter'd the Rule of Faith, introduced a new Gospel, and shook the Authority of the old, gave their Friends in *England* a lucky Hint for Practices of the same nature. Some of them, finding the Articles at their disposal, struck out the *Trinity*, others the *Divinity* of our *Saviour*, and a Third sort, who ventured deeper, and expected Church-Preferment, attack'd the *Pentateuch*. Those who had the Mitre in view, fell foul on the Canon, Miracles, and the whole Set of Articles. The Lay-Writers, who were content with Civil Employments, began their Traditions from Nature ; and those among them, who found that *Anathemas* were not very acceptable on this side the *Tweed*, ventured no further with them, but substituted *Ridicule* in their room : By which they tickled those to Death, whom their Correspondents, on t'other side the Water, could only tame by a Wet Martyrdom. We were indeed often alarm'd with the Tidings of a *New Gospel* ; tho' some were of Opinion, that they had explained the *Old one* so, as to serve any of their Purposes : But at present I hear that Project is laid aside, or reserved for better Times.

The King-killing and Deposing Doctrine was very amicably adjusted between *Knox* and *Melvil* on the one Part, and the ancient and modern *Jesuits* on the other. The Brethren on both Sides had the same Aim in this Article, which was to advance a Supremacy of their own, upon the Ruins of Monarchy.

The Church of *Rome* found her Account in exposing the *Host*, and advancing the Notion of a *Real Presence* : The Whigs took the same Liberty in corrupting the *Sacrament*, by what they call the *Real Absence*. By which they suppose a Communicant to be substantially and virtually departed from  
from



from the Church, and sitting in a Conventicle, tho' by all the Evidences of Sense it is plain, he is that moment kneeling before the Altar. This also serves them for *double Communion*, which is vastly preferable to the *Half-Communion* of the *Romanists*, especially in the End for which it was designed, Temporal Advantage. For what is Priestcraft in the former, is Partycraft in the latter; and whilst the Papist distrusts his Senses, the Whig gratifies them.

Let those who have Confessed or done Penance to the Faction, or passed through any of their *Limbo's*, speak what they have tasted of their Mildness and Moderation; and let their Senses distinguish between an Arbitrary and a Legal Inquisition, between being dispatch'd and put out of Pain by the Rage and Fury of a mad Persecutor, and being kept alive under the lingering Tortures of Shame and Poverty, the severe pressure of intricate or abus'd Laws, and the more exquisite Pangs of Conscience and Honour, exposed to the most subtle Temptations; by a Set of Tormentors, who are thorough-pac'd in all the Contrivances of artful Malice and ingenious Mischief.

The Abby-Lands, with the several Products of the *Romish* Superstitions, were indeed a fat Moriel for their Clergy here in *England*, by which they engrossed the better half of our Riches; and upon an extraordinary occasion, could call for a fresh Supply, according as they had concerted Measures with their Foreign Allies for a Holy War or *Crusade*: Whereby the Nation was drain'd of Men and Money, in order to invade *Jerusalem*, or some other Pagan Country; tho' I think the *Pope* was, generally speaking, so honest, as to give the Kingdom to those who could Conquer it. But what Village in *England*, what Acre, what Cottage has been free from the Oppressions and Pillage of the Whigs? They have made those who were Cloath'd, *Naked*; those who were Full, *Hungry*; and have sent the

Rich

Rich *Empty* away. They once more interpreted King *Pharaoh's* Dream to us, and are the Lean Kine that have gone up and devoured us. From the Crown of the Head, to the Sole of the Foot, we were Tax'd and Loaded: Every thing we eat and drink, puts us in mind of their Cruelties. They have sold us to Strangers, and set *Europe* in Flames, for the sake of Hozzaing round the Bonfire. They have impoverish'd both Clergy and Laity, and pawn'd their Posterity. By this time they might have been Rich enough with the Plunder, to enter upon the Mortgage; and perhaps hire their beggarly Landlords to be *hewers of Wood and drawers of Water*: According to the known Policy of some Foreign Grandees, who rack their Dependents with so many Oppressions, till they are forced to accept of them for Slaves, because they are become insolvent.

The pious Frauds of the Church of *Rome*, as exemplified in Equivocations, mental Reservations, Lyes, Legends and Forgeries, have received considerable Improvements and Additions from the Whigs. If we peruse the Casuistical Writings of the *Romish* Fathers, we shall find how they mince this Article, how they gloss it over, and parcel it out into all the nominal Jargon of the Schools, and lose it in senseless Distinctions, coin'd from the Corruption of *Metaphysics*. But our Casuists proceed upon a much clearer System: With them, not only to conceal their real Faith, and publicly conform to a Church, which they hate; not only to equivocate and stifle Truth, but openly to defy it, to skip over all Tests made to distinguish them, by an agility of Conscience, which the Papists could not attain; to forge and invent Falshoods for the sake of their Cause, to propagate Error, and justify one Lye with another, is venial and even meritorious. One of their own Mitred Champions has not stuck to own the Doctrine of Reserves, even in Fundamentals: And whoever will be at

the Pains to examine their pretended Miracles, and the Lives and Characters of their Heroes, may be diverted with something more Romantick, with more Fictions and Fables, than are to be met with in the History and Adventures of *Sta. Teresa* or *St. Xavier*.

As the Tories are the Hereticks against whom these Papists have declared an everlasting War, not to keep Faith with them is a Principle which they openly profess, and have always zealously pursued. What Laws, Orders, Resolutions have they not violated, on purpose to convince the World, that a Tory ought not to be believed, trusted, or even to have Justice done him? Their way was not to examine the Cause, but the Person; and their Judges, Justices, and other Executive Officers would first Discern, before they would Determine, between Man and Man. For as their Doctrine of Self preservation empowers them to Rebel against what they are pleased to call a Tory King, notwithstanding their Oaths: So that of Self-Interest leaves them at liberty to oppress a Tory Fellow-Subject, notwithstanding the Ties of common Honesty and natural Justice.

They are the greatest Sticklers for Merit in the most Catholick Sense; and upon this Head they only expect to have two Points yielded up to them, which are, to be the Judges of it, and their own Paymasters. What Hereticks call a Favour, they claim as a Right; and if at any time they exceed a Commission, it must be set up to the Account of Works of *Supererogation*.

They are strict Preservers of Catholick Communion, and take care to guard, with great rigour, what they call the *Pale*: For in all Cases of a Lapse, the Heretick is deliver'd over to irrecoverable Reprobacy. It is true, they allow Liberty of Conscience, that is to all without the *Pale*: And by this means they make Converts of all sorts of Wretches, who have always their Seasons and Terms of Probation,

bation, to render them incapable of falling from the Party: For they stedfastly adhere to that known Maxim, which is the support of the *Romish* Church, To be able to receive every Thing, and part with Nothing.

Their *Councils* and *Synods* are not chosen by a freedom of Voices, but consist of such Persons, as are naturally drawn together by a *Magnetick Sympathy* in Understanding and Principles. Their *Conclave* they call the *Junta*, and their *Consistory* the *Kit-Cat*: Tho' some unwary Historians have mistaken this latter for the Society *de Propaganda*, because to them we owe the best Accounts of their *Theology*. They have also their moving Assemblies, which alter their Stations and Places of Meeting, according as this or that Region of Pleasure and Business grows thin or populous. At these Assemblies their Nuncio's, Legates and Missionaries, receive their Orders and Commissions, as also their Wages and Pay, which is either Verbal or Real. The Committee of *Triers* give in the several Talents and Capacities of the Candidates; and according to their Report they have their Provinces regulated and assigned them. Some are employ'd in Translating from the *French* and *Dutch*, what was never publish'd in those Languages. Others, who can read *Latin*, are put to work in extracting Quotations from the *Greek* Historians and *Biographers*. The Letter-Writer is directed in the Choice of his Correspondents, whether they are Foreign Ministers, Parliament Men, or only Friends in the Country. The Orator, who is distinguish'd by the loudness of his Voice, the rapidity of his Words, the quaintness of his Oaths, the Cock of his Hat, and is the stedfastness of his Contradictions, has his Passes given him, by which he is to take his *Route* thro' the several Coffee-houses of that Week. The Thing that makes Verses, is shew'd the outside of those *Heroes*, whose Praise and Characters he is to write down to, and is set up for a Poet with the single Faculty of Fiction. His Honour, his Senses, and

his Works go to the same Market together, and are sold at the same Price. There are several Hands employ'd about that useful Manufacture, a Lye. For this they have the Introducer, who gives the Hint; the Enquirer, who asks with a design to tell; the Mercury, who receives, and the Hawker, who disperses it; the Insurer, who is allow'd to pass for a Person in the Secret, in order to give it Authority; the Assertor, who is to argue upon it, as taken for granted; the Wagerer and the *Lyar en Seconde*, both these are to back it; the Qualifier, who upon the first glimpse of a Discovery, is to save one half, by giving up the other; the Inoculator, who is to preserve a declining Lye, by Grafting it upon a fresh Stock; the Braiter, who works up a Lye chiefly with Noise, and the Solidity of his Materials; the Chymist, who preserves Lyes by Transfusion into one another; the Remembrancer, who recovers an old Lye, when the Consutation of it is well nigh forgotten; the Knight of the Post, who offers his Affidavit upon't; the Plagiary, who quotes Original Authors; the Fosterer, who takes care of Lyes, when they are young and tender, and not yet past the State of a Whisper, a *May be*, or a *Probability*; the Pruner, who Cuts and Trims a luxuriant Lye, in order to encourage its Growth; the Transplanter, who deals in Foreign Lyes; and the Coupler, who tells a Lye and a Truth together, in order to shelter one under t'other. All these, according to their Abilities and Zeal, are sent abroad to their several Provinces, with proper Instructions, and are distinguish'd by agreeable Titles, a *Par-sibus Infidelium*.

The Papists and Whigs agree in their Accounts of the State of the Dead, and the several ways of Dying. What those call the *Spiritual Death*, these translate, *Being out of Favour*; and they do not scruple to put up Masses or Prayers for such of their Brethren as are in this State. Though the Style of these is somewhat more vehement than that of the Catho-

Catholicks, and rather deserves the Name of *Exposition*.

They firmly adhere to that *Romish* Principle, of obliging the Laity to profess and defend every thing, tho' they really believe nothing. Hence they orally admit the greatest Falshoods: And this Humour is improved and kept up mechanically, by the Use of Relicks, with which they are furnish'd from the Archives of their Leaders. They shew the Heads or Skulls of several of their Martyrs. Of these some were inhumanly jointed in the Neck, and others most barbarously flung from a Beam, and died before they came to the Ground. They have also several Female Utensils, which I forbear to mention. It was whisper'd some time ago, that they had lock'd up the Warming-Pan; but I hear it is since exposed again to publick View. One of their Places of Worship is hung with dirty Clouts, which no Mortal, who looks upon them, can imagine what they cost.

Their Pilgrimages and Peregrinations are undertaken upon the most urgent and pressing Occasions: In which they are so Zealous, as always to avoid being stopped upon the Road: And some of them are so extravagantly Devout, as never to come home again.

No Catholicks have a better Hand at a Plot, a Conspiracy, or an Assassination; nor can more dextrously stifle, or more roundly forswear all Designs of this nature, if they prove Abortive.

Their Indulgences and Dispensations do not only extend to venial Sins, but to the grossest Enormities; and they are given on this very Condition, that those who have them should never Confess or Retract their Iniquities.

Their Saints are of their own making, all taken from within the Pale, and like those of the Church of Rome, Canonized chiefly for such Virtues as were of Service to the Cause: Tho', for the ease of the



present Generation, it were to be wish'd they would defer this Ceremony till after Death.

They Worship a great Number of Roods and Images of several Kinds. Those for the Vulgar are of Pastboard. Since the Reformation, they have made at least six or seven Popes; but could never yet get them introduced with the usual Ceremonies. Our great Reformers, upon the removing of the High Places, bestir'd themselves so, that the more substantial Idols of Silver and Gold were even as those of Pastboard: But there still remain, for Show, a few little Devils in Wood and Brass, who, unless timely prevented, are making what haste they can towards the same wonderful Melioration.

N<sup>o</sup> 35. *Friday, May 1.*

— *An superbos*  
*Tarquini Fasces memorem, an Catonis*  
*Nobile lethum?* Hor.

**A**MONG the Arts of Peace, that deserve the Notice and Care of a Government, the Drama is not the least considerable. Tragedy, in particular, when it pursues the great Ends of its Institution, and shews us Heroick Life in perfect Majesty, when by the Beauties of Dress, Scenary, Action, and Elocution, in themselves empty and artificial, it produces in us real and lasting Virtues; when it turns our Passions to Objects that may deservedly employ them, is an Entertainment worthy a polite People, and by the help of a tolerable Taste and some Attention, may insensibly win upon our Gay, Idle Youth, and raise the Pleasure up to Instruction. I will not call those, Poets, who have corrupted this

Art:

Art: For the farther it deviates from its proper End, the more it loses of its Nature. But the best Reformation of the Stage is Example, and ought to begin among those, whose Genius and great Names are able to bear them up against degenerate Custom, and set them at the Head of a Fashion, which may be so much to the Advantage of Virtue. For this Reason I cannot enough commend the Excellent Author of *CATO*, who has convinc'd us, in so happy a Manner, that the Affections may be moved, and the Passions actuated, by a Distress arising from a Principle of Honour, as well as Love. Such an Example, so deservedly crown'd with Success, will, I hope, engage others to join in the Attempt of restoring the Stage to its ancient Use, and firing our Youth with high Sentiments of Virtue, and a generous Passion for their Country.

Whatever hath been said to prove, That a Dramatick Poet is restrain'd to Persons of a middle Character, neither perfectly Virtuous, nor Vicious to an Extremity, appears to have had no more Weight with the Author of *Cato*, than with Monsieur *Corneille*. For the *English Cato* is represented more strictly Virtuous, and, if possible, of a more Godlike Nature than the *Roman*. All the Underparts conspire to extol him. Even the Love-Scenes are made conducive to his Glory; and he is set above *Cesar*, above *Fate*, above *Jupiter*, nay above *Rome* and *Liberty* it self, as if the Cause were of less regard than the Hero. But the worst, or rather only bad Action of his Life, is the Last. Here the Historian must justify the Poet, for making a Self-murder, infamous in it self, and done in violation of the Law of Nature and *Pagan* Morality, the Catastrophe of a Character, otherwise perfect, and raised to the highest Dignity of human Nature. I know not whether *Cato* might not have kill'd himself with a better Grace, as a *Stoick*, than as a *Platonick*: For *Plato* positively condemns this way of Dying; but the *Stoicks* allow'd of it, upon a Principle

ciple of absolute Freedom, which is most consistent with *Cato's* Character; who, as *Rapin* observes, was a *Stoick* by Constitution, and expired with an obstinate Resolution becoming that Sect, that his Life and Death might be consistent, and the Unity of Decorum kept up in his History. On the other hand, *Stoicism* was a Corruption of the Roman Morals, and came in with the Eastern Fashions, after the Expedition into *Macedonia*. Hence *Virgil*, *Cicero*, *Macrobius*, and others of the purer Age, condemn'd this sort of Death, as highly Criminal, an act of Cowardice, contrary to true Liberty, and Offensive to the Gods: But *Tacitus*, *Paterculus*, *Seneca*, *Lucan*, and *Valerius Maximus* maintain'd the contrary; and the later *Romans*, who had imbib'd the pernicious Principle from *Greece*, found great Ease by it under the dreadful Proscriptions and Massacres of *Marius*, *Sylla* and *Cinna*. Perhaps the Horror of a *Stoical* Death, such as *Cato's* appears to be in History, who is said to have torn out his own Bowels in a Frantick manner, after he had given the fatal Stab, might have been too shocking upon the *English* Stage, even to have borne a Rehearsal: And therefore the Poet chose rather to let him expire upon a prospect of Immortality, however dark and doubtful, and divested him, in his last Moments, of that savage unrelenting Temper, which he appears in upon the sight of his Son's Body. *Plutarch* on these Occasions, as at the Death of his Brother *Cepio*, represents him full of Grief, and liable to Tears: But when his own Death approach'd, he is now no longer Stubborn and inflexible, but expresses the utmost Diffidence and Uncertainty.

——— *Why shrinks the Soul*  
*Back on her self, and startles at Destruction?*  
*What means this Heaviness, that hangs upon me?*  
 ——— *Alas! I fear*  
*I've been too hasty.*

*If I have done amiss, impute it not :  
The best may erre.*

These Sentiments agree well enough with one, who had no Call from the Gods: Since a little before, he had declared in the Senate, that their Cause was not yet Desperate, and that they might retire and recruit their Forces in *Numidia*. He fell indeed with his Country, but not for it; and by dying, effectually deserted her Interests. For, as a judicious Writer observes, had he surviv'd the Murder of *Cæsar*, his popular Character might at that juncture have retriev'd the Commonwealth, when *Brutus* fail'd in the Attempt, who was detected for his Ingratitude. These Straights, in Point of History, oblig'd the Tragedian to desert *Cato* after his Fall: And therefore he forms his Moral upon quite another Turn than the Imitation of his Hero, and only warns us to avoid Civil Discord, a Topick not touch'd upon in the Body of the Play, and not directly arising from his main Design. But these and other Niceties, such as the Character of *Juba*, directly opposite to what he has in History, the Simplicity of the Plot, the Facility of the Incidents, and the judicious Design of Under-writing the Love-Parts, are lesser Lights made to set off the greater, those fine Descriptions of the Passions of a Publick Spirit, its Emotions, Resentments, and Searches after Glory, those exalted Principles of *Roman* Honour, those just and glowing Images of Liberty, Virtue, Truth, Valour, and all the Excellences that human Nature can display, when it expands it self for the Good of Societies; which make a Unity in the Dialogue, as well as Action, and are work'd up with all the Beauties and Purity of Classical Learning. As if there had been no great Necessity for Adorning the *Theatre of Augustus* with a *Latin Tragedy* of any tolerable Character, when their noblest Patriots were reserved for our Age, to speak more like themselves in *English*.

I was so well pleas'd with *Cato*, that I had no Thoughts of mentioning him in the Language of a Critick : But I would be understood to commend with a little Judgment ; and my Aim is to prevent the Folly of one or two Dabblers, who may perhaps mistake a Flatus of Party for Genius, and expose themselves by Attacking, what it would be more for their Advantage to study, than Censure. They may think they are provok'd to it, by the Influence of the Whigs, who tried to make this a Party-Play : But their Clamours and Impertinence deserve no other Notice, on this occasion, than Contempt and generous Indignation. What a Misfortune is it for a Gentleman of Wit and Virtue to be suspected of favouring their Side, with whom Sense is of no more Value than Honesty, unless they can Corrupt it ! Had not a Majority of better Judges stept to his Relief, *Cato* had been damn'd by the infamous Applauses of a Faction, and instead of keeping his Ground by his own intrinsic Merit, had subsisted upon their infectious Breath, which has tainted every Thing. The Character and declar'd Opinion of the Author, with the Judgment of his many happy Friends of both Parties, were of no Weight with them : But they resolv'd to make *Cato* a Whig ; as if they intended to crown his Death with a greater Grace of Poetick Justice. This Indignity rous'd so many Publick Spirits, and call'd them to the assistance of *Cato* : They perfectly understand the Arts they mean to encourage ; and at once redeem'd him out of their Hands, who after being routed upon every other Stage, must not be allow'd to Shine any where but at a *Farce*.

Could a Man, at such a time, be supposed capable of admitting any Diversion from the Actors in the Pit and Boxes, the Distress of *Cato* had been merrily temper'd with an Interlude, which part of the Audience were pleas'd to entertain us with, the first Night. A croud of silly People, Creatures, who wear the Ornaments of the Head altogether on the  
out-

out-side, were drawn up under the Leading of the Renown'd *Ironside*, and appointed to Clap at his Signals. I will not suppose them quite so Stupid and Senseless, but *Cato*, and a little Attention, might have warm'd them, without the Word of Command. The *Spectator* never appear'd in Publick with a worse Grace. I remember Mr. *Bickerstaff* at the Playhouse, and with what a modest decent Gravity he behav'd himself: Hence he was so well supported in his Decline, and so heartily pitied at his Death. He would have used the Grandson of the Great *Censor* better. Mr. *Ada*——— had so often saved him from exposing himself in the Service of a *Faction*, that he would never have requited his Friend, by an attempt to engage him, against his Will, in the same Drudgery.

Sir *Gibby*, and his Band of Little Criticks from *Change-Alley*, ought to be pardon'd, on another Account, for giving their Zeal an Advantage over their Understanding, when they Clapt with so much awkward Fury, those Parts in the Character of *Sempronius*, where he Mouths for War and Liberty: Sympathy is a powerful Motive; and I believe it was no Surprize to them, to find their own Caution put into the Mouth of a Villain, who profanes the Name of Liberty, and under that disguise, betrays *Cato* and his own Country. But the Old Viceroy, and his Embroider'd Underlings, should have been the only part of the Audience who sat unconcerned at those fine Lines,

*When Vice prevails, and impious Men bear sway,  
The Post of Honour is a private Station.*

Plunderers of the Publick, and Debtors to the Senate's Justice; cannot, without an egregious Banter, apply this to themselves.

Nothing could have more exposed the despicable Ignorance and extream Folly of the Whigs, than their imagining there was any thing in this *Tragedy*.



gedy, which favour'd their wretched Schemes, or the Characters of their Leaders. Were a Man to supply the Place of the *Chorus*, and explain upon *Cato*, he might tell the Audience, how he is represented as contending to the last, for the Cause of true Liberty : A Liberty consistent with the Constitution of his Country; contending

————— *For the Laws, the Rights,  
The gen'rous Plan of Power, deliver'd down  
From Age to Age, by his renown'd Forefathers.*

This Cause he maintains against a few Mercenary Wretches at home, who were Inspired, not with the Love of Liberty, or Thirst of Honour,

————— *But hopes to shave the Spoil  
Of conquer'd Towns, and plunder'd Provinces.*

This Cause he maintains against *Cæsar*, the *General for Life*, the *Perpetual Dictator*. He appears against

*Oppression, Tyranny, and Power usurp'd.  
—— Guilt, Rebellion, Fraud and Cæsar.  
Against the Man, in a false glaring Light;  
Which Conquest and Success had thrown upon him.*

————— *He saw him black  
With Murder, Treason, Sacrilege, and Crimes,  
That strike the Soul with Horror.*

————— *Refusing to disband his Legions,  
Submit his Actions to the publick Censure,  
And stand the Judgment of a Roman Senate.*

————— *With dreadful course he rushes on  
From War to War.*—————

This is the *Cæsar* whom *Cato* opposed, the Patron of War, the Fomentor of Civil Discord, who was at the Head of a Factious Army, had aw'd and corrupted the *Senate*, fortified himself with Foreign Bands, and made the Ruin of his Country the Aim of

of his Ambition. I'll venture the Parallel, let the Whigs apply it where they please.

Was *Cato* for a Republick, and will the Whigs presume to own they love him on this Account? But was not that Republick the Constitution? *Machiavil* commends it as a noble Scheme, because it comprehended the Three several Sorts of Government in an admirable Temperature. The Consular Dignity resembled *Monarchy*, the Senate *Aristocracy*, and the Tribunes *Democracy*. In this it comes near our *Three Legislative Powers*: And then there is no manner of doubt, but if *Cato* had been born in our Age, he would have liv'd and dy'd a *Briton*.

What a Picture have we of a noisy seditious Medler in the Person of *Sempronius*? Hé bauls loud-est for Liberty, and yet betrays it. He breathes nothing but Blood and War, and then joins with a treacherous Foreigner *Scyphax*, in conspiring the Ruin of *Cato* and of *Rome*. Whilst *Lucius*, who is for *Peace*, is represented Mild, Temperate and Wise, and has *Cato's* dying Approbation, as a faithful Friend to his Country. Even *Marcia* and *Lucia* are made to bestow their Charms only on the Lovers of the Constitution, and to give this as one Reason of their Choice.

In short, nothing belonging to this Play ought to be the Whigs, but only the *Epilogue*. *Nicky Nacky* in *Venice Preserved* is not more low and foolish. I see no manner of Reason for coupling *Scaramouch* with *Cato*. After so noble a Representation, such a Distress, and such solemn Images, to have the Ideas of — *Dying a Maid* — *Choice of Two* — *Vows in Convents* — *Easily said, nay* — *Repenting in a Coach and Six* — *Churches no Sanctuaries* — And such Stuff intrude upon us, as might serve to tag an Interlude in a Boarding School, for Bread and Butter Misses in Bibs and Hanging-sleeves; is a *Pedantry* in *Farce*, that calls down the Vengeance of *Birch* upon every Line. How unequally

equally is Mr. *Ad—son* supported, with the Ingénious Mr. *P—pe* on one side, and — *I vow to God, Madam*, on t'other ! That delicate Author might have taught him the *Decorum* of *Garniture* in his excellent *Prologue*, which says,

*Dare to have Sense your self. ————  
Such Epilogues should please a British Ear,  
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.*

If it should be carried, that all *Dramatick Heroes*, for the future, ought to come attended with their *Fools*, I know where to recommend them.

I cannot part with *Cato* so easily : And therefore in my next, shall Examine the Characters of this Great Patriot and of his Opposite, *Caesar*, as they lie in History and the Classics ; leaving Mr. *Ad—son* entirely out of the Squabble of *Parties*. And then I shall direct my Readers, where they may find those great Originals exactly Copied by the Moderns.

N<sup>o</sup> 36.      *Monday, May 4.*

— His *dantem jura Catonem.*      *Virgil.*

**I** Am not surprized to find the Whigs so fond of Power : The whole Weight and Value of their Party depends upon Things without : Strip them of these, and they become Worthless and Insignificant. When they were uppermost, they were flatter'd by a few little noisic Insects, who were perpetually Buzzing on the sunny side of the Court, into a strange Opinion of their Parts and Ingenuity : But whoever would take their Flatterers from them, has no more to do but to turn them out of their Places.

For

For what now are all their Defences and Apologies, but the very Reverse of good Sense and decent Language; Collections of Absurdities and Trifles, exactly Talled to their Cause? They do not consider, That whoever would maintain a Paradox, ought to be witty above the common Run; and that an extraordinary Genius only should undertake to write Encomiums upon Asses, or declaim in Praise of Folly or of *Nero*. Among their other Enterprizes of this kind, they never appear so Weak and Ridiculous, as when they disturb the Manes of the great Immortal Dead, among the old *Greeks* and *Romans*, and call them up to sit for their Pictures to some modern Dawber, who claps them on a Full-bottom Wig, arrays them in Bust, ties a Lac'd Cravat round their Necks, equips them with a White Staff or a Truncheon, and then calls them His Grace, His Excellency, or the Most Noble; and delivers them to *Virtue* or *Cooper*, to be copied in *Metzo Tinto*. There is a Great Man now abroad, call him Exile, Traveller, Knight Errant, a Prince who has lost his Way, and is wander'd from his Company, or what you please; I shall treat him with Candor, as being in a worse Condition, than if he were Dead. This Noble Warrior has made prodigious Waste in ancient History, and among the Classics. Several great Men of former Ages have lost by him, and suffer'd as much upon his account in their Reputations, as any of the Moderns in their Lives and Fortunes. The Lovers of Antiquity were alarm'd at these strange Transformations, and protested, that most of their old Heroes were so alter'd, they did not know them. Others exclaim'd loudly against such Classical Innovations, and said it was as Nice a Point to determine whether the General were *Greek* or *Roman*, as whether he were *British* or *German*: For an ill-placed Panegyrick naturally calls forth the Justice of Satire. But *Greece* and *Rome* were not the only Sufferers on this Occasion. The Party had their Spiritual as well as Temporal Com-

Comparisons. Upon Thanksgiving-Days he was called *Joshua*, *Baruc*, or *Judas Maccabeus*. The Prophane Writers made him like *Alexander*, *Cesar*, *Sejanus* (whom they mistook for some Great General, because they found his Name under *Cromwell's* Picture) and *Scipio*. But their last and most happy Discovery was the Character of *Cato*, which is now given out as his exact Image and Resemblance; for fear they should be reduced to the stale Compliment of declaring him like no Body that ever was before him. What great Change His Grace hath lately undergone, in order to qualify himself for assuming the Person of *Cato*, when but just before he was so very much like *Cesar*, I know not. It is certain, there never were two Characters in the World so directly opposite and irreconcilable: But the Whigs, who have so often put White for Black, and Darkness for Light, are not accountable for uniting them in one and the same Person. However, that they may not be deprived of both their Comparisons at once, I shall try what may be done with *Cesar*, and endeavour to confirm them in their First Choice.

*Julius Cesar* was Master of an enterprizing Genius, which he turn'd chiefly towards War, where Fortune seconded him in a remarkable Manner. All the Historians agree, that he had form'd his ambitious Designs very early; though I will not refine so far, as to think he promised himself what he all along aspir'd to, the absolute Government of the whole Empire; to which the Factious and Corrupt State of *Rome*, favouring his indefatigable Endeavours, afterwards rais'd him. In the Paths of Ambition, where they part from those of Virtue, there are *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*: A Man is drawn on insensibly, and must press forward or fall down a Precipice. He was so steady in pursuing his Point, that he laid himself all out in that one Undertaking. Even his Amours were prostituted to his Ambition. He considered Friendship only as an Under-

Underprop to Power, the Scaffolding of that mighty Ascent he was about to Climb. When he was up, he kick'd away the useless Logs that would no longer support him, and knew no Gratitude, where Treachery could do him better Service in its stead. In a free Government, like that of *Rome*, there is no arriving at Tyranny but by Popular Arts, which *Cæsar* practis'd with good Success. The Power of the People to dictate to the Senate was openly Asserted and Encouraged: They were brought down, modestly to advise their Representatives, to Pass some wholesome Laws that related only to the making of Freeholders, by a new distribution of Lands and Corn. Liberty and Property are two venerable Names indeed, when taken in the right Sense, but often abused to serve the vilest Designs. Liberty, the noblest Possession of Mankind, differs as much from Licentiousness, as Hypocrisy does from Religion. It is not an Exemption from Law, but a Certainty of Law: And any People, who are govern'd by certain Laws, agreed on in Common, and prescribing the Bounds of every civil Action, not capable of being alter'd or repeal'd by the over-ruling Dictates of One or more Men, are truly Free, not from those Laws, but by them. *Cæsar* knew how to make his Advantage of the Abused, False Liberty, in order to overturn the True. His Followers and Agents had this Name perpetually in their Mouths. Whoever opposed him in the Senate or *Forum*, was represented to the People as an Enemy to their Liberties, and treated accordingly; Menac'd, Insulted, Mob'd, Proscrib'd, and Imprison'd. He gave up all his Passions, and sacrific'd his most inveterate Resentments, to Ambition: Of this we have an Instance in *Clodius*, who had attempted to dishonour him with his Wife, and yet he was easily reconciled to the Adulterer, and made him his Friend, because he found him a fit Tool for his Purpose. The Success of his Arms in *Gaul* established his Credit with the unthinking Populace, and enabled him to pursue



sue his ambitious Designs. *Rome* was now fill'd  
 with Parties, and no Liberality was spar'd at Ele-  
 ctions: A Crime, which their honest Ancestors  
 had branded as infamous and destructive of the State.  
 The Senate was fill'd and surrounded with Soldiers,  
 aw'd and purg'd at Pleasure by the Creatures of  
*Cæsar*; who were taught to Harangue upon his  
 Martial Atchievements, which had carried the Glory  
 of the *Roman* Arms farther than any General be-  
 fore him, to demand new Supplies, and insist on the  
 continuation of his Government of the Two *Gauls*  
 for five Years longer. Instead of submitting to ask  
 the Consulship, one of his Captains, laying his  
 Hand on his Sword, told the Senate, If *they* would  
 not, *That* should give it him. He was impatient  
 of any Rival or Competitor: *Pompey*, who had for  
 some time been his Friend, soon left him; and then  
 his Minions cried out, That *Pompey* was the dan-  
 gerous Man, the Enemy to *Rome*; and what *Cæsar*  
 did, was only to prevent his secret Designs upon  
 the Liberties of the People. *Rome* was now under  
 the worst sort of Dominion, an absolute Stratocra-  
 cy, the Tyranny of a domineering Army grafted  
 upon a Faction. *Cæsar* had made the *Roman* Le-  
 gions revolt to himself. He filled the highest Posts  
 with his own Creatures, and recruited the Troops  
 with Renegado's, and Wretches of desperate For-  
 tunes, collected out of the several Countries where  
 he marched his Army. He had debauched the old  
 Allies of the *Romans*, and drew the Provinces into  
 his Interest. The Magistracy of the City was gar-  
 bel'd and model'd to his Wishes: To the Title of  
 Dictator he added the Epithet of Perpetual, and  
 soon afterwards dar'd to declare himself Emperor.  
 After the Battles of *Pharsalia* and *Thapsus*, he made  
 an entire Seizure of the Liberties of *Rome*, and abo-  
 lish'd both Consuls, Senate and Tribunes, or rather  
 reduc'd them to empty Names, and united them all  
 in himself. Property was then no more: For he  
 began with the Funds, which he took into his Pos-  
 session;

session; contrary to the Advice of his Friend *Metellus*. He was indeed by Nature, not Covetous; but Wantonness of Power soon made him as ready to Take, as before he had been to Give. Liberty vanish'd at the same time: The active Genius of *Rome* was tamed and broken, and her Freeborn Citizens became Slaves to his Usurp'd Power, and Worshipers of his imaginary Godhead.

This is that *Cæsar*, whose Picture the Whigs so much admire, and of which they pretend to shew us the Copy. But even this *Cæsar* must have no Wrong done him. He had many great and shining Virtues, which his younger Brother is a stranger to. He was Generous, Liberal and Magnificent, to a high Degree, a Master of Eloquence, and furnished with all the Learning of *Greece* and *Rome*. His personal Courage was never question'd; and by his Conduct and Valour, he reduced great Countries to the Dominion of *Rome*, enrich'd her out of Foreign Nations, and Conquer'd wholly for her sake. Here the *Junior Cæsar* degenerates, and instead of imitating the Great *Julius*, rather resembles *Cæsar Borgia*, who miscarried by aiming at All the Designs of *Julius*, with but Half his Character and Abilities.

Let us now set in Opposition to this Warrior the Character of *Caro*, a Man of rigid Virtue, severe in his own Life and Morals, but extremely good-natur'd in his Opinion and Treatment of others. He has no Vice or Imperfection laid to his Charge, unless we admit as such, those false Constructions which his Enemies put upon his best Actions. Thus his Hospitality and Improvement of Table-Conversation were, by the infamous *Memmius*, call'd Luxury and Drunkenness; whom *Cicero* answers with that Contempt, which such Scurrilities deserve. He was a great Philosopher, and thoroughly acquainted with, as well as firmly devoted to, the Religion of his Country; for which he was thought worthy to be the Priest of *Apollo*. No Man was ever  
more

more indefatigable in his Searches after Truth, or more tenacious of his Assent to it. His Knowledge was Universal, but his *Genius* chiefly turn'd to Civil Affairs. He perfectly understood the Laws and Constitutions of his Country, and laid out all his Studies, Labours and Passions, in that Service. He spar'd no Cost or Pains to make the best Enquiries into whatever Business he undertook, and when once he resolv'd, was restless and assiduous till he had accomplished it. In his Youth, he gave Demonstrations of an Understanding, Integrity and Courage, equal to the Maturest. In the Senate, he was heard with Applause and Deference: He often turn'd the Scale in a Debate, with his single Weight; and when the Tide of Faction ran strongest, could boldly stem it, and insensibly turn it his own Way. *Lucan* makes him equal to the Gods in Wisdom, and calls him the best Oracle of that Age. *Sallust* describes him without Stain or Blemish. After the Battle of *Pharsalia*, *Cæsar*, as *Florus* assures us, disdain'd all other Opposition when *Pompey* was fallen: But he soon found *Cato* a formidable Enemy; he dreaded his Virtues, and tried all ways to win him over to his Party; which *Cato* disdain'd to come into, notwithstanding his great Power and military Glory, and bravely oppos'd him to the last, in the Cause of *Rome* and *Liberty*. He hated a Tyrant so, that, says *Cicero*, he dyed rather than he would behold that Monster. No Stoick ever expressed a greater Contempt of the World, or appear'd so consistent and so like himself, under every Change of Fortune. He had Resolution enough to bear him up against publick Envy, and a Fund of Reputation superior to the vast Load of Calumny, which was unjustly laid on him; in which even *Cæsar* had no small Share, who is said to have written two Libels against him, call'd his *Anticatones*. He was never Careless, but of himself. In his Prosperity, he shar'd his good Fortune among his Friends; and in his Adversity, was chiefly

concern'd for their Welfare, and that of his Country. He often and seriously bewail'd the Divisions and Civil Discontents which reign'd in *Rome*, and incessantly toil'd to Heal them. When an ill Custom, a popular Corruption, or an Innovation in Government was like to prevail, he would singly oppose it, at the Hazard of his Life. No Intreaties of his Friends, or Sense of his own Danger, could keep him back from the Senate or *Forum*, and there loudly declaiming against Bribery, Oppression, and the Growth of *Cæsar's* Power, even in the midst of his Faction, and when their Fury was at the height. He often warn'd *Pompey* of his Friendship with that aspiring Man. Where the Cause was at Stake, he appear'd Immoveable and Intrepid. *Horace* dared to say of him, even in the Reign of the Second *Cæsar*;

———*Suncta terrarum subacta,  
Præter atrocem animum Catonis.*

He Reform'd the Roman Law to a very great Degree, and defended the Priests and the Vestal Virgins against the Accusations of the Impudent Orator *Clodius*. *Seneca* sets him upon a Level with *Socrates*, the great Ornament of *Greece*, and of the whole Pagan World. He labour'd heartily for Peace, and oppos'd the extravagant Ambition of the Roman Arms. He saw that many of their Wars were undertaken only for the sake of *Cæsar*, and foretold, that their Conquests would, in time, prove their Ruin. He took particular Care of the Trade and Revenue of *Rome*: Witness his Conduct in *Cyprus*, whence he is said to have brought more Wealth home, than some Generals did from all their Conquests. *Plutarch* spends several Pages in reciting his admirable Conduct in the Treasury, when he was *Quæstor*: How he Purg'd the Under-Officers, and pursued Bribery and Corruption, with the utmost Rigour and Severity. As he took care, that  
the

the State should suffer no Wrong, he was equally solicitous that it should Do none : Hence he became as Just and Punctual in his Payments, as he was Severe in exacting the publick Debts : He made *Sylla's* Friends refund the Money, of which they had Robb'd and Plunder'd the Government. It was said, That he had made the Questorship equal to the Dignity of Consul. His Death must be imputed to a prevailing Error in the Philosophy of that Age : Tho' *Cicero*, the Best of Men he left behind him, professes to wish for no greater Happiness in the other World, than that his Soul might go to *Cato's*. But in this the Son had the Advantage of the Father, who died Fighting for his Country at the Battle of *Philippi*.

Who sees not in this Character the strongest Lines, and most lively Features of an Illustrious Modern, or can forbear admiring the bright Traces of that Invaluable Life, which has had so great a Share in the saving and securing our Constitution ? Where-ever he differs from the antient Patriot, it is infinitely to his own Advantage. This *Cato* has effectually Triumph'd over that *Cesar* ; and more than once expos'd himself to a Death, equally Fatal to the State, but much more Glorious than *Cato's*, by the Hands of a Foreign Assassin, and the Treachery of a Domestick Faction. Who sees not, in the same Picture, the perfect Image of his Great Second in the Cause of the Publick ; who is so much his Friend by the noblest and most lasting Ties, an exact Similitude of Virtues, and an entire Union of Passions and Interests, in the Service of their Country ? It is for our Happiness and Glory, to have Two *Cato's*, greater than the First. I would advise that Party, for the future, not to give the *Greeks* or *Romans* any further Trouble : But to look out for their Patriots among the *Goths* and *Vandals*. They may there find some obscure hard Name, who wants a History. Let them make it first, and apply

ply it afterwards. Or if they will take the Facts as they lie, they need not despair of producing Examples, magnificently adorn'd with those two shining Achievements, Conquest and Confusion.

N<sup>o</sup> 37. *Friday, May 8.*

— *Mihi Res, non Me Rebus, submittere conor.*  
Horace.

*To the Author of the EXAMINER.*

S I R !

Correspondents are a sort of *Seconds* to a Weekly Author. I therefore stand forth to Support you, against an Attack made upon you in the *Guardian*, dated April the 28th. The Letter there inserted since he has been pleased to father, I shall, for the future, treat as his own.

You are complain'd of, Sir ! *For having no great Regard to Birth, and for assuming a Licence to talk of Noblemen in Print, to their Disadvantage.* How will you answer this Charge ? Is there no Modern, who has taken greater Freedoms, without so much as offering to plead the Cause of the Publick, in excuse for that Liberty ? And may you not defer answering, till you are accused by one, who is *Rectus in curia* ? Have you forgot Old *Downs*, Lord *Timon*, *Hanno*, *Polypragmon*, *Powell* of the *Bath*, and *Tun*, Gun and *Pistol* from *Wappin* ; with at least Fifty more, Sufferers of Figure under this Author's Satire, in the Days of his Mirth, and when he could shew his Teeth to Advantage ? At the Head of these, you may place

*Don*



*Don Diego*: For *Bickerstaffe* was the first, who introduced him in Print, and upon no less important an Affair than the oddness of his Buttons. After this, you need not join with him, in that stale silly Proposal, of Appealing to the World, but fairly leave him to chuse his own Judges.

He represents you, as *aggravating the Disgraces of the Brave and the Unfortunate*. But were his Heroes Disgrac'd for being Brave and Unfortunate? This is as false a Quotation, as it is a corrupt Version: He had an Eye to a famous Motto on a Coach, *Faithful tho' Unfortunate*. Let him restore the true Reading, and put down *Faithful* in the room of *Brave*, and I'll undertake you shall Answer him. But he goes on, and says, *He has seen you trample on the Ashes of the Dead*. All his great Men are Sacred Things, not to be meddled with: They are either *Dead* or *Unfortunate*. You have now a fair Opportunity before you, of atoning for this false Step. Paint in the liveliest Colours you can, this general Loss. For, alas! the Patriot is no more. Weep over his Herse, bewail his untimely Decease, and do Justice to his *Mans*. It is some Consolation after Death, to find, that even the opposite Party must at length own the great Virtues of those they once Reviled, and the Goodness of that Cause, which could support Men in the worst of Times. Truth will prevail, tho' late; and that fine Reflection of *Horace* take place,

*Virtutem incolumen odimus,  
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.*

You may turn with Regret from this Character to another not half so Bright, and which the *Guardian* professes to defend, for a good Reason, Because, as he tells us, *He has an Interest in it*. But such is the Force of Conviction, that he cannot forbear dwelling altogether on those Parts in his

his Character, which are entirely *Tory*. After this, all is Clouds and Darkness; and he comes off coldly, with this delicate Remark; *That later Transactions are too fresh to need being recounted.* Here he passes over the *Whig* in Oblivion, and is ashamed to set him in the same broad Light with the *Tory*. King *Phyz*, in the *Rehearsal*, never made a more ungraceful *Exit*. — What will you say to all this?

*I do agree: — But first let's have a Dance.*

Here you may pause awhile, and admire the strange Turns and Revolutions of Human Affairs. The Topick is Stale, but the Instances New and Entertaining. This is the same Person, who not long ago was pelted by all the little dirty Dabblers of the Faction; exposed and ridicul'd by the whole Tribe, both Leaders and Subalterns; and guarded at by every Creature, who could make a Rhime, or a Speech, or something in the Shape of either. Who can account for this amazing Conduct in the Whigs? Who is this, that has bewitch'd them? As *Jack Falstaff* says, *He has given them Love-powder: They have drank Philtres.* The returns of Love are as unaccountable as the first Motions: The blind Boy has been hard at Work;

———— *Cui placet impares  
Formas atq; animos sub iuga ahenea  
Sævo mittere cum joco.*

He has reconciled the dear Creature to their Imaginations: They burn and doat, where they before loath'd and rail'd; and what they once regarded as a useless Log, is now lick'd into Shape, and set up for an Idol. All their Addresses to it run in this Strain;

*Thou hast no Faults, or I no Faults can spy;  
Thou art all Beauty, or all Blindness I.*

' But to return to the worthy Mr. *Ironside*. He  
 ' has already declared himself a Tory in the Church,  
 ' and a Whig in the State. It is probable he may  
 ' be inclined to come a little further than half  
 ' Way, tho' he takes his Steps very awkwardly.  
 ' For he has lost both the Characters, by working  
 ' them into a Composition; and when he comes to  
 ' look for his Two Halves, finds the State-Whig  
 ' surrounded with Tory Practices, and the Church-  
 ' Tory wrapt in Whig Principles; and amidst this  
 ' unluckily Jumble, will not afford us the least Jest  
 ' or Air of Banter, to add a Relish to the *Faree*.  
 ' So that he has given you full Liberty to retort  
 ' upon him with the silly Names of dull Wretch  
 ' and fawning Miscreant; which he has tried to fix  
 ' on you, at the very time that he acknowledges the  
 ' Sting and Witticism at the end of your Paper.  
 ' But Witticisms are dull, a Church-Tory may agree  
 ' to the Doctor's Sentence, and a State-Whig may  
 ' oppose the Revolution: Any Contradictions and  
 ' Absurdities are pardonable in a Writer, who will  
 ' come into the main Drudgery, and reflect upon  
 ' the present Ministry. His Hero, it seems, is too  
 ' Popular to come among them; For, says this Au-  
 ' thor, *civil Prudence made it, perhaps, necessary,*  
 ' *to throw the publick Affairs into such Hands, as*  
 ' *had no Pretensions to Popularity in either Party, but*  
 ' *from the distribution of the QUEEN's Favours——*  
 ' I have naturally no great Affection for Paraphra-  
 ' sing; but certainly this Passage, put into plainer  
 ' *English*, imports thus much; —— *That if the*  
 ' *QUEEN had not taken Some Notice of Some Men,*  
 ' *no Body else would.*—— What Her Majesty has  
 ' done, is the height of civil Prudence: But what  
 ' the *Guardian* has said, is extremely Rude and Un-  
 ' mannerly. I never knew Two Whig-Writers,  
 ' who were consistent. Some of them have com-  
 ' plain'd, That the present Ministry were too Po-  
 ' pular; and, as they are, pleased to term it, *were*  
 ' *Moo'd and Address'd into Power*: Whereas the  
 ' *Guardian*

' *Guardian* leaves them in perfect Obscurity, till  
 ' Her Majesty was pleas'd, in a negligent manner,  
 ' To Throw the publick Affairs into their Hands—  
 ' I would not have you reply to this Scurrility, but  
 ' let it lie as you find it in the Corner of his Paper,  
 ' close by the Royal Stamp.

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N<sup>o</sup> 38. Monday, May 11.

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—— *Rursus ad Ingenium redit.* Terence.

**I**N every Nation, whose Government is of any  
 long standing, and the People preserved Pure  
 and Unmix'd in their Race to a tolerable degree,  
 there is a *Publick Genius*, peculiar to that one State,  
 and easily discernible by every common Observer :  
 Which it has been the constant Practice of all great  
 Masters in Policy to study with the utmost Dili-  
 gence, and manage with all imaginable Caution  
 and Artifice. This *Genius* is either *Natural* or *Pol-  
 itical* : And both these put together make a Being,  
 however Fairy and Chimerical, yet so important  
 and so well worth our Notice, that the Antients  
 gave it a Place among their Gods. The *Natural*  
*Genius* of a People arises chiefly from the Soil and  
 Clime of their Country, from their Diet, Diver-  
 sions, and those Hereditary Tinctures, which are  
 entailed upon their Race, and run down in the  
 same Channel with their Blood. This shews it self  
 in their Passions, Appetites, Pleasures, and Inclina-  
 tions. The *Political Genius*, which is a much tamer  
 Creature, more easily managed than the *Natural*,  
 and falls directly under the Cognizance and Tui-  
 tion of Legislators, Statesmen, and all who either  
 Write or Treat about Government, arises altoge-  
 O 2 ther

ther from the ancient Laws, Customs, and Constitution of a State, and the received Opinion and Sentiments which the generality of the People have entertain'd concerning them. It shews it self chiefly in their Approbation of that Form of Government under which they live, of those fundamental Laws which determine and secure all their Rights, and that Religion which is settled and establish'd among them; in their regard for the Wisdom of their Ancestors, their Aversion to Innovations, and their Zeal or Bigotry for that Civil and Religious Plan they were born to, and bred up under. The wise Men and Patriots of all Ages, who have distinguish'd themselves, in the most Godlike manner, by their Care of the Publick and Love of Society, and merited the Applause and Thanks of Posterity, by the Planting and Modelling, or the Saving and Securing of States and Communities, always took their Measures from a right Observation of the *Natural Genius* of a People, to direct and qualify the *Political*, and by humouring the one, to advance and enoble the other. For if they are made to Clash and Interfere, there can be no lasting Settlement, no Unity, which is the Soul of Government: And nothing but unnatural Force and Tyranny, with a stiff Rein, can awe a People, whose manner of Government crosses upon their Nature, into a State of Rest and Submission. This is a dangerous Experiment, and bodes Ruin to the desperate Undertakers. The *Genius* of a Nation is not to be Tamper'd with; we may play with it as it lies down, till it Growls and is out of Humour, and then a little Provocation rouses the sleeping Lion, and he flies out, and rends the unwary Adventurer to pieces. On the other hand, all the great Dealers in Confusion, and most accomplish'd Masters of publick Mischief, whom either Avarice, Ambition, a personal Pique to those above them, a treasonable Instinct, or the Pride of enterprising Villainy, has set on to ruin a Country,

Country, undermine its Laws, overturn the Constitution, and make a Scramble of its true Interests, have ever found it to be their best Game (where open Force could not be had) to draw the People unawares into the Conspiracy, and make them Parties to their own Destruction. By a false Court to their *Natural Genius*, they set that and their *Political Genius* at variance. They strike a new Heat upon their Passions, with a design to warp their Affections from the Government, and by diverting or deluding their Humours and Appetites, make them serve to the Corruption of their best Principles. When this Engine is set up and begins to Play, a State must totter; and nothing but the timely Concurrence of all the honest Hands can save it from Falling. For a false Fear, or ill-placed Affection, work'd up to a Crisis, and favour'd by a lucky Juncture, will, in a moment, unloose all the Ties of Duty, and make Men Instruments for bringing about such Designs, as in cool Blood they would abhor.

The Whigs, who for many Years have been engag'd in a Work of this nature, went deeper than the most renowned Conspirators of former Ages. They tried to distort and corrupt even the *Natural Genius* of our People, and to alter the very Clime, the Soil, and Air; which could no otherwise be done, than by opening all our Fences, and by making a Bridge over the Channel (for such was their General Naturalization) whereby a motly Brood of different Humours and Inclinations was to have been let in upon us, and the good old *English Genius* had been in time lost and undistinguish'd, that they might take Advantage of the Mixture and Degeneracy. What they call'd Charity, would in effect have proved little better than a sort of Civil Invasion; at least they had laid in Reasons for a Second Call, and kept a Body of Foreign Guarantees in Reserve, who were to come over, and assist in tying down the Yoke, whenever



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Country, undermine its Laws, overturn the Constitution, and make a Scramble of its true Interests, have ever found it to be their best Game (where open Force could not be had) to draw the People unawares into the Conspiracy, and make them Parties to their own Destruction. By a false Court to their *Natural Genius*, they set that and their *Political Genius* at variance. They strike a new Heat upon their Passions, with a design to warp their Affections from the Government, and by diverting or deluding their Humours and Appetites, make them serve to the Corruption of their best Principles. When this Engine is set up and begins to Play, a State must totter; and nothing but the timely Concurrence of all the honest Hands can save it from Falling. For a false Fear, or ill-placed Affection, work'd up to a Crisis, and favour'd by a lucky Juncture, will, in a moment, unloose all the Ties of Duty, and make Men Instruments for bringing about such Designs, as in cool Blood they would abhor.

The Whigs, who for many Years have been engag'd in a Work of this nature, went deeper than the most renowned Conspirators of former Ages. They tried to distort and corrupt even the *Natural Genius* of our People, and to alter the very Clime, the Soil, and Air; which could no otherwise be done, than by opening all our Fences, and by making a Bridge over the Channel (for such was their General Naturalization) whereby a motly Brood of different Humours and Inclinations was to have been let in upon us, and the good old *English Genius* had been in time lost and undistinguish'd, that they might take Advantage of the Mixture and Degeneracy. What they call'd Charity, would in effect have proved little better than a sort of Civil Invasion; at least they had laid in Reasons for a Second Call, and kept a Body of Foreign Guarantees in Reserve, who were to come over, and assist in tying down the Yoke, whenever

we grew uneasy under their Tyranny. This is not the first Time they had the Conquest of their Country in view. For as a Proof of their Arbitrary Principles, they never consider'd the nature of our Constitution, but the strength of their own Party : They minded not the Balance of Power, nor the well-temper'd Consistency of Liberty and Prerogative ; but where-ever their Interest was predominant, fell in with all their Forces, and tried to make one part of the Government outweigh and crush the rest. Thus at the Revolution, when they had a King upon the Throne, whose Favour they engross'd to themselves by the vilest Artifices, and whose great Glory it is, that he saved us in spite of his Ministry ; they began to talk openly, and in Print, of the rest of their Fellow-Subjects as a Crew of Slaves and Vassals, and to treat them accordingly. Liberty and Property were then represented as mere Clamours, the Language of Ingratitude to our Deliverer. At the beginning of Her Majesty's Reign, when the House of Lords was entirely with them, they were no less fond of an *Aristocracy* : And then the Rights of the Commons, even that Sacred unalienable *Depositum*, the Rights of Elections, were all made the Privileges of Peerage, and transferr'd to the Second Branch of the Legislature. In the time of King *Charles II.*, when the Bulk of their Power lay among the Commons, then both Lords and Crown must truckle to it. The Order of Parliament was inverted and turn'd upside down ; and both Supremacy and Peerage were reduced to the Obedience of their Arbitrary Tribunes. When they find they have no Influence within Doors, they look abroad to the Collective Body of the People, and make all their Court and Application there. They flatter them with an idle Dream of an Original Contract, and persuade them they are the Magazine of Royalty, and, at the worst, Tenants to Power in *Gavel-kind*. They have stoop'd so low, even to place this  
Mock-

Mock-Sovereignty in the Unrepresented Mob, to make Noses equivalent to a Vote, and Numbers to a Freehold. But now they are at last beaten from this Resort, as well as from all others, and have lost their Interest every where; they have set up a Government of their own, which gives them the very Essence of *Faction*, have transferr'd their Allegiance to *Junta's* and *Cabals*, and sent all their Hopes and Wishes, beyond Sea, for a Venture.

These are open Attacks upon our Laws and Government: But their more secret and more artful Management is seen in that other approv'd Method of corrupting the Political Genius of the Nation, by Practising upon the Natural, and making use of the Humours, Passions and Appetites of our People, to the Prejudice of their Principles and good Affections to the Church and State. They knew Courage was natural to a *Briton*, and that if they could fix a strong Apprehension of the Designs of their old Enemy, Popery, upon the Minds of their Fellow Subjects, they would presently rise, out of an overwarm Principle of Bravery, and beat down every thing they were pleas'd to call by this Name, tho' it were only a Windmill, or a Flock of Sheep. They had seen the *Quixot's* of *Forty one*, their Ancestors, support their Power many Years by this Delusion; of which they had the Honour to be the first Authors: When a Company of obscure, illiterate Rascals, govern'd Three Kingdoms at pleasure, and were as universally Obey'd, as they were Hated. This Panick was therefore kept up, with repeated Cries, and ever now and then the appearance of real Danger in some well-contrived Incident, which was introduced at the publick Expence. Nor were they backward in turning the Courage of the *English Genius* to the Service of the War, which it was their present Interest to carry on, and their hearty Desire to perpetuate, for the sake of future Prospects. They magnified our Victories, and extoll'd the Glory of our Arms—so

very near the Skies, that the good Things below, our Treasure and Credit, were perfectly out of Sight. We threw away that Blood and Money upon remote and imaginary Dangers, which should have been reserv'd for a more perilous Juncture, had it been as much their Concern to secure us, as it was to establish themselves.

There was another Foible in the *Natural Genius* of our People, which if they could hinder its being corrected by the *Political Genius*, they knew would turn to Account. They therefore encouraged the too easy Dispositions of the Vulgar to Fickleness and Inconstancy; and instead of suffering their good Principles and Love of the Constitution to get the better of it, they endeavour'd to reconcile it to their Consciences, and to work it up into a System of Government. They taught, contrary to all the Dictates of Reason and Religion since *Adam*, that Changes in Government were in themselves a Blessing, and that Alterations and Revolutions in a State, were the first Principles of Law and Policy: And by these means they would have persuaded their Fellow Subjects, that the Founder of our Church and Monarchy came from *Holland*, that we had neither Law nor Gospel till within these Twenty Years, and that all our Ancestors before 1689, were *Picts* and *Barbarians*.

In short, their Reign was one continued Force and Delusion upon the Genius of *Britain*. When she look'd about her for her Wits, and took upon her to make use of her Senses, she was borne down violently, suspected of Frenzy, kept in the dark, blooded and fetter'd, for daring to be Sober. They fill'd us with Fears and Jealousies, kept us waking with Apprehension, and disorder'd for want of Rest. They run us out of all, for the sake of saving the Remainder, and bound us down with Foreign Teathers, when we began to be restive and uneasy. They sed us with Promises they never intended to keep, and with the prospect of Blessings

Blessings they every Day put further out of our Sight. We became very miserable, for fear of being utterly undone. The Law and Constitution were alter'd and desac'd so, that we might no longer love and admire them. Instead of a zealous Concern for our Religion, and a warm Affection for the Church, we were taught, that this part of our publick Character, which had been the Glory of our Ancestors, was the Crime and Blemish of their Posterity; and that Lukewarmness, and a Spirit of Latitude and Comprehension, would better become us: As if Charity for Hereticks and Schismaticks were a sufficient Reason to make us Partakers in their Guilt. After many other Attempts to corrupt the *British* Genius, when they imagin'd all things conspired to warrant Success, they began with an open Attack upon the Church. This Blow was aim'd at the Vitals; and contrary to their Expectations, the good old Spirit of the People reviv'd, and in a happy Juncture shook off its Chains; dissipated the thick Darkness, dissolved the Charm, and left the adventurous Enchanters defeated, and abandoned to all the Agonies of Despair and Disappointment.

After this truly Glorious Revolution, the *British* Genius began to re-assume her Primitive Energy and Lustre; and the Ministry found the Wishes and Expectations of the People keep even Pace with them in all the Steps they took towards the Reformation and Security of the State. They loudly express'd their Satisfaction for the Accomplishment of those wise Measures, which Faction it self must admire, since the Difficulties it had laid in their way, were by the Leaders declared unsurmountable. The Whigs may at length be convinced, how little Reason there was for imputing this great Change to a popular Start, a Fit of political Frenzy, a chronical Convulsion, which would soon be over. They see, now all their Byasses are taken off,



off, and the Mistakes they had put upon us are clear'd up, which were the only Basis of their Power, and made them the Parenthesis and unclucid Interval of the *English* Glory, that all things run smoothly back to their first Channel, and no other dreadful Alterations are, as they have apprehended, ready for the Anvil, but such only as may serve to Eradicate those Stains and Corruptions, which, by a course of Mismanagement, the Publick had contracted in their Hands. The Accesses and Avenues to the Favours of the Court were never more open and unguarded, Popular Elections never more free and undisturb'd, the Voice of the Nation never less stain'd or aw'd, and the Judgment of Parliament never so unforc'd and impartial. The Press has been but too open: The Heads of the Faction, under a tacit Amnesty, have been suffer'd to try their Power; and their Dregs and Reliques are left behind unpurg'd and unmolested, at the hazard of a general Ferment. Their Foreign Correspondence has been uninterrupted, and they have been permitted to Rail, Lye, Bribe, Cabal, Conspire and Assassinate, and yet nothing prospers in their Hands. The Ministry trust entirely to the Goodness of their Cause, and the Genius of their Country: They proceed calmly and temperately, as regardless of a fallen Enemy, as they are industrious for the publick Welfare. If at any time the Zeal of our People breaks its ordinary Bounds, the Whigs may thank themselves for it; who, by presuming to recover what they have meritoriously forfeited, provoke them into such an Indignation and Resentment of their Folly, as is often more just than Seasonable. Would the Hurry and Uproar of their Passions permit them to see clearly, and think coolly, they might in the late Joy for the Peace, so sincere, so unforc'd, and so universal, read the utter downfal of their Idol; and freely own, That there needed no further Authority for the Disbanding their Forces. It was  
time

time to end a War, the Profit of which was to go to Strangers, and the Glory of it to a Faction. But whatever Value their Interest may make them set upon their Heroes, yet in the impartial Judgment of Posterity, *Great Britain* will appear to have made a much more glorious Figure, and to maintain her Character with more Advantage at *Utrecht*, than either at *Ramellies* or *Blenheim*.

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FINIS.

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An Alphabetical  
I N D E X.

A.

<b>A</b> lliance, an, consisting of one Article,	Page 88
<i>Amazons</i> , their Honey-Moon,	51
<i>Anarchy</i> and Tyranny, Trumps by turns,	72
<i>Antinomian</i> Heresy, or Sinning the <i>Rounds</i> ,	61
<i>Art</i> of Giving and Preferring,	27
<i>Augustus's</i> Civil List, enquir'd for,	28
<i>Aurcmburg</i> , the Dutchess of. Why visited,	195
<i>Conspiracy</i> in Politicks,	194

B.

<i>Babel</i> rebuilt by the <i>Whigs</i> ,	256
<i>Balladmakers</i> , disabled. Their humble Petition,	115
<i>Bayes's</i> Battles, ill introduced,	63
<i>Baker's</i> Chronicle and the <i>Seven Champions</i> , recommended to the <i>Whigs</i> ,	<i>ibid.</i>
<i>Bickerstaff's</i> seasonable Exit,	41
<i>Books</i> . Shop-books decide the Quarrel of the two Parties,	63
	<i>Bruno's</i>

# The INDEX.

*Bruno's* foolish Book in high Favour, 258  
*Bulkley, Sir Richard*, a Maxim of his, 41

## C.

*Cesar* a General for Life, opposed by *Cato*, 276.  
 His Character, and where applicable, 280. He  
 is reconciled with *Cato* by the Whigs, 280.  
*Calves-head-Club*, the, hinted at, 68  
*Cat*, a, not to be called a *Cat*, 7  
*Cato*, a Tragedy, examined, 271. Not writ to  
 serve a Faction, 274. Who most resembles him,  
 283. *Cato* rescued from Sir *Gibby* and the  
*Change-Ally* Criticks, 275.  
*Change-Ally*, famous for Tradition, 16  
*Cheating*, the same as Giving Pleasure, 155  
*Church*, the, how far Independent, 164. Coming  
 to *Church* not unlike going to Market, 186.  
*Clergy*, the *London Clergy*, their Character, 164.  
 Popular Elections in the Church condemn'd, 166.  
 As also the Method of subsisting the *Clergy* by  
 Contribution, 169.  
*Coalitions* dangerous 31  
*Comedy*, contains Divinity enough for the Whigs,  
 96  
*Confectioners* of the Press, 120  
*Constitution*, the *English*, older than the Year Eighty-  
 nine, 296  
*Contract*, the Original, an Enemy to Propaga-  
 tion, 50  
*Converts*, how to be managed, 145. Compared to  
*Pendulums*, 184.  
*Cromwell*, kinder to King *Charles* the First, than  
 some Moderns, 73

## D.

*Demon of Whiggism*, how to be Exorciz'd, 181  
*Decoy-Ducks*, not to be Roasted, 31  
*Denain*,

## The INDEX.

<i>Denain.</i> The French King complimented there,	42
<i>Devil</i> , a, belonging to <i>Charing-Cross</i> . Some Account of him,	115
<i>Dialogue</i> , a, between Mrs. <i>James</i> , Mr. <i>Squash</i> , and Don <i>Dismallo</i> ,	217
<i>D'small</i> turn'd <i>Bullfinch</i> ,	223
<i>Dissenters</i> , the, set up for Sale by the Candle, Their Teachers more Worldly-wise than the Clergy,	170.
<i>Dog and Bell</i> of Popery,	158
<i>Duels</i> and Pamphlets, much alike,	236
<i>Duns</i> for Preferment, censur'd,	249
<i>Dutch</i> Justice to Sir <i>George Rooke</i> , 133. <i>Dutch</i> Yoaks or German Padlocks, take your Choice, 60. The <i>Dutch</i> good Judges of our Interest, 35. A <i>Dutchman</i> once upon a time witty, 26.	
<i>Die with Decency</i> , good Advice,	39

### E

<i>Education</i> foreign is it Effects,	95
<i>Epilogue</i> , a, by a Notorious Doctor, censur'd,	277
<i>Essays</i> of several Kinds advertised,	94
<i>Examiner</i> , the, puts off the Art of Preferment to another Opportunity, 33. Proposes a Whig-Health, 81. He is ill guessed at, 91. Great Enquiries about him, 90. Supposed to be some Great Wit by the Whigs, 50. Impossible to find him out, 93. A Volunteer in the Service, 107. Justifies his own Courage, <i>ibid.</i> Applies <i>Cicero</i> to himself, <i>ibid.</i> Assumes the Title of <i>Anti-Libeller</i> , 110. Owns his being defeated, and how, 149. Proposes to write <i>Six Papers</i> a Week, 189. Retracts a Mistake, 204. Is Insulted from <i>Rome</i> by <i>Pasquin</i> and <i>Morphorio</i> , 262.	
<i>Excellent</i> , that Epithet strangely abused,	96

### F.



# The INDEX.

## F.

<i>Face a Man down</i> , a good Argument,	149
<i>Falstaff, Jack</i> , his way of <i>Backing</i> his Friends,	208
<i>Faction</i> , compar'd to Snuff, Butter, a Toad, a Lock, <i>Don Quixot</i> , &c. 25. The Equipage of <i>Faction</i> , 213. She is struck dumb, 234. <i>Faction</i> and <i>Mammon</i> , two Party-Idols, 237. Of two <i>Sister</i> <i>Factions</i> , 196.	
<i>Fighting</i> for Fighting's sake,	23
<i>Finches</i> , the, separated from the <i>Ravens</i> and <i>Jack-</i> <i>daws</i> ,	219
<i>France</i> bely'd backwards and forwards,	197
<i>Free-thinking</i> , the Tyranny of Nonsense,	1

## G.

<i>Genius</i> in Embryo, 23. <i>Genii</i> for Mischief dis- couraged, 244. <i>Genius</i> of a Country, Natural and Political, 291.	
<i>Gentry</i> . The Landed <i>Gentry</i> and their Plunderers, compared	21
<i>Grievances</i> , such as <i>Peace</i> , <i>Plenty</i> , &c. enquir'd into,	118
<i>Grace</i> and <i>Right</i> , distinguish'd,	249
<i>Grotius</i> disowns the Cause of Religion in the Rise of the <i>Dutch</i> State,	124
<i>Guardian</i> , the, examined,	287
<i>Guiscard</i> . A little one,	194

## H.

<i>Half-way Tories</i> condemn'd,	182
<i>Hang-man</i> , the, a good Critick,	101
<i>Hanover</i> Politicks recommended	240
<i>Harry</i> the Eighth and <i>Q. A.</i> compar'd,	132
<i>Heresy</i> , how Bishops may answer that Charge,	151
<i>Hobby-Horses</i> for <i>Perkin</i> ,	222
<i>Homer</i>	

## The INDEX.

<i>Homer</i> and the <i>Bible</i> compared,	2
<i>Hopton</i> , Lord, his excellent Character,	145
<i>Hospitality</i> driven into <i>Wales</i> ,	20
<i>Hudibras</i> of Honesty,	253
<i>Hush, Bob</i> , his care of the Press,	118

### J.

<i>Jealousy</i> of the Political kind, never to be satisfied,	173
<i>Jews</i> excluded Voting for the Christian Clergy,	167
<i>Illuminations</i> and <i>Bonfires</i> encouraged,	116
<i>Impudence</i> of the Whigs, not to be demolish'd,	95
<i>Ink</i> imported, and how disposed of,	100
<i>Inquisition</i> , the, recommends Books to the Mo- dems,	97
<i>Jern, Pope</i> , an Idea of her,	61
<i>Journal</i> of a Whig-Club,	115
<i>Justinian</i> no Friend to Traitors,	243

### K.

<i>Kidnapping</i> , in Repute,	102
<i>King</i> of <i>Sweden</i> , his Character and Exploits,	44
<i>Kings</i> their own Ambassadors,	84
<i>Kit-Cat</i> , the, for a Comprehension of Beauties,	45

### L.

<i>Ladies</i> , kind to Cavaliers,	51
<i>Lay-Elders</i> of a modern Stamp,	247
<i>Libellers</i> treated as they deserve,	106
<i>Liberty</i> not always annex'd to the <i>Republican</i> Scheme,	122
<i>Licenses</i> to Plunder,	117
<i>Lye</i> , a <i>Marlborough-street</i> Lye refuted,	74
<i>Letters</i> of the Alphabet muster'd,	106
<i>Letters</i> . Five <i>Letters</i> from Whig-Ladies,	53
<i>Levees</i>	

## The INDEX:

<i>Bevies</i> and <i>Bows</i> censured,	250
<i>Lord.</i> A Noble <i>Lord</i> calls the Whigs no Christians, and then strikes up a League with them, 130. His strange Notions of the <i>French King</i> and <i>King Philip</i> , 133. His odd Reasons for a New War, 134. His ill Talent at <i>Proverbs</i> , 135. His wrong Account of the <i>Protestant Interest</i> , <i>ibid.</i> His violent <i>Apprehensions</i> , 136. His Metaphor of a <i>Troop of Peers</i> , 138. His Designs on the <i>Privy Seal</i> , <i>ibid.</i>	
<i>Luther</i> ill us'd,	47
<i>Lunatick</i> , a, outvoted,	41

### M.

<i>Map.</i> The <i>Map of England</i> not thoroughly understood,	34
<i>May-Poles</i> and <i>Minc'd Pyes</i> condemn'd,	58
<i>Merit</i> , Active and Passive,	247
<i>Merit</i> , not to be its own Paymaster,	251
<i>Minister.</i> The Anatomy of a Publick <i>Minister</i> ,	27
<i>Ministry.</i> The Old One good at Giving,	30
<i>Old and New Ministry</i> compar'd as to their Affections for the <i>Church</i> ,	254
<i>Moderation</i> dated,	17
<i>Mobs</i> and Majorities confounded,	151
<i>Monkeys</i> , good Casuists,	152

### N.

<i>Neo-nons</i> of great use,	153
<i>Noncons</i> good at Fits,	55
<i>Nurse.</i> A Dry <i>Nurse's Catalogue</i> of his <i>Pupils</i> ,	100

### O.

<i>Odifchalchi</i> , Pope, a Friend to the <i>Whigs</i> ,	259
<i>Oligarchy</i> , an <i>Absolute One</i> , what it is,	124
<i>Old Woman's Creed</i> ,	14
<i>Ormond-</i>	

## The INDEX.

<i>Ormond-street</i> , Monumentally adorn'd,	191
<i>Orange</i> , the House of, offer'd to be made Supream in <i>Holland</i> ,	123

### P.

<i>Palatines</i> , the, no good <i>Guarrantees</i> ,	104
<i>Palace Royal</i> , the best House in a Country,	245
<i>Pamphlets</i> and <i>Cards</i> , compar'd,	148
<i>Pastor</i> , a brawny One, loses his Reputation to Ad- vantage,	56
<i>Peace</i> and <i>War</i> , briefly discuss'd	36
<i>Peter</i> and <i>Jack</i> , reconcil'd,	18
<i>Penny-Papers</i> vindicated,	129
<i>People</i> , the, how far to be humour'd,	143
<i>Perkinites</i> miscalled,	222
<i>Proper Names</i> fatal in Conversation,	58
<i>Principles</i> chosen by <i>Sympathy</i> and <i>Antipathy</i> ,	56
<i>Pesterity</i> a high Court of <i>Appeals</i> ,	216
<i>Popery</i> , the, of the <i>Whigs</i> ,	261
<i>Procrastination</i> touch'd upon,	252
<i>Protestants</i> and <i>Christians</i> , strange Creatures,	61
<i>Pulpit</i> , the, speaks of <i>Murder</i> with <i>Moderation</i> ,	65

### Q.

<i>Quarentine</i> to be performed by <i>New Converts</i> ,	31
<i>Quixotism</i> , when and how introduc'd,	295

### R.

<i>Rebel-call</i> , an Impliment of Use,	198
<i>Refugees</i> distinguish'd,	16
<i>Religion</i> and <i>Low-Comedy</i> when united, 59. A Vo- cal <i>Religion</i> , 72. The <i>Religion</i> of the No-Pa- pists,	255
<i>Republicks</i> may be absolute as well as <i>Monarchies</i> ,	122

### S.

# The INDEX.

## S.

<i>Scandal</i> and <i>Cant</i> , reconcil'd,	14
<i>Scandal</i> , a great Favour and Happiness,	215
<i>Sroggs</i> , Lord Chief Justice, his Judgment concerning <i>Libels</i> ,	112
<i>Skulls</i> on <i>Westminster-Hall</i> , no Relicks,	65
<i>Second-Sight</i> a Mark of the <i>Saints</i> ,	41
<i>Self-consciousness</i> in Villany,	150
<i>Similitudes</i> , a new Game,	24
<i>Staff</i> and <i>Shoes</i> , two noble Manufactures,	49
<i>Stars</i> and <i>Farthing Candles</i> compar'd,	3
<i>State-Toasts</i> forbid,	21
<i>Squash</i> vies with <i>Margarita</i> ,	320
<i>Squob</i> , <i>Will Squob</i> , his Office,	176

## T.

<i>Talking Treason</i> , where not in fashion,	245
<i>Temple</i> , Sir <i>William</i> , his Account of <i>Holland</i> not to their Advantage,	123
<i>Thoroughstitch</i> , <i>Teffery</i> , Esq; his Complaint,	94
<i>Throne</i> , a, with new Supporters,	238
<i>Time</i> a <i>Tory</i> , 39. <i>Time</i> the Measure of Reputation, as well as Life,	141
<i>Toleration</i> , the, in <i>Holland</i> , different from ours,	126
<i>Toasts</i> for <i>Health</i> and <i>Confusion</i> , regulated,	116
<i>Tory</i> , the Word <i>Tory</i> strangely abus'd,	61
<i>Tragedy</i> to be encourag'd by a State,	270
<i>Travelling</i> for Education, expos'd,	97
<i>Turks</i> , the, better <i>Christians</i> than some Moderns,	7

## V.

<i>Vertues</i> , the, and the <i>Seasons</i> , reconcil'd,	27
<i>Vestries</i> liable to Disorder,	167
<i>Villains</i> naturally turn <i>Levellers</i> .	108
<i>Upstarts</i> , their Lustre and Figure,	30
<i>Union</i> ,	

## The INDEX.

<i>Union</i> , the Design of it, according to the <i>Whig-Scheme</i> ,	86
<i>Universities</i> , our, admir'd abroad,	97
<i>Vota</i> , Father, meets with better Success than Father Tol——d,	156
<i>Vowels</i> , the, worse than Gun-powder,	57
<i>Utrecht</i> , more glorious than <i>Blenheim</i> ,	299

### W.

<i>W</i> , a Letter of great Importance,	60
<i>War</i> between Nature and Grace,	146
<i>Whig-Creed</i> , its Articles,	13
<i>Whigarchy</i> , a noble Institution,	35
<i>Whig-craft</i> and <i>Priestcraft</i> , compar'd,	14
<i>Whig Ladies</i> address'd to,	48
<i>Whiggism</i> the Introduction to <i>Popery</i> ,	69
<i>Whig-Logick</i> , a New System propos'd,	148
<i>Whigs</i> , the, great Friends to the Sect of <i>Free-thinkers</i> , 10. Bigots in Politicks, and Infidels in Religion, 12. They deal in Prophecies, 40. In Dreams, Monsters, and Apparitions, 42. Their Treatment of the King of <i>Sweden</i> , 46. They are no good <i>Protestants</i> , 47. Old <i>Hobbs</i> too good a Master for them, 62. A Mark propos'd to be set upon them, 87. In great distress for their <i>Perquisites</i> , 114. They are Enemies to <i>Parliaments</i> , 126. <i>Tyrants</i> and <i>Rebels</i> by turns, 127. They judge of the Original of Government by <i>Profit</i> and <i>Loss</i> , 151. They are <i>Bullies</i> and <i>Cowards</i> alternately, 153. They Sacrifice both <i>Church</i> and <i>Dissenters</i> to their own Interest, 152. Will have the <i>last Word</i> in all Disputes, 153. Are kinder to the <i>Dutch</i> , than their own Country, 155. Always Unsafe and Uneasy when out of Power, 157. They condemn their own Conduct, 159. Deal in <i>Grubstreet</i> Amusements, 160. Are irreclaimable, 189. Their great Folly in opposing the <i>Peace</i> , 200. Shamed by the <i>Dutch</i> , 231. Their Mortification at the <i>Peace</i> , 229. Their	



## *The* INDEX.

Their new Gospel, double Communion, real Absence, Limbos, Crusados, pious Frauds, Supererogations, Clubs, Synods, Pilgrimages, Plots, Dispensations, Saints, Roods, Images, and other *Popish* Inventions, 263.

### Y.

*Yesterday's* Whispers drawn into a List, 114

### Z.

*Zeal*, the *Vestal* Fire of a Government, 33  
*Zeal* for a *Faction*, the Feaver of the Soul, 112  
*Zealand*, the old Dominions of the House of  
*Orange*, 125



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